LE BEAU MONDE

AND

MONTHLY REGISTER,

FOR MAY, 1809.

CONTEMPORARY CHARACTERS.

THE SECOND NUMBER.

BIOGRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF COLONEL WARDLE.

IT is always important to a free people to become as familiarly acquainted as possible with the characters of those to whom they are indebted for popular benefits. In the almost endless variety of human characters, the general tenour of action,—the general line of conduct and life, will not always correspond with those more prominent acts, which call for, and which merit the gratitude of the country. The people, judging by a single act, may sometimes be deceived as to general character. They may perchance find him a placeman or pensioner at heart, who, in his first appearance, seems only an ardent patriot.

These observations only so far apply to Mr. Wardle, the subject of the present biography, as they tend to illustrate and augment the effect of that Gentleman's peculiar merit. In proportion as consistency is more rare—in proportion as men follow party rather than principle, and in their public as in their private life have a certain individual interest in view,—in this proportion is the pure patriotism of Mr. Wardle more entitled to our admiration. Of all those who, (coming forward as voluntary defenders of his Royal Highness), have deemed it necessary to endeavour to retort some alledged default or misconduct on the accuser, not one has succeeded. The Ministry at the commencement,—and not only the Ministry, but a considerable portion of the independent part of the House of Commons, seemed inclined to characterise the attempt of Mr. Wardle, as forming a kind of underplot of jacobin conspiracy, of which Mr. Wardle, as they asserted, had been rendered the blind instrument. In the progress of the affair, however, Mr. Wardle has not only acquitted himself of all possible imputation of this kind, but has absolutely commanded and obtained the gratitude of the kingdom. Not a man is now to be found who will venture to rise up and arraign the conduct of Mr. Wardle. In all the parties which, under different names, divide and govern the kingdom—in private clubs, as in public assembles, there is now but one sentiment—every one unites at once to express his gratitude, and to congratulate the little Borough, which, in despite of a powerful,

private, and corrupt, influence, gave such a man to the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain. One of the most eloquent declaimers of the day has very happily said, that if the last dissolution had rendered no other public service than sending Lord Cochrane and Mr. Wardle to Parliament, this alone was worth all the confusion which it caused—" O that we had ten such men," said Agamemnon of Nestor, " Troy would not stand another day."—The people may, with equal justice, exclaim,—O that we had but nine others like Mr. Wardle, and the citadel of corruption would tremble to its base.

Colonel Wardle, a name which the annals of this country will long record amongst its best benefactors, a man who animated by the pure spirit of patriotism, has ventured singly amongst a host of foes, and challenged corruption in its head-quarters, was born at Chester, in the year 1762. His father was Mr. Wardle, of Hartsheath, in the county of Flint, a gentleman better known in the circle of his county than to the country at large. It is not required of every man, because it is not in the power of every one, to stand forth as a public character, and there may, doubtless, be as much worth, as much active virtue, within the sphere of individual life, as in the most eminent public station. It is the same on the great stage of life, as we see happen daily on our theatrical boards,—those are not the best actors who are invested with the most splendid parts.—This observation may be applied to the father of Mr. Wardle. He was a man of great worth, and in the circle of private life, of much laudable activity.—As a magistrate of the county, he discharged his duties with honor, honesty, and intelligence.—Those who have lived in the country, and have seen the variety of affairs which in a populous county are almost daily submitted to the acting magistrates, will know how to appreciate this praise.—It is incredible, indeed, with how much difficulty this apparently simple office is invested,—there is a proportionate credit, therefore, in executing it in a manner so generally satisfactory, as to unite all voices in praise of its administration.—Mr. Wardle, the father of Colonel Wardle, has this praise—his name is still remembered in Flintshire, his county residence, as that of a man, who devoted his best hours to the good of the neighbourhood.—In private biography, where the subject, if limited within itself, must necessarily be sterile, every thing although remotely personal becomes interesting. We must not, therefore, omit to mention, that the father of Mr. Wardle had another distinction, and one which in the opinion of a certain class of readers is not less laudable than that of having been the best magistrate in his county.

He who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, says Swift, " is a greater public benefactor, than such men as Alexander the Great, the Duke of Marlborough, or all the generals and ministers, who have lived and troubled the world and their country since the flood."

Mr. Wardle, the father of the Colonel, was one of these kind of benefactors, he was what is termed an *experimental farmer*, a character which since the institution of agricultural societies has become common enough, but which at the period of which we are now speaking was both more rare, and perhaps more valuable.

The agricultural mania of the day, for a mania it has now become, took its origin in the commencement of the reign of his Majesty. The French œconomistes, with Turgot at their head, had begun to deluge Europe with their systems; trade and commerce were to be expunged from the face of the earth, and agriculture alone regarded as the true source of riches, and the means of wealth. Every city, every town, and almost every village, caught this delusive contagion, and boards of correspondence were instituted, and experimental farms commenced, to the end that by the union of science and experience the productive powers of the soil might be infinitely augmented.—The English people are happily distinguished by a quality called common sense, which, if it be some time obscured, and therefore, for a time at least, lost, in the predominant humour or passion of the day, seldom fails to recover itself by its native energy, and ultimately to operate both to individual and national advantage. This common sense preserved them

from carrying the agricultural mania to all the extravagance of the French œconomists, but even the phlegmatic English became in some degree the dupes of their French instructors. Several gentlemen converted their estates into experimental farms, and dispossessing their tenants became themselves the farmers of their own lands. Mr. Wardle, the father of Colonel Wardle, was in his day at the head of these agriculturalists, and if a reputation so remote may be supposed to deserve credit, we must rank him amongst the first EXPERIMENTALISTS of his age. We have reason to believe, however, that like other speculators, he did not much improve his fortune by his long course of experiments. The observation of Adam Smith obtained in the person of Mr. Wardle another practical comment. "Gentlemen farmers," says the shrewd Scotchman, "improve the country more than they improve their own fortunes. They spend more upon the land than it can by any possibility return to them. They, therefore, most frequently ruin themselves, whilst they certainly ameliorate the soil, and improve the beauty of the country. Their improvements, after having ruined the improver, remain so much clear gain to the country."

Colonel Wardle, by the side of the mother as well as that of the father, is descended from the most respectable families in Wales,—the name itself carries its antiquity with it. His mother's name was Gwyllym,—a grand daughter of Sir John Gywllym, a name as well known as it is generally respected throughout Wales. The father of Colonel Wardle has been dead for many years, but his venerable mother, as we understand, is still living, and long may she continue to enjoy the well-earned reputation of her son.

Mr. Wardle, the subject of our present biography, was thus descended from a parent, from whom he might very naturally have imbibed that patriotism, which dictated and supported him in his recent arduous effort. It is perhaps the same spirit which animates the benefactor of a village, and the benefactor of a nation. Colonel Wardle has exhibited himself as active in the discharge of his duties as a member of Parliament, as his father exhibited himself as a magistrate. The reputed activity of the father is, we think, easily to be recognised, in the unremitting zeal of the son. And it may with equal truth be asserted, that the peculiar characteristic spirit of his country, the reputed Welch ardour and undaunted courage and fire, have been conspicuous in his late conduct.

At a very early age, Colonel Wardle was sent to the Public School, at Harrow, a kind of education, which peculiarly qualifies a man for public life. It is in a public school that the world is seen in miniature, and a boy who has talents enough to distinguish himself amongst so many hundreds of his companions, and who has qualities which induce them to acknowledge him as their natural superior, such a boy, we say, may be surely pointed out, as one who will hereafter assume a similar relative station on the great stage of the world. We will venture to assert, that of those men who at present fill the highest stations in the country, many of them were pointed out from their earliest youth by their superiority over their younger school fellows. Rank and connection will certainly frequently supply the place, and appropriate the just claims of persons of merit and superior ability,—all that we contend for, is, that such personal merit and ability are generally visible from the earliest dawn of life, and that they raise the boy to the head of the school, as naturally as when left to their usual operation, they raise the man to distinction and eminence in life.

Mr. Wardle, however, from the unhappy weakness of his health, which is rather asthmatic and consumptive, was compelled to leave Harrow school, before he had derived, or indeed by any possibility could have derived, any material advantages from its eminent master. Harrow was at that time distinguished by pupils who have since justified the reputation of that school by their own personal celebrity. Mr. Wardle, we believe, was a contemporary with Sir William Jones, a man, whom as a christian and a scholar, posterity will remember with love and admiration.

Mr. Wardle, upon his removal from Harrow, was put under the care of Dr. Glasse, a name, which by a singular, but unfortunate

COLONEL WARDLE.

co-incidence, has been introduced into the House of Commons, during the recent investigation. It is due, however, to the truly estimable character of Dr. Glasse to make two observations upon this subject: in the first place, that the Dr. Glasse here mentioned is not the gentleman alluded to in the discoveries made before the House,—and that even the Dr. Glasse there mentioned, a son of the Dr. Glasse of whom we are now speaking, was implicated rather by the act of Donovan, than by himself. The imputation, if any can attach, against the Rector of Hanwell, seems to be, that he had a cursory acquaintance with such a man as Donovan appeared to be by the answers which he gave before the House. It should be remembered, however, that, in the necessary intermixture of individuals in this wide town, it is very possible, and indeed very probable, that people may be shuffled into an intimacy with characters of whom they know little beyond their mere external circumstances and manners. Donovan, it is well known, lives not merely in a genteel but even in an elegant style; and as his dealings were of a nature necessarily secret, it would be rather hard upon the son of such a man as Dr. Glasse to infer criminality from a mere casual acquaintance with Donovan.

Having passed through the usual classical routine under Dr. Glasse, and from his late specimen in speaking, it must be presumed that he had not passed through it without many valuable acquisitions, Mr. Wardle was removed to the University of Cambridge. This University, from some reason or other, has always borne a superior reputation for eminence in the art of reasoning—for a close and solid logic—above either Oxford, or Dublin. Perhaps the greater part of this superiority may be imputed to the systematic preference which, in Cambridge is given to the mathematics. In Oxford, the object of attention, and the means of distinction, are classical literature.—The consequence is such as might be expected. In Oxford there is rarely such a being as a mathematician; and in Cambridge a mere classical scholar is considered as a dilletante,—as a man of elegant but superficial attainments. Mr. Wardle is said to have much distinguished himself, and most certainly if he distinguished himself amongst the reasoners and logicians at Cambridge, he must have possessed no ordinary talents. Many very eminent men must have necessarily been his contemporaries. We have not been able to ascertain the year in which Mr. Wardle entered the University, but we believe it to have been about 1780, a year in which the name of the country was so miserably disgraced by the unfortunate riots which prevailed in the metropolis.

Mr. Wardle remained at Cambridge during the usual number of terms, and we believe, went out as Grand Compounder about the year 1786. He had obtained by this time the reputation of being one of the best scholars in an University, which was at that time celebrated for profound learning. In his recent conduct, Mr. Wardle certainly has not disgraced his former reputation. The inquiry was not of a nature to admit or require any great extent of eloquence, but an able mind may be displayed in the due execution of trifles,—in the graceful and sufficient performance of even ordinary acts. Mr. Wardle, in the speeches which he made during the late memorable investigation, chiefly distinguished himself by a manly plainness; and there certainly are subjects and occasions, on which the best, because the most effectual eloquence, is to speak plainly.

There are usually considered to be three stages in a perfect education—a public school, an university, and foreign travel: Mr. Wardle, having passed through two of them, was sent by his father to the third. He travelled the continent at an age, when his attainments, and his understanding already mature, enabled him to form just opinions of men and things. The Continent of Europe, at that time, exhibited a scene of equal instruction and interest. Every government having suffered under a long course of inveterate abuses, and having thereby exhausted all their national resources, had began, from necessity, to think of reform; and in Austria, the German States, the Netherlands, and even in France, not only the necessity of reformation was acknowledged at once by prince and people, but this acknowledge-

ment was followed up by a vigorous practical commencement. Unfortunately for France, the characteristic ardour of the people took the business into their own hands, and began the work of reform by destroying every thing. This, indeed, was one of the most unhappy effects of the French Revolution, that it has held up a bad example to Sovereigns, how they trust too much to the people. It became a matter of prudence in kings to stop, where the popular passion was so prompt and so immediate to abuse their concessions. The French Revolution, therefore, arrested the progress of reform. It was in such a general state of things, that Mr. Wardle, travelled the Continent; and it is certainly no unfair conclusion that he was very seriously impressed with what he there beheld. It is, perhaps, a conclusion equally natural, that what he there beheld tended to inspire him with those ideas which are said peculiarly to characterise him. The view of the desperate state to which a long course of inveterate abuse had reduced all the governments in Europe,—the lingering slowness of reform whilst in the hands of the government, and its desperate and undistinguishing violence when undertaken by the people,—these were certainly qualities and events, which could not escape a man like Mr. Wardle, and which, being observed, could not but lead him to some practical results. Every British gentleman, who by his talents or influence may look with probable expectation to become a Member of the House of Commons, would do well to travel with the same views as Mr. Wardle,—the actual observation of other governments would instruct him the more justly to value his own. He would see, moreover, how the best governments in principle, how the most fertile soil, and the possession of every natural advantage, may be rendered nugatory, or even pernicious, by collateral abuses, and from such personal observations he would be led to conclude, that the most solid service, which he could confer upon his own country, and upon the British Constitution, would be to purge it of those abuses in its habit, which destroying all its natural energy leave it a system equally insufficient for good government and able defence. Let flatterers say what they may, the people will never fight zealously unless they are persuaded that they are fighting in their own cause.

But Mr. Wardle, in his travels had an advantage which can never again fall to the lot of any other modern tourist. He saw the old governments of Europe in that state which immediately preceded the French Revolution. He saw France too, while under the monarchy of the Capets, and he visited the corrupt but splendid Court of Marie Antoinette. These scenes can be known to future travellers only by description. No one, we believe, can now hope for the restoration of the Capets.—Fortune must make many revolutions of her wheel before this can happen.

Mr. Wardle was not, as we understand, accompanied into France by a tutor, a method of travelling, which had deservedly rendered the English name ridiculous on the Continent. According to the antient practice, a young man, emancipated from the wholesome restraints of Collegiate discipline, was launched at once into the great European world, and put under no other guidance than his own discretion and a tutor: this tutor was usually some College pedant, recommended to his office by a due mixture of servility with some external appearance of classical attainments.

Mr. Wardle did not visit the continent till he had attained the age, at which his own judgment and discretion superceded the necessity of such a companion. Mr. Wardle, therefore, in his observations on men and things, was not cramped by the necessity of submitting to the sentiments of others. He escaped, moreover, what is still more pernicious to a correct discernment,—he escaped the influence, which always follows the constant habits of intercourse with low minds. Mr. Wardle would have travelled with a very different result, and have derived very different fruits from his foreign observation, if he had only seen and felt under the guidance of a mere scholar.

Having in this manner, not only travelled, but as it were surveyed Europe, Mr. Wardle returned to England just upon the eve of the French Revolution. He returned, moreover with those improve-

ments which should characterize a travelled English Gentleman.—He had collected a store of knowledge and observation, which has evidently not been thrown away upon him. He had seen enough to instruct him in the superior value of the British Constitution, and every comparison convinced him of the eminent superiority of a system, which, though like all human Institutions subject to abuse and decay, had something intrinsic in its nature to repair and correct itself. With these ideas, and with these acquisitions, Mr. Wardle has become a true acquisition to the country,—he has already given us an earnest of what we may in future expect from him; we are persuaded that in the comparison of his performance with his professions, the country will have no cause to complain of disappointment.

Almost immediately upon his return, Mr. Wardle paid his addresses to Miss Parry, daughter of Mr. Parry of Wrenfaur, in Cornwall, and niece to John Parry, Esq. who for a long course of years represented the county of Cornwall in Parliament. Miss Parry was possessed of an immense fortune, all of which accompanied the gift of her hand. Mr. Wardle, therefore, who was not very rich before, had now as it were crowned his happiness by a double throw—he had obtained an amiable wife, and a competent fortune in one cast. The estates which Mr. Wardle acquired by this event, are situated in Caernarvonshire. It would be impertinent in this general biography to venture any conjectures as to his domestic circumstances,—suffice it, to say, that Mr. Wardle is in a condition of life in which he as little requires as he desires *the helping hand of ministerial favour*.

Immediately after his marriage, Mr. Wardle took up his residence at Hartsheath, where his family had been established for many generations. His fortune and rank in life naturally pointed him out to the Lord Lieutenant as suited to the Commission of the Peace. Mr. Wardle, in imitation of his father, became an active and laborious magistrate, executing the duties of a justice of the peace, with that zeal and discretion, with that union of authority and personal influence, which can alone render a provincial magistrate extensively useful. A country magistrate, if he be respected, may be most eminently beneficial,—he is the natural arbitrator in all disputes in the neighbourhood, and supercedes the necessity of that constant reference to law, and that consequent encouragement of pettyfogging attornies, who destroy all the friendliness, harmony, and mutual good-will of the district they torment.

In a short time, Mr. Wardle came forward in another character. Sir Watkin Williams Wynne offerred his services to Government to raise a regiment of dragoons, to be denominated, as an honorary distinction, the Antient British. Mr. Wardle, with his characteristic ardour, seconded the effort of Sir Watkin, and the result was, that the regiment under their united influence was rapidly filled. Mr. Wardle accepted a troop, and became a soldier.

In the discharge of his military duties, Mr. Wardle exhibited equal ardour, assisted by equal knowledge, as had hitherto characterized him in every pursuit in which he had engaged. His regiment was called into immediate employ in Ireland, a kind of service, which required the rare union of vigilance, courage, and even military skill. Mr. Wardle now proved by his own personal example, that the same energy which renders a man distinguished in one line, will equally enable him to obtain distinction in another. The Irish Rebellion was then raging at its height, and the country was smarting under the double excesses of the Irish Rebels, and English Defenders. Mr. Wardle at once repressed the cruelty of the one, and the licentious ferocity of the other. He held it as a maxim, that he had two main points of duty,—in the first place, to repress the Rebellion, and in the second place, to repress it with as little cost of human blood as possible. He was equally careful to accomplish these two objects,—no one was more resolute in danger, and no one more merciful in victory. Considering the poor misguided wretches in a suitable point of view, he did not hunt them down as the prey for blood hounds. Accordingly, whatever has been said against others, the breath of censure has not dared to attack Mr. Wardle. If every one indeed had ex-

hibited the same discreet humanity—the same considerate mercy, the same prudent vigour, the Irish Rebellion would have had a speedier termination, and in its termination would not have left such an inveterate remembrance behind. If there is indeed one part of the life of Mr. Wardle more worthy of particular eulogy than another, it is this. The people of Ireland will long remember him with united gratitude and admiration, and his rapid promotion in military rank is a sufficient proof, that government and the ministers of the time were not insensible to his services, and to their real worth.

Mr. Wardle remained in this faithful and zealous discharge of his military duties, till the peace of Amiens gave a short breathing to the armies of the country. The government, under the imprudent confidence that the peace just concluded would be permanent, ordered the reduction of the military establishment, and in consequence Sir Watkin's regiment was reduced, the men disbanded or drafted, and the officers received permission to retire with their rank. Mr. Wardle had by this time obtained the military commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, and he is, now indeed, generally known by the appellation of Colonel Wardle, a distinction which he has certainly very well-earned.

Upon this reduction of his regiment, Colonel Wardle, for thus he is properly to be called, retired to his estates, and divided his time between Caernarvon and Hartsheath. In imitation of his father, he became an ardent agriculturalist. Whatever an energetic mind attempts, it will execute zealously, and therefore most commonly it will execute well. Mr. Wardle became as ardent an improver as he had been an officer, and his estate soon exhibited as good an agricultural appearance, as his regiment had formerly displayed a military one. We have been informed that in the course of his residence on his estate in Caernarvonshire his improvements were such, as very much to augment his income.

He continued this course of life, till the increased age of his children rendered it necessary for him to think attentively about their education, and his paternal anxiety inspired him with the resolution of superintending the execution of this important trust. With this laudable purpose he took a short leave of his estates and retired life, and having hired an house at Bath, took up his residence in that city.

Mr. Wardle continued to reside at Bath for two or three years, and during the whole of that time was much respected in the neighbourhood. He was considered by his neighbours, and those who visited him, as a gentleman who united the qualifications of a scholar to the more valuable qualities of a moral character. It is, indeed, no small part of the praise of Mr. Wardle, that in an age, which is certainly not very remarkable for its moral and religious strictness,—that in such an age, we say, his own private conduct has been so exemplary, that the utmost malice has been unable to discover a flaw. Mr. Wardle has certainly been in circumstances in which all his failings would have been produced, and it adds very considerably to his reputation, that he has passed unsullied through this ordeal.

The resident gentry of Bath are peculiarly distinguished for an elegance of manners, and a fondness for literature, which always characterize a certain state of society. The people of Bristol have become notorious for their treatment of Chatterton. It is not so with the people of Bath. Bristol being a sea-port has other more immediate concerns than literary pursuits. The residents at Bath have no other occupation but pleasure in all its shapes and degrees, and it is much to the credit of the age, that reading, and the converse and society of eminent literary characters, stands high on the scale of reputed pleasures. Colonel Wardle, therefore, during his abode at Bath, gave up a considerable portion of his time to these pursuits, and as his fortune was such as to enable him to support a most substantial and even magnificent table, his dinners were always welcome. Following the maxim of Dr. Johnson, that learning was a good thing, but that at certain times a good dinner was a better, Colonel Wardle is in the habit of entertaining his friends most splendidly.

Whilst the Colonel's table was thus accessable to all characters of eminence,

whilst he courted the learned, and administered, when called upon, to their necessities, his Lady, upon her part, concurred in his hospitality, and added an elegant society to a learned one. The routes and parties of the modern fashionable world have assumed a character peculiar to the refinement of the age,—the fancy is let loose in the arrangement and decoration of the rooms, and something of the elegant arts is displayed in an affair which used formerly to be a matter of mere epicurism. According to the present fashionable manners, it is no small difficulty, and therefore no small praise to give an elegant party; it is what exceeds the powers of many: Mrs. Wardle, therefore, must be reputed an elegant woman, and doubtless will be so reputed, when we add, that her parties were distinguished even at Bath. The residence of Col. Wardle, at this place, would not have been remembered with so much distinctness, if he had not rendered it memorable by his elegant style of life. Let it not, however, be imagined, that he expended his ample fortune in these luxuries. Colonel Wardle, since he has been married, has lived a life of equal elegance and simplicity; he has well observed that golden mean recommended by the philosophers—he has lived up to and even beyond what his station in life demands of him.

In the education of his children, though Colonel Wardle was at a public school himself, he seems to have followed the example of the poet Cowper, who, though educated at one of our first public Institutions, has most violently and eloquently written against this system of education.—"If you wish your son to be an atheist, an adulterer by profession, a master of lewdness and languages," says this poet, in his poem, entitled *Tyrocinium*, "send him to Westminster or Eton; but, if you wish him to be exemplary in his morals and behaviour, to be candid, true, and honourable, avoid a public education, as you would a bagnio." It is difficult to assign any reason why Cowper should entertain such unfavourable opinions of a public school,—a species of education, to which he was indebted for a boldness of genius very contrary to the timidity of his nature. The difference between a public and a private education is a matter of so much consequence, that he would render a very important service to the country, and to the general cause of education, who should put this question at rest. The truth seems to be, that morals are certainly not sufficiently attended to in a public school,—the supervision of the masters is lost in the multitude of his scholars. In this point of view, private tuition has an evident advantage; that in public schools the masters are necessarily superior, the system of instruction is better, and emulation has a wider sphere, and therefore, a more powerful influence. This seems to be the true state of the question.

Mr. Wardle, however, from reasons with which we are not acquainted, preferred the private system—whether his own experience at Harrow taught him to believe that a public education was not alike suited to all minds, or whether in the anxiety of paternal tenderness he preferred to keep his children under his own immediate controul we are ignorant. During his residence at Bath he employed himself incessantly in the anxious education of his children, and certainly he could not have undertaken a task, by which he exhibited himself in a more amiable point of view. Colonel Wardle, indeed, with many other qualities seems to have this in common with his friend Sir F. Burdett, that both of them are alike family men, both are alike amiable in every relation of private life. This integrity of private life should certainly be a kind of pledge or assurance of a similar honesty and integrity in public conduct; and, though this rule will not always hold, it is certainly exemplified as far as regards the conduct of Colonel Wardle. His public conduct seems but the counterpart of his private; the same candour and simplicity, the same direct meaning, the same honesty of intention, and energy of execution, are evident in his public and private life. He is equally active as a Member of Parliament and as a private gentleman; his country and his neighbours seem to have an equal claim to his services, and they are exerted with a similar zeal and activity to promote the welfare of each.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE perused with a great deal of pleasure, your observations upon a volume, entitled "Public Characters for 1809-10," and am not a little gratified by your endeavours to rescue Professor Davy from the hands of his biographer. This has induced me to become your correspondent, and as Galvanism is a science, from the cultivation of which I have derived considerable pleasure, I will endeavour to clothe its principal features in a popular garb, so as to enable the most uninformed of your readers to acquire a taste for it, and perhaps to induce even persons who are better acquainted with it, to re-examine the more prominent discoveries that have been made in this science. Galvanism has so deservedly engrossed the attention of experimental philosophers, and has been cultivated with so much success, as to render other important branches of science its tributaries. Indeed it could not fail to interest the minds of such as were ardently occupied in the pursuit of useful knowledge. The experiments on *animal electricity* *, exhibit a modification of the galvanic energy. The experiments which have been made are not only calculated to excite surprise and astonishment, but they naturally create an anxiety to be acquainted with the origin and progress of the science; and it is hoped that the detail will not be unentertaining. It will be obvious, in the course of our inquiry, that this subject has furnished many simple facts, which are not merely valuable as they are connected with the sciences, but also as they relate to the improvement of various processes that daily occur in common life. If we simply confine ourselves to facts, and leave hypothesis to the ignorant, for it is their proper sanctuary, we shall be able, to supersede, in some measure, the necessity of more elaborate treatises. Our labours will be sufficiently rewarded, should this communication tend to cherish a taste for the study of chemistry, with which Galvanism is so intimately connected, or if it should be found to assist the inquisitive in their pursuit of curious and scientific knowledge.

The concrete parts of animal, vegetable, or mineral matters, are cognizable by our senses, and, consequently, we become

* Animal Electricity.—The galvanic pile has been thought to bear a close analogy to the electric organs of the torpedo, and it beautifully illustrates the functions and construction of the cells of this animal, which appear to be so intimately connected with the electric power. But let it not be imagined that the Metallic Tractors furnish analogous effects: we would not even have named these tools of quackery, were it not our duty, paramount to all others, to protect the public from the odious tyranny of such impostors. Our readers will judge from the following extract, taken from 'The Medical Repository,' (No. I. published at New York, in 1800, p. 109, under the article NEWS), in what degree of estimation Perkinism is held in the new world.

"Whereas Dr. Elishaa Perkins, a member of this society, having obtained a patent from under the authority of the United States, for the exclusive privilege of using and vending certain pointed Metallic Instruments, pretending that they possess inherent powers of curing many diseases, which is contrary to the rules and regulations of this Society, interdicting their members the use of nostrums, therefore voted that the said Perkins should be expelled the Medical Society of the State of Connecticut."

Will it be imagined after this, that a professional man should be found in this kingdom, who even claims the Invention of the Tractors of Perkins: what honour would accrue to Dr. B——he, of Birmingham, we know not, were he in the shoes of this second Mesmer!!

speedily acquainted with their appearances and properties. Gaseous matter, though invisible, is subject to statistical experiments, as well as to chemical affinities. But there are many more subtle matters, of which we possess no other knowledge, than what we are enabled to gather from their effects. Light, caloric, magnetism, and electricity are of this order; and the *galvanic influence* is in fact, nothing more than electricity. The very different source from which the galvanic fluid is derived, has prevented that familiar acquaintance with it, which electricians possess of the fluid, drawn from the ordinary source. But a perfect knowledge of this subject implies no common share of chemical science. The peculiar nature of light (though man, from the first period of existence, must have been familiar, at least, with some of its effects), is at the present day so little understood, that some philosophers have identified light with heat, and others with electricity; and caloric, though essential to intelligence itself, is so completely illusive of the grasp of the philosopher, that it remains with some a moot point, whether it be a substance or a quality; and, lastly, the magnetic fluid is so little known, that its presence has not been hitherto suspected, unless accompanied with iron or some of its alloys. Indeed, we know of none of its other properties, except the equivocal ones (for they are not peculiar) *Attraction* and *repulsion* *.

Electricity can be transferred from one body to another. Certain bodies are said to be conductors, others non-conductors; but we agree with the intelligent inventor (A. Bennet, F. R. S.) of the *Electric Doubler*—"that the conducting property does not depend upon the specific gravity of bodies; for gold is one of the best conductors, and of great specific gravity; and air which is so much less dense does not conduct; but charcoal is a good conductor, and lighter than glass which is an electric. It is not improbable but that this property may depend on the chemical affinity of their component parts with the electric fluid. If electrics are supposed to have in their composition a large quantity of fixed electricity, in the same manner as limestone contains fixed air, they may be impervious to any additional quantity of it, because already saturated." Electricity can be retained in vessels, and is an object of perception, especially to the auditory, olfactory, and palatal nerves, while with Dr. Darwin we agree that the nervous system generally is considerably alive to its influence. Indeed the impression made by the electric shock never fails to create a reluctance to repeat the experiment.

Artificial means have been devised of collecting and retaining the electric fluid, either put in motion by chemical or mechanical effort. Bodies are not, in point of fact, either perfect conductors or non-conductors, as between two extremes of the best conductor or non-conductor there may be an indefinite number of means.

Electricity adheres to electrics, or the worst conductors, more especially; and, probably, we may say, with Mr. Bennett, that, but for this property, its existence might never have been discovered. Amber, the Ελεχτρον of the Greeks, first betrayed its presence; and this, by successive

---

* The use of the magnetic needle in navigation is sufficiently known, and the determination of the longitude, east or west, of the first meridian, would be much more facile, were the variation of the compass constant at the same spot. When touching on this subject we cannot help referring to the beautiful lines of a modern poet and philosopher, who appreciated the value of iron, with the acute Lock, as indicative of national wealth and consequence.

"True to the Pole, by thee the Pilot guides
His steady helm amid the struggling tides,
Braves, with broad sail, the immeasurable sea,
Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee.
By thee the plough-share rends the matted plain,
Inhumes, in level rows, the living grain;
Intrusive forests quit the cultured ground.
And Ceres laughs, with golden fillets crown'd,
O'er restless realms, when scowling discord flings
Her snakes, and loud the din of battle rings,
Expiring strength, and vanquish'd courage feel
Thy arm triumphant adamantine steel."

DARWIN.

improvements, paved the way to the electric machines at present in use †.

Thus we believe with Mr. Bennet, that electricity is entirely subject to the same laws with every other substance, or with grosser matter, yet because it hath some qualities in a very high degree, as subtilty, and adhesive attraction, and others scarcely at all as gravitation and solidity; it is very difficult without experiment to become impressed with a just notion concerning them. What other more subtle fluids may exist in nature, it is not our business in this place to enquire, but notwithstanding the fallacy of his general principles, we may agree at least so far with *De Cartes* in his *principles of philosophy, viz.* "*Nulla ratio nos cogit ad credendum, corpora omnia quæ existunt debere sensus nostros afficere.*" "There is no reason to believe that all bodies which exist must necessarily affect our senses."

Accident, the prolific parent of so many discoveries, has immortalized the name of the Bolognian professor Galvani, from whom that modification of electricity termed galvanism derives its name. Whilst dissecting a frog, and touching the nerve of the animal, (about the year 1791) sparks were taken from the conductor of an electrical machine, its whole body was agitated with violent convulsive action; by varying his method of experiment he soon discovered that this effect could be produced without the aid of ordinary electricity: merely by bringing the nerves or muscles of the animal into contact with two different metals, which at the same time touched each other or communicated together by the intervention of any substance capable of conducting electricity. This simple experiment may be readily tried, by baring a nerve of any animal. (Frogs have been generally preferred on account of their great tenacity of life). Touch it with a piece of zinc, and any portion of the limb with a slip of gold, silver, or copper, and bringing the other ends of the metals into contact, violent contractions will be produced. It appears indeed, that the limbs of animals are ca-

† In the common electrical machines, that part of the cylinder, or plate of glass in contact with the rubber, has, by the means of friction, its capacity encreased, and is supplied with what it wants from the rubber, while the rubber obtains a new supply from the earth. This part of the cylinder or plate (with increased quantity) by the time it has reached the conductor has passed to its original state, and gives out the electric matter it had received from the rubber. By this means one side of the cylinder, will be constantly taking electricity from the rubber, while the other will be giving it to the conductor. During the time a body is giving out electricity, it is said to be positively electrified. When the body returns to its original state, it will attract from surrounding bodies the same quantity of electricity of which it had been deprived. On the contrary, when bodies are so acted upon as to hold more than their natural share of electricity, a portion of this fluid will be detached from surrounding bodies, to supply its increased demand. Such a body is said to be negatively electrified. Contrary to the former example when the body passes to its orignal state, it must give out all its absorbed electricity. It is thus obviously with the electric machine.

* *Table of some of the principal Conductors and Non-Conductors.*

CONDUCTORS.	NON-CONDUCTORS.
All the metals.	Oxides of metal.
Minerals containing metals not oxigenized.	The gasses.
Charcoal and common coal.	Periosteum.
Muscular flesh.	Hair.
Membranes, nerves, ligaments and blood vessels.	The Epidermis.
Mushrooms and fungi.	Glass.
Albumen.	Amber.
Water, blood and the vegetable juices.	Coagulated albumen.
Spirits of wine, wine, beer and acids.	Oil.
Alcalis, and solutions of soap.	Resin.
	Gums.

* According to Sylvester.

pable of excitement for several days after death, or as it is believed until the organization begins to be destroyed by incipient putrefaction.

If the sciatic nerve of a Frog be laid on a shilling, while the feet are placed on a piece of zinc, and if the circuit be completed by any electrical conductor (such as a silver or brass wire), violent convulsive action will be produced, and this will take place as often as the contact is made, after its interruption. Most metals, when applied in a similar way, will produce the same effect, but zinc, tin, and lead, when conjoined with platina, gold, silver, or copper, are more eminently powerful. By varying the application of the metals to different parts of the human body, several curious and entertaining effects are exhibited. For instance, a rod of zinc applied to the upper, and a disc or plate of silver to the under part of the tongue, on bringing the other terminations of the metals into contact, a very peculiar sensation suddenly occurs, resembling a slight electric shock, and it is accompanied by a subastringent taste in the mouth, not easy to describe. Again, if a disc of zinc be placed between the upper lip and gum, or carefully passed up either nostril, while a silver wire is in contact with the tongue, on connecting the ends of the zinc and silver, a vivid flash of light, perceptible only to the operator is observed, and at the same time a sensibly pungent *aura* becomes obvious in the nose. It may be here remarked, that in paralysis of the optic nerve, no flash is perceptible, nor in cases of complete paralysis of any limb; this influence becomes in consequence a test of the vigorous, diminished, or obliterated energy of the nerves. The importance of this branch of science to the physiologist hence becomes apparent.

Again, if you put a plate of silver on a table, and over it a plate of zinc of a smaller diameter, so as to leave a part of the silver edge forming a margin round the disc of zinc, and on the plate of zinc place a live shrimp, a leech, or an earth worm, on touching the silver, the creature will receive a considerable shock, and generally return to the trial with a view to creep away at some other part of the margin. This experiment may be varied by putting the animal into a glass of water, and bringing respectively from two separated discs of zinc and silver two wires, terminating in the glass of water without touching, as often as a contact is made between the two discs by means of a third wire, so as to complete the circle, the animal receives a shock and appearing much agitated, generally darts down to the bottom of the vessel. This proves that though water be a conductor of the influence, yet that animal matter is a much better one *.

If a silver cup be placed upon a disc of zinc, on drinking water from the cup in this state, no peculiar taste is discoverable; but on wetting the hand and putting upon the palm of it, the disc of zinc, and at the same time tasting the water, while the silver cup rests upon it, a pungent subacid sensation is plainly perceptible on the palate. This is thought to explain the cause why porter drinks more agreeably out of a pewter vessel, and why accomplished snuff-takers, such as the late Professor Robinson, prefer taking snuff out of an iron box lined with tin, rather than from a box of gold.

It is probable that this is not fancy merely. It is certain that the taste is considera-

* It is a singular fact that none of the writers upon Galvanism, have noticed the curious observation of old *Father Kircher*, in his "*Mundus Subterraneous*" written so long ago. As nearly as we recollect these are his words:—"*Bene exploratum est, quod si intermortuos pisces torpedo poneretur, et inibi se moveret, eos quos teligeret interno quodam motu ita cieri ut vivere videantur.*" There can be no doubt of this effect being galvanic. This reminds us of another singular electric phenomenon. The constant accumulation of electricity, by the revolution of the metallic cylinders, &c. against old leathern geer, saturated with oil, in the spinning machinery for cotton, at Messrs. Parker and Swindell's mills, in the park at Stockport, sparks could be readily and rapidly received from the termination of the axis of the cylinder and the Leyden jar, or a battery be thus charged. It is to be noted that the floor of the room alluded to, in which the mills for spinning are distributed, is completely saturated with oil, from the length of time it has been used as a spinning room.

bly influenced by the combination of metals, and that many circumstances observed in common life are easily accounted for, upon Galvanic principles. So sensibly is the taste affected either by an alloy, which is a combination of two or more metals, or by any metal when in contact with another, that a nice observer can tell even where a metal has been soldered by examining it with the tongue, and that too in the dark. The sense of taste being immediately affected as the tongue passes over the soldered part. The effect in all the instances alluded to, is greater in proportion as we bring the conductors into closer contact with the *vera cutis.* The epidermis, unless when moistened, being a very weak conductor, and possibly the conducting power depends upon the water by which the epidermis is permeated.

From the effect of Galvanism, considering it as a test of the vital principle, we should be inclined (contrary to the notions of many eminent men in all ages previous to its discovery) to deny that vitality was resident in the blood alone. It is true that assimilation is effected through the medium of circulation and that thus, "we add (as it were) life to life." Homer and Virgil seem to agree with Moses on this subject. Homer terming death πορφυρεοσ θανατοσ, the *purpuream vomit ille Animam* of Virgil.

Empedocles, and Critias, believed life to be the blood itself. We shall not at present attempt to determine this mysterious point, but previous to unfolding the discoveries of *Volta*, and especially that most important one of the *voltaic pile*, we shall take leave of our readers, for the present, in the language of the ingenious Philosopher Davy. Who thinks the immediate cause of irritable action or life to be most probably the combination of oxygen with hydrogen and carbonic, liberating *electric* fluid and azot, since it is certain that water and carbonic acid are liberated during muscular action, and it is well known that the torpedo, and some other animals, give out electric fluid during animal action. He suspects that in man the quantity is too small, and too slowly liberated to be appreciable. He looks upon the laws of mind to be most probably not different from those of corpuscular motion; that every change in our sensations must be accompanied with some corresponding change in the organic matter of the body: but these changes an extensive, and philosophic chemistry, must enable us to find out; that by their discovery we should be informed of the laws of our existence and probably enabled in a great measure to destroy our pains and encrease our pleasures. Thus would the science of chemistry become of all others the most sublime and important.

But this subject can only be elucidated by facts resulting from experiment, the field is extensive and the prospect inviting, we shall add in the words of Chaptal,

"*Les faits sont de tous les temps, ils sont immuables comme la nature dont ils sont la langage, mais les conséquences doivent varier selon l'état des connoisances acquises.*"

" Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance: deep the oak
Must sink its stubborn roots, in earth obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies.
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountains hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves, in limpid streams,
With oft repeated toil, and oft in fire,
The metal purifies: with the fatigue
And tedious process of its painful works,
The lusty sicken and the feeble die.

DYER'S FLEECE.

(To be continued.)

Sir,

From a curious work lately published at Geneva, (*Rapports de l'air avec les Etres Organises, &c. par Jean Senebier,*) we learn that the great philosopher and naturalist Spalanzani amongst other pursuits, devoted much of his attention to the tribe of bats. He classes them among quadrupeds: since they have all the essential characters of these animals, both with regard to their internal structure and their teeth, in their organs of generation and in their natural habitudes: they copulate after the manner of other quadrupeds, and like them bring forth their young, and nourish them with milk. They are gregarious, and seem fond of assembling in groups, apparently for the sake of the warmth which their bodies collected together will mutually communicate. They hang with their heads downwards, suspended from the cieling by their hinder legs. They may be regarded as nocturnal animals, for they make no use of their eyes by day, being directed in their flight by their organ of hearing which is exquisitely fine, when this is destroyed they fly at random, having no power of guidance. They naturally endeavour to escape from confinement at night, but do not attempt it in the day, though kept in a state of equal darkness, they must therefore be urged to fly abroad by some other cause, as some change in the atmosphere, or the moisture of the evening air. They do not live upon flies, for their stomachs were filled with scales and horny substances of a dark brown colour, parts of insects, the nature of which could not be precisely ascertained. It appears that some species of bats migrate whilst others do not. Their internal heat in summer is 101°; but this varies with every change of temperature in the atmosphere, and is reduced as the action of the vital functions decreases. They become torpid at 44°, though they always preserve their own temperature rather higher than that of the medium in which they are placed: from this state of torpor they revive upon being exposed to the external air, although its temperature be below the freezing point, and considerably lower than that which suspended their respiration: this curious effect is supposed to be owing to the influence of the air upon their sensation. The quantity of blood which they contain is very small; Spalanzani wishing to expose it to congelation, could only procure two or three drops, which were frozen at a temperature of 22 degrees, at the end of eleven minutes. The number of females greatly exceeds that of the males, and the flesh of these little animals is such delicious eating, that though it has an unpleasant smell, the learned naturalist is of opinion that they will soon be in great request and actually considered as game.

F.

MELVILLE AND HELEN: A TALE.

HELEN was the only daughter of a wealthy and respectable family in the county of M———. Lovely, accomplished, and graceful, she had put off the more innocent simplicity of childhood, and the symmetry of her form, began to acquire that air of ripening beauty which warms, and captivates the heart.

Among the neighbouring young men who strove to gain her affections, Melville was distinguished by the ardour of his addresses. He was the younger brother of a family of rank and distinction, but of moderate fortune. His person was handsome and genteel, his manners easy and engaging. With these advantages he soon acquired an interest in the heart of the young and inexperienced Helen. As her large fortune was at her own disposal, no obstacle presented itself to the accomplishment of their happiness. He pressed her with all the eloquence of passion, and vowed everlasting attachment, a tender softness pleads in her bosom, she yields to the ardour of his persuasions, and they are married.

Who can express the pleasures they now enjoy? To render his beloved happy appears to form the whole employment of his thoughts, and the object of his every action. Such a growing partiality and

fondness warmed her heart, that Melville became every day more and more endeared to her affections. The fortune she brought he managed with prudence, and enjoyed with discretion; and the pleasure which he experienced in her amiable conduct and enchanting behaviour repaid his cares and solicitude with augmented interest. Thus flew the hours winged with delight, every day elicited new endearments, and every night returned with blissful repose. Before the expiration of two years their bliss was crowned with a lovely boy. If any thing could have increased their happiness, it was this pledge of their mutual affection. But alas! how variable is the heart of man, how mutable his passions, how easily inflamed! how soon are his dearest affections altered! His boasted reason too, how weak its flame, and how easily extinguished by the slightest blast. It unfortunately happened about this period that a young female of exquisite beauty, but of light character, came to live at the house directly opposite to that which was inhabited by Melville. As he possesed a handsome person as well as an ample fortune, a thousand arts were employed to attract his observation, and to ensnare his heart. The beautiful syren would often appear at her window in a loose and voluptuous *dishabille*. At one time with a careless negligence displaying the charms of her fine bosom, and then with affected modesty half concealing them from his view. At another time, fixing her fine dark eyes, sparkling with delight, eagerly upon his face, and the moment she was observed withdrawing them with a soft and languishing air, by slow degrees, as if delicacy had restrained the emotion which love prompted.

Melville was too well acquainted with the world not to understand this language, and his feeble heart was too susceptible not to be delighted with the sentiment it conveyed. Unable to withstand the daily repetition of these provoking temptations, he, at length determined to visit the object who began to have so much interest in his affections. He paid her a visit. Unfortunate moment! It is needless to say he was kindly received, how kindly will be better conceived than expressed. When the threshold of vice is once passed, where shall the unhappy votarist of pleasure stop! from what point shall his retreat commence? Infatuated as he was his visits now became more frequent, he was intoxicated with her charms, and so bewitched with the alluring blandishments of her person, that the modest and retiring beauties of his lovely and virtuous wife ceased to influence his affections, and she was soon neglected and at length despised.

Poor Helen! who shall express the agonies of thy affectionate bosom, when the fatal secret flashed upon thy conviction? Who shall attempt to paint the feelings of thy widowed heart?

Conscious upon how many accounts she had merited his love: pride and resentment for some time struggled with her affection. But such was the softness of her nature, such the delicate tenderness of her passion, that she could not reproach him in any other way than by *silent grief*. Alone she pined, and like a lilly in the retired vale, drooped her beauteous form, unfriended and unseen. Oh what a heart that such endearing sweetness could not melt, that such engaging virtue could not restrain from vice?

At first, perhaps, his conscious feelings made some efforts in her favour, the still small voice was, perhaps, sometimes heard before the silver cord was quite broken and a few pangs of remorse would mingle in the cup of pleasure from which he drank; but it is the nature of vice to become progressive, and one of its first efforts is to chace away these unpleasant remonstrances; at length all remains of gratitude or compassion were smothered, and Melville became as indifferent to Helen's grief as he was insensible to her wrongs. Barbarian! how canst thou lavish on abandoned worthlessness, that wealth which love and unsuspecting innocence had trusted to thy care? how canst thou leave that angel sweetness, that untainted virtue, for polluted charms, and faithless prostitution. How canst thou behold thy infant suck with its milk, those grief distilling drops which thy neglected wife pours from the fountains of misery, whilst she performs the highest duties of a mother to thy yet innocent offspring!

Unfeeling husband! but what will not hard

ened guilt effect under the influence of a blind passion. Alas! this was but the beginning of Helen's woes. To indifference succeed disgust, ill-nature, ill-usage. Melville no longer preserves even the forms of decency, he no longer makes a secret of his intrigues. Day after day is spent with his mistress, shameless, in the sight of the world, and in the very face of his insulted, injured, unoffending wife: but the measure of his guilt is not yet complete. The patient virtue, the uncomplaining grief of Helen, upbraids him, and he cannot endure it. He is determined to remove her from his sight: the wish is not half so cruel as the means he employed were criminal. His valet, who had lived with him many years, was capable of any villainy—he prevails upon this wretch to conceal himself in his wife's chamber, till she is retired to her bed, promising to afford him an opportunity of retiring undiscovered, when he should surprise him in the room. The plan is immediately executed: the wretch found means that very evening to conceal himself in the chamber of his innocent mistress, who at her usual hour retired to rest. After committing herself to heaven, and, with a shower of tears, bewailing her wretched fate, she closed her eyes in sleep. Protect her gracious heaven! support her in this hour of trial, when he who should protect and support her is basely undermining and betraying her.

Sleep had scarcely closed her eyes, when Melville rushed into the chamber, and with affected rage, and real imprecations, demanded the adulterer. Surprised with terror and astonishment, the innocent victim started from her sleep, and in a trembling voice, besought the occasion of his anger. He gave no answer to her intreaties, but continuing his pretended rage, searched every corner of the room, and from beneath the bed drew out the hidden traitor. This unexpected sight, with the appearance of a discovery so shocking, almost annihilated poor Helen, whose senses were for a time suspended; happy had she never awoke to the misery that awaited her. "Is this, Madam," said Melville, "the truth, the purity, to which you so artfully pretended? this your innocence, this the idol of your secret devotions!"—"O heavens!" exclaimed the injured Helen, in an agony that almost prevented utterance, "Do you, can you, believe me guilty? Can you believe that I know this wretch, that I have concealed him? Suspected—good God! what I? Am I not your wife?—would to God I were not. O Melville! there needed not this.—My heart is already broken, quite, quite broken—Will you, too, destroy my innocence?"—"Your innocence, indeed," retorted her husband, "and have you the assurance, after this, even to pretend to innocence."—Saying this he turned from her, and was about to leave the room, when, making an effort, she caught hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, uttered, with the piteous accents of agonizing sensibility—

"O Melville, O my still dear husband! if yet I may call you by that endearing name, let me beg, on my knees, let me beg you will not expose my hitherto unspotted fame to public infamy.—I shall not long continue in the way of your pleasures—my wretched heart can hold but a little longer—let me, pray let me, leave the world unblemished!—Then I shall die in peace, and will still believe you kind! But if I must not, must not stay here any longer, Oh let me steal from your house in the friendly shade of night with my poor babe, and wandering to some distant village, there let me die unknown in silent misery, (for indeed I will never complain) and let, Oh let me, feel at least the pleasure of saving you the sad reproach of having destroyed my fame.

This was the proposal he aimed at, and telling her she might take her brat and go whither she pleased; he rudely broke from her grasp and left her senseless on the ground. What language can do justice to her agonized feelings? Rising from the floor where his barbarity had left her, she went to the bed where lay her innocent babe, kissed and wept over it for some time, then taking it in her arms and laying it to her bosom she departed the house that very night. Here for the present we will leave her to the care of that providence, without whose especial direction even a sparrow does not fall to the ground.

REVIEW OF WORKS OF ART.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE.

THIS annual display of national talent in the cultivation of the most brilliant, and most generally-interesting of the polite arts, was opened to public observation on Monday, the 1st of May. If the purity of national taste, as many philosophers have asserted, be in any degree allied to national morals, we cannot be too vigilant in marking out the good or bad impression, which such an exhibition is calculated to produce on the public mind. The remarks which we are about to offer, are therefore not to be considered as technically critical alone, but as endeavouring to embrace the connexion, which painting naturally forms with all her sister arts, and with the manners and morals of society.

If any superiority can be adjudged to the present exhibition over those of latter years, it must be assigned to the provinces of portraiture, landscape, and familiar life. Sublime specimens of historic and poetic composition are sought for in vain. That portraits should abound, may be easily accounted for: there are many circumstances that concur to multiply them. Mediocrity eagerly treads a path which presents obstacles less formidable, which proceeds in its course to patronage over the smooth track of self love, and thereby procures the means of existence with a less arduous exertion of labour or of talent. Indeed, artists of superior merit are often obliged to impose silence upon their own love of fame: genius and glory are sometimes smothered in the more urgent claims of nature and necessity, and those hours are devoted to the calls of their families, which are reluctantly stolen from their renown.

Individual purchasers of historical pictures have been few in number, notwithstanding the example set, early in his reign, by his present Majesty. The patronage of dealers, or *mercantile patronage*, as it is sometimes termed, has shewn itself ignorant of the ends of art, capricious and unprincipled in the dispensation of its commissions, and vulgar in its taste; and, as the *British Institution*, though it has effected some good, has hitherto failed of accomplishing its *ostensible purpose*, Government appears to be called upon more loudly than ever to redeem "the dignity of the dying art," by appropriating to the national purpose of its revival, a portion of the public revenue. Neither can the pecuniary burthens which oppress the people be pleaded as an objection, unless certain great sinecures should have been previously abolished. Let government annually bestow the amount of no more than two such sinecures as that of Teller of the Exchequer, for the purpose of ornamenting our religious and civil edifices, with the productions of the British *pencil*, as well as those of the *chisel*, and this desirable end would probably be at once accomplished: for in a few years the public eye accustomed to the contemplation of meritorious works of art, would acquire such a discriminating taste, as would induce a wider extension of the private patronage of wealthy individuals.

The order of our Register and Review, which in this instance will be incorporated, is that of the *alphabet*, and also that of the *Index of Artists' names*, which is affixed to the Academy-Catalogue. To be useful, is at once our principle and purpose; and this principle will induce us to dwell to the utmost extent of our limits on some of the performances exhibited, while we shall

REVIEW OF WORKS OF ARTS.

merely name, or pass lightly over, such others as do little or no credit to the exhibition; and therefore deserve little or no attention from the public. Yet it must be avowed that in a Royal-Academy Exhibition, there is, besides the planets and fixed stars of painting and sculpture, an indistinct *shining* on which attention cannot easily, rapidly, and steadily fix: a sort of galaxy—whether shed during her sleep from the bosom of that goddess who presides over the heaven of art, we cannot say, but we are ready candidly to confess, that in turning our intellectual telescope from star to star, the light of some may have escaped due observation. The reader must not, therefore, suppose, that in every instance where we merely name the artist and performance, we think them unworthy of censure or of praise. Nor must he in perusing our remarks, give credit for something more being meant than meets the eye.

Mr. E. Acres has two miniature portraits, No. 596, and 728.

Mr. A. Aglio has a landscape, No. 252, and a view of *Ackeworth Villa*, No. 482.

Mr. E. Aikin has two Architectural designs: one for a *Church and Cemetery*, No. 844, and the other No. 849, for a *Cenotaph* to the memory of our brave and unfortunate General Moore. Merit appears hereditary in the Aikin family, and the present designs shew that it is not confined to literature. The cenotaph is composed of classical and appropriate materials, and is worthy of the rising architectural reputation of Mr. Edmund Aikin.

Mr. D. Alexander, a gentleman more distinguished for his science, and the solidity of his designs in many works of public utility, than for his classical taste, exhibits a drawing (No. 884), of the *Royal Naval Asylum:* for which philanthrophic institution, *Pelham House*, in Greenwick Park, is now being altered, with considerable additions, under his directions.

No. 738, by Mr. T. Allason, is a design for a Gothic building.

Mr. W. Allen, of Edinburgh has imitated the Dutch painters of vulgar pastimes in a picture of *Russian peasants keeping their holiday*, No. 141.

Miss M. Allen has one miniature, No. 725.

Mr. J. Allen has four pictures, viz. No. 90. *The Idle Boy*. The drawing of the flesh in this piece is deficient in roundness. The colouring is too warm, and the browns and yellows want the contrast of colder tints, to give them that richness of tone which possesses strength as well as brightness. There is much vigour in the general ideas of this artist, and his principal light is well directed, and judiciously qualified by more delicate tints on the less prominent parts of the figure. The boy who is purloining a peach from a girl, has much archness.

No. 233, *Portrait of Lady*, (Mrs. Evans) *as Cowslip, in The Agreeable Surprise* is spiritedly drawn. The attitude is easy and graceful. The cold and warm tints are more varied. His portrait of *Mrs. Bailey*, No. 274, possesses merit of the same description.

Mr. C. Allingham's *Industrious Boy*, No. 169, and *Idle Boy*, No. 191, are excellent compositions, and equal in their merit. The former is profoundly attentive to his book, and the latter is as profoundly asleep. In both the attitudes and characters are admirable; the drawing good, and the folds of the draperies peculiarly broad and natural.

Mr. J. Ames has entitled his No. 531, a composition. It is a beautiful little specimen of landscape painting, in which he has successfully caught the angular energy of Berghem's style of drawing and penciling.

Mr. W. Anderson's pictures possess much of that clear and detailed finishing, for which this master is remarkable. They are No. 121, *A wood scene*, and No. 418, *A Sea-coast-view near Hastings*.

Miss C. Andras has a frame (No. 667) containing profile-portraits modelled in wax with considerable delicacy, and some taste.

Mr. J. L. Archer exhibits an *Architectural design for a public Bath*, (No. 810).

No. 744, *Culland's Grove*, by T. Argles.

Mr. Arnald's landscapes are numerous and highly pleasing. His pictures are usu-

ally of a grey hue: less cold than Calcott's former pieces, and less warm than Turners; he pencils more carefully than the latter artist, but seldom attains the vigorous outline of the former. Chearfulness and unaffected elegance are his characteristic excellencies: these are particularly distinguishable in his *Glendore head, and entrance of Glendore harbour*, No. 29, and most of his other pieces. *Roslin Castle*, No. 79, like all his moon-light scenes, is highly natural, forcible, and clear. No. 145, *A Boat's crew, with passsengers escaping from a wreck*, has a yellow tinge on the water, very inappropriate. The want of depth of shade and breadth of light is severely felt in this piece, for in views at sea, the materials being generally scanty, all the recommendations of brilliancy and shadow are particularly demanded.

Mr. W. Artaud exhibits only two portraits (No. 264, and No. 548). These pictures possess a good tone of colour, particularly in the flesh. As we know not who are the originals, we cannot speak of the likenesses. In the unadorned simplicity of Mr. Artaud's style of portrait painting, there is much to remind us of the deceased Academician, Opie.

Mr. T. Athow, No. 70, by this artist is a view of a Cottage, in Kent.

Mr. J. A. Atkinson, No. 228, and No. 277. In both these pieces the colouring and general effect, are forcible and lively. The former is denominated *the Waggon*, and is remarkable for the ease, and varied characteristics of his figures. Yet the faces want expression. The general effect depends upon breadth of shade and vigor of outline. In the other picture, called *The Fording Place*, the action of the figures is peculiarly expressive of quick walking. The formal, comic form of a large hill rising in the middle ground of the pictnre, is very objectionable.

Sir W. Beechy, R. A. enriches the Exhibition with seven portraits, No. 62. *Portraits of Mrs. and Miss Cockerell* (not *Wetherell* as printed in the catalogue) is a beautiful composition. It possesses force, breadth, and transparency. The colouring of the flesh is peculiarly clear: the drawing and penciling, are more vigorous than in the generality of Sir W. B.'s portraits. There is considerable taste both in the draperies and the attitudes. (No. 93) *The Portrait of Mr Wilkie*, is a good likeness, but the attitude is too theatrical, and not at all characteristic of that artist. *The portrait of Lord Gambier*, (No. 71.) is good: the tone of colouring is milder, than Sir William's usual style. (No. 82.) *The portrait of a Nobleman*, has great brilliancy, and the attitude is easy. The autumnal hue of the landscape is a good counterpoise to the gold lace of the Collegiate Robe. *The portrait of a Lady of Quality*, No. 126, is well coloured, but the drawing of the features is feeble: this fault *perhaps* does not attach upon the painter. The other paintings of this artist, are No. 18, *The portrait of a Lady*, and No. 387, *The portrait of Alderman Ansley*, late Lord Mayor. They are neither of them distinguishable, either in excellence or demerit, from this artists usual style.

W. R. Bigg, A. *The Village Shop*, and (No. 98.) and *The Miller's Cart, or Rustic Conversation*, (No. 200), are very feeble compositions. A brilliant effect is attempted in the former, but the figures are drawn without any forcible characteristics. Mr. Bigg is much inferior in compositions of this cast, to Atkinson: he sinks into absolute insignificance in any comparison with Wilkie, to whose exquisite pieces, *The Village Shop* is rather too near for its own credit. The glow-worm ceases to glitter on the approach of the sun.

Mr. H. Bone, A. This gentleman, who has lately been appointed enamel painter in ordinary to his majesty, has rendered his peculiar province in the art of painting, subservient to the imitation of the works of the most eminent masters. No. 301, is a frame containing five portraits, executed with Mr. B.'s usual delicacy and fidelity, after their respective originals. No. 302, *A Holy Family with St. John, after Baroccio, in the possession of the Rev. H. Carr.* The softness and deliacy of this master is beautifully preserved in Mr. Bone's copy. No. 628, *Sir Walter Raleigh after C. Jansen.* A piece of equal merit with the preceding. The great value of these copies is the fidelity with which the cha

racteristic features of the original masters are preserved.

Mr. J. Baber exhibits four architectural designs of very inconsiderable merit—Nos. 733, 734, 747, 795. He has a very weak idea of that bold massiveness which forms the sublime in architecture: and fritters away his design in subdivisions, and insipid forms.

Mr. J. Bacon—No. 772. *Mary at the feet of Christ: a Monument in memory of the late Lady Kenyon.*—These figures appear to have been executed with the most laboured correctness: yet the arms of the Magdalen are rather too round: but the attitudes are finely characteristic of the desired expression. The divine compassion of the Saviour, and the severe, yet not abject, contrition of Mary are exquisitely wrought.

No. 881. *Is the Model of a group to be erected at Bombay in honour of the Marquis Wellesley.*—This is an elegant design, and reflects honour both upon the artist and the late Governor of India. The figures are scientifically correct, and possess great animation: they are emblematical, except the statue of the Marquis, who seems to sit with easy dignity upon a pedestal. The figure of Asia is extremely elegant: nor is the female form less graceful, who displays a tablet encircled with laurel, on which is described "*wisdom, foresight, energy.*"

Mr. W. Bacon.—No. 11. *A Landscape Composition.*

Mr. J. Bailey.—No. 742. *Design for a Parsonage-house, near Rye.*—However the gothic style may be adapted to a design for a clerical residence, still the castellated or military gothic is surely the least appropriate to the religious character.

Mr. J. Barenger.—Nos. 225, 230, 513. These are portraits of animals of very inconsiderable merit.

Mr. J. Barney.—No. 268. *Macbeth entering the Cave of the Witches.*—A subject somewhat beyond Mr. Barney's abilities, which when employed on designs proportionate to them, are not discreditable to their possessor.

Mr. J. Barrett.—Nos. 292, 526. Two views indifferent.

Mr. J. Barry—655. *Portrait of a Lady.*

Mr. J. S. Barth—No. 337. *View of a Waterfall in Schachenthal, near Altorf, Switzerland.*

Mr. W. Bartlett.—No. 821. *Design for a Villa.*

Mr. T. Bate's *View on the Thames, near Milbank* (No. 35) possesses a pleasing solemnity of effect. This proceeds from the judicious management of a grey cloudy sky, and a long mass of shadow, which obscures without concealing the buildings. The broad reflection of the red hue of the houses on the water, dilates and softens the central colour, and prevents it from appearing like a spot; it qualifies also the cold grey of the water and sky. Many artists affect to throw a general grey hue over their landscapes: if this can ever be admissible it must be confined to scenes in which rocks, water and sky, or the dreary aspect of winter predominates.

Mr. C. Bate exhibits *a Sketch from Nature*, No. 120.

Mr. S. Benwell.—*A Design for the Lawn Front of a Cottage*, No. 873.

Mr. C. Bestland.—Two Portraits, Nos. 488 and 705.

Mr. Biedermann has a good picture of an old man, in his *Traveller resting on his Journey*, No. 157. The forms are too tame and delicate in their outline, and defective in that bold, square, marking, which the subject particularly requires.

Mr. J. Binstead's *Composition in Fruit and Flowers* (No. 464) possesses much natural brilliancy.

Mr. E. Bird.—The Picture which this artist has denominated *Good News* (No. 124) claims our particular attention. To depict the passions as they appear in domestic life, although it may be the humblest department in the art of painting, is proved to be difficult of attainment, since so few succeed out of the many who attempt it. It requires a thorough knowledge of anatomy, of the various effects of light and shadow, of the harmony of colour, and, what is still more seldom acquired, a considerable knowledge of the workings of the human heart, and of the most prominent

expressions of them in common life. At present we have only three such painters—Wilkie, Heaphy, and Bird. The first has acquired almost perfection: the second finishes as highly as possible, but designates the most vulgar subjects; the last appears, from his picture *Good News*, to possess the same vigour of genius with Wilkie, and requires the application of a year or two only, with some subordinate and attainable qualifications to participate in the excellence which he seems to emulate. In this picture a cobler is represented reading a Newspaper in a Country Inn: the attention of the greater part of his audience is well contrasted by the silly stupidity of two boors, who are ridiculing the reader behind his back, with much noisy merriment. The cobler, with a look of contemptuous indignation, seems to resent the interruption while he despises the occasion of it: a significant turn of his head, is replete with the severest rebuke. In the centre of the piece is a veteran soldier, who exultingly flourishes a cane, and animated with revived recollection, and the spirit of good liquor, " fights all his battles o'er again." He is the admiration of the rest of the company. A venerable labourer has fixed his eyes steadfastly upon him: they glisten with sympathy, and every feature of his hard-worn countenance softens into the warmest expression of joy. A boy, whose countenance is not seen, testifies even by his air alone, his attentive astonishment and delight at the old warrior's enthusiasm. A young mother, who sits by the old man, with her hand tenderly clasped in that of her infant, participates in the general sentiment, and gazes with smiling sensibility on the extravagance of the veteran. The post-boy, who has just arrived hot and fatigued, is receiving a refreshing glass from a pretty bar-maid, who lends a truly compassionate ear to the weary lads complaints of heat and fatigue. These are striking and natural incidents in common life, and the painter has displayed much of the genuine judgment of genius in his combination of them. Vigour of touch, and delicacy of outline: fullness of surface and confidence in the finishing markings: in short, freedom and high-wrought neatness are essentials in this department of the art: but in these Mr. Bird is inferior to Wilkie. His colouring is also rather harsh: the perspective of the floor and side of the room is bad: and the distribution of light is negligent and injudicious. A man, however, of his energetic talents will rapidly acquire these inferior and mechanical, yet indispensible, adjuncts of genius; and even now he must be considered as the near-approaching rival of Wilkie.

Mr. J. L. Bond—the piece exhibited by this gentleman is, *A perspective Section of a Room erecting at Southampton Castle, for the Marquis of Landsdowne, after the manner of the Moorish architecture.* A pleasing effect of sun-shine crosses the centre of this tasteful drawing, which is a faithful display, internally, of Moorish architecture.

Mr. J. Bonomi—*South-east view of the intended improvements to Skelton Castle.*

Mr. C. Bott has *a Design for a Mausoleum* (No. 750). This is deficient in appropriate characteristics. There is nothing to intimate the purpose of the structure. It exactly resembles the portico of Covent-Garden Church, with additional columns at each end.

Mr. J. Bourne has two pieces (Nos. 394 and 556. They are views which possess no particular excellence.

Mr. J. R. Bowring—*The interior of Gray's Inn Hall* (No. 833).

Mr. J. Boyne, exhibits in his *County Chronicle* (No. 455), a complete contrast to the *Good News* of Mr. Bird. Here is much confusion, no effect: bad drawing, and ill-conceived caricature.

Mr. G. M. Brighty has depicted in No. 210, *the burning of Druly-Lane Theatre.* The general effect of fire at night is well expressed: and the awful occurrence, which is the painter's subject, is well defined.

Mr. E. Bristow's painting of *A Smith shoeing a Horse* (No. 208), is a natural representation.

Mr. W. Bromley.—This meritorious engraver has here shewn that his talent is far from being confined to that interesting art, at the same time we do not think he has been eminently succesful in this attempt.

Mr. R. Brown, of Wells-street, exhibits two *Architectural Designs*, Nos. 840 and 850.

Mr. R. Brown, of Oxendon-street, has a *Landscape, and a View near Southampton*, Nos. 551 and 558.

Mr. W. Brown has *A Design for a Public Building*, No. 753.

Miss Brown—No. 607. *Portraits of a Lady and Child.*

Mr. J. Bryant exhibits—*Flight into Egypt*, No. 234—and No. 267. *A Scene in the Alps.* These pieces are of a cold green-blue hue. The general outline of the hills is good, but the trees are very feebly pencilled. The figures are tolerable.

Mr. J. G. Bubb exhibits *a small Model of the Figure executed in Stone for the Hope Insurance Office, Ludgate-hill.*

Mr. A. Buck—Nos. 566 and 567, by this artist, are entitled *Psyche at the couch of Cupid, and Pysche with the Casket.* The higher some artists attempt to soar, the lower it is their misfortune to fall. Before Mr. Buck undertakes another classical subject, we would recommend the story of Icarus to his perusal. In single modern figures he makes a *tolerable shift;* and in such little fanciful toys, as stick about the print-shop windows, for the entertainment of such good little girls and boys as are permitted to walk the streets of London, we are sometimes not displeased with his efforts; but when he attempts such highly poetical subjects as the loves of Cupid and Psyche, he is *insufferably contemptible.* We can apply no milder term to *such things* as are now before us. After the many exquisite Greek gems which have been engraved from this beautiful allegory, and the charming picture by West, which is now exhibiting at the British Institution, it is really too bad to have such modern frippery as Mr. Buck's *upholstery*, obtruded on our attention under this specious title. If this painter of "the Darling asleep," and "the Darling awake," will condescend to accept a little serious advice, as surely he may, if our *High Mightinesses* condescend to offer it,—let him change the titles of these drawings. The lady who, *being about to stab her dearly beloved* whom she had been taught to think an unnatural monster, drops the dagger, would make a very saleable *Mrs. Clarke;* while she, who is looking sly, and hugging the *casket of gold*, would be admired as *Miss Taylor*—and they would form *excellent companions.* The rest of Mr. Buck's pieces are Portraits in his usual style, except No. 341, which is a *Wake*, without humour.

Mr. J. Buckler has four Architectural subjects—Nos. 315, 334, 347, and 376.—Fidelity and delicacy characterise the manner in which this artist represents the objects selected for his pencil. His perspective is accurate, and his light and shade are judiciously diversified.

Mr. R. Bull exhibits three Miniatures—Nos. 597, 663, 664.

Mr. S. T. Bull has *a Design for a Mausoleum.* No. 754.

Mr. H. Burch has a frame with three Miniatures, No. 651.

Mr. J. Burgess exhibits *Flowers from Nature*, No. 289.

Mr. H. Burgess—*Old Houses at St. Albans*, No. 476.

Mr. B. Burnell has two portraits of children, Nos. 102 and 212. The second represents *the Daughter of the Hon. G. Villiers*, and in this the attitude (for a child especially) wants simplicity. She is tripping along like an Opera dancer. The flesh wants relief, and should be several degrees brighter.

No. 243, represents *Beltshazzar's Impious Feast.* This is a miserable attempt at sublimity, consisting of wretched figures, wretchedly drawn, the originals of which appear to have been of wooden fabrication.

Mr. C. A. Busby—This promising young architect seems more ambitious of distinguishing himself by the introduction of novelties, than by his adherence to established principles. Nos. 761, 779, 806, 812, 826, are by this artist.

Mr. G. Byfield has one Architectural Design, No. 871:

Mr. J. S. Copley, R. A. exhibits one Portrait only. No. 201. *Portrait of Lord Sidmouth.* A great degree of stiffness, intermixed with much and various merit, was

always observed to pervade the pictures of Mr. Copley. The picture before us presents more stiffness, and less of this artist's various merits than any of his preceding performances. It is as starched as a turkey cock, when both his anger and his tail are up. Correct as the likeness may be in other respects, we cannot allow it to be expressive of his Lordship's mind. Lord Sidmouth's well known ease and affability of deportment are here belied by a perpendicular primness of attitude. The pillar was probably intended by the artist, as emblematical of fortitude, as such we admit it, but surely it has destroyed all proportion of light, and has thrown the face of his Lordship into the shade.

Mr. A. W. Callcott, A. This artist has three exquisite landscapes, No. 6, entitled *The Watering Place* is a charming scene of rural nature. The chief light striking forcibly on a group of cows in the centre, is well qualified by other masses judiciously distributed throughout; and by the broad sunny light in the sky, glittering through the trees, on the tops of objects that are in shade, and in the water, with a most fascinating effect. The summer sky is agreeably chequered with light floating clouds, whose yellow tints pleasingly vary the blue of the sky. There is nothing more difficult in landscape painting than to intermix these hues in the sky, harmoniously, as in this instance. On the tops of the more distant objects, the hazy intervention of light between those objects, and the eye is natural and pleasing. The girl and boy on a bridge, the good condition of the herd and poultry, the sociable cluster of neat cottages, smokingly indicative of comfort within; together with the rich and brilliant aspect of the piece, shed a cheerful influence on the heart of the spectator, who may fancy that he sees the sweet smiling village of Auburn, restored to its primitive felicity. No. 193, *Windsor, from Eton*, is particularly distinguished by that haziness of atmosphere in which Mr. Calcott seems to delight, and which under his pencil bestows a delicate sort of *swimmingness* (if we may be allowed such an expression) on his distances. This aerial obscurity gives importance and force to the fore-ground objects, and is deservedly a favourite with this artist. In the picture now before us, a strong shadow is thrown horizontally across the foreground over an animated mass of trees, shrubs, and water. This strong shadow gives breadth and effect to the rest of the piece, while a bright stripe of light, spread delicately over the centre of the canvass, carries off the sunny lustre which, is breaking through a cloudy sky, and which unless thus gently dissipated, would have the appearance of dazzling spottiness. The other painting by this artist (No. 107, Llangollen Bridge) is far too cold in the colouring: indeed we wish we could congratulate Mr. Calcott on his having emancipated himself entirely from his attachment to cold green and blue hues: we cannot join his admirers in terming such dullness of tint either chaste or classical: it is at least unnatural: nature delights in warmth of colour, particularly in such landscapes as are generally the subjects of Mr. Calcott's studies.

Mr. A. Callander exhibits *a View of the Double Cave, eastward of Margate*, No. 532.

Mr. W. Capon has two pieces, Nos. 131. and 847. The latter is a selection of architectural remains in various parts of the kingdom, brought together in one point of view, forming a grand ancient street. A sketch for a scene painted for the new Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. This is a design of great science and taste.

Mr. R. Cantwell, jun. has *a View of Weymouth Turnpike*, No. 382, and also another *View at Weymouth*, (No. 384.)

Mr. J. Cawse has Nos. 91, 226, 244, Portraits, of moderate merit.

Mr. H. B. Chalon. Nos. 220, 238. The first of these paintings contains the portraits of two celebrated *Dray Horses*, the property of C. Calvert, Esq. and the portrait of *Wry-nose Joe*, the drayman. These horses with their drayman may be celebrated among brewers, but certainly their portraits will never attain any high degree of celebrity among artists. So far as characteristic heaviness belongs to this description of horses, the idea is accurately conveyed: but as *fat* horses, their portraits require but little exertion of the science of

the artist, and the fidelity of the likeness will scarcely be scrutinized. The other picture represents *two Hunters, with their Proprietor and his Servant.* The anatomy of these horses is well marked, but we do not observe that eagerness of action, that vivacity of motion which gave so much living spirit to the animal portraits of Stubbs. The *Hounds* are well depicted.

Mr. A. E. Chalon exhibits Nos. 112, 122, 695, 696. This artist imitates, with some success, the elegance of Watteau in figures of fashionable life. The first of these numbers is the representation of a group of persons of rank, who are regaling themselves in a garden. The men are gallantly addressing the ladies, who are very graceful. The forms, unlike those in most of Mr. Chalon's pieces, are loosely marked. A delicate cold tone predominates in this picture, which deprives it of effect. No. 122, is intitled a portrait of Miss Gifford. The affected elegance of a fine lady, who appears extremely proud of her attractions, is very successfully expressed in this picture. The angry little dwarf who is habited as her gentleman-usher, and while he submits to the office of a page, acts as a spy upon her conduct is depicted with considerable humour. The following translation of the Spanish motto affixed to the number of this picture in the Academy catalogue, will best explain the character of the design.

Mother, mother ! O, my mother !
Do you set your spies on me ?
Watch me, mother,—trust no other,—
Or I badly watch'd shall be.

The other pieces of this artist are portraits without much character or elegance. His colouring is insipidly grey, and his effect is never very forcible.

Mr. M. Chamberlin has two indifferent views, Nos. 12, and 494.

Mr. F. L. Chantery exhibits three busts. No. 789, *the late Admiral Howe*, a well modelled head and strong likeness. No. 159, *The late Admiral Duncan, for the Royal Naval Asylum, Greenwich.* This bust rests on a sarcophagus ; on one side of the base stands a dignified figure of Britannia, pointing to the bust. The rectangular position of the fore-arm is extremely stiff. On the other side of its base sits history recording the actions of the hero. No. 864, is the *Bust of Earl St. Vincent.* A strong likeness, well modelled.

Mr. G. Chase, *A portait of Miss Spencer,* (No. 449).

Mr. T. Cheeseman, *A drawing of Nymphs Bathing.* An evident imitation of Cipriani.

Mr. J. Childe, *A View*, No. 585.

Mr. E. Childe—*A View*, No. 552.

Mr. J. Clover—*A Portrait of a Lady and Child*, No. 3 ; and *a Portrait of Sir J. B. Burges, Bart.* No. 565. This is a well-drawn and well-coloured full-length, in an easy attitude. The tints judiciously opposed to each other, and the light and shadow are good. The figure, indeed, wants stronger relief. The landscape and sky are tasteful, both in forms and colours.

Mr. Coblentz—*A Portrait of the Earl of Dunmore*, No. 248.

Mr. T. Colebatch—*A Design for a Sepulchral Building*, No. 832.

Mr. W. Collins—No. 50. *A Boy at Breakfast.* No. 108. *Boy with a Bird's Nest.*—The grey, silvery, tone of this composition is pleasingly dashed with warm sunny hues. The partiality for these unnatural hues, so prevalent at present, among our young artists, is very reprehensible. Mr. Turner, who is allowed by the best critics, to be the first colourist of the present day, never adopts these grey silvery tints, unless in his sea-pieces, and even then blend them with all the warmth he can possibly derive from the tints of the sky, the boats, the sails, &c. and thereby chears and enlivens the general aspect of his pieces. If higher authority were necessary we might refer to Titian, the prince of colourists. His landscapes are always in a warm brown tint : bright yellows and reds prevail in his figures and fore-ground objects. His blues are confined to the sky and distant hills, or sparingly introduced to depress too strong a glare on some secondary figure. The boys in this piece have a pleasing juvenile character. No. 247, is a *Portrait.*

Mr. Comerford—Nos. 644 and 703. *Portraits.*

Mr. P. Conde—No. 562. *Portraits of*

Miss Bacon and Miss A. Bacon. These are tasteful drawings from the pencil of a more tasteful chalk-engraver.

Mr. J. CONSTABLE exhibits a sketch and two landscapes, Nos. 26, 28, 183.

Mr. J. COOK—No. 329. *A Young Grouse from Nature.* The light and shade, well distributed, and the plumage feathery.

Mr. R. COOK (of Queen Anne-street East) exhibits but a single picture, (No. 186) of *The Bill of Rights* presented by the Lords and Commons of England, to the Prince and Princess of Orange.

This in the strictest sense of the word is an *Historical Picture,* being constituted entirely of matters of fact. In composing and painting it, the artist appears to have paid the most scrupulous attention to the persons, time, and place, which he undertook to represent. The principal personages introduced are all portraits: the banquetting-room at Whitehall, which was the actual scene of this important contract between king and people, is painted from the place itself, and the various dresses, heraldry, throne, and other accompaniments, are faithfully copied from their respective originals. In short, the fidelity of principle, with which momentous transactions are registered in the archives of a nation, appears to have guided and governed Mr. COOK throughout this performance.

The portraits which are painted with considerable delicacy, are six in number. Those of *William* and *Mary*, who are seated under a canopy of state; and of the *Marquis of Halifax*, and *Henry Powle*, speakers and representatives on this occasion, of the Houses of Lords and Commons, were indispensable to the subject, and those of *Trelawny* and *Compton**, who were the only two of the whole bench of bishops, that voted against a regency, and in favour of vesting the Prince of Orange with regal dignity, are introduced with an historical propriety, which reflects great credit on the good sense of the author. Mr. Cook's historical diligence and accuracy are further observable, in the extract which he has introduced into the Academy Catalogue, from a M. S. record in the Herald's * College.

The whole picture is painted with a pencil, so perfectly analogous to the subject, that the declaration of Rights itself scarcely deserves TRUTH and FREEDOM for its motto more than this work of Mr. Cook. Here is no bravura of handling, nor extravagance of colour, nor wild ostentatious rambling of the pencil, to solicit attention from the important fact which is represented, yet exactness of imitation has laid the natural ease of the painter's hand under no restraint, and the precision of Mr. Cook's touch, which in this picture (and more especially in its ornamental parts) is conspicuous, shews itself perfectly compatible with spirit and freedom.

As the subject is a subject of ceremony, the charms of colour were to a certain degree essential to the due expression of this sentiment; the colouring is accordingly rich, and in some parts sparkling, yet far removed from tawdryness. The broad red robes of Lord Halifax and the bishops, are sufficiently contrasted by the blue of the sky, which appears through the windows; the smaller portions of the same colour in the dress of the princess, and the sleeve of his lordship, and the green dress of the gentleman usher: the throne and canopy are of crimson, from which the dress of the Prince of Orange himself, which is of a light greyish lilac, is harmoniously diversified. The black robe of the speaker spreads clearness around him, while it balances the dark crimson of the impending canopy; and the dresses of the Princess Mary and the Norroy King at Arms, glitter

* The Bishops of London and Bristol.

* "The Marquis of Halifax, as speaker of the House of Peers, humbly presented their Highnesses on the knee, with an instrument in writing, engrossed on vellum and signed by the speakers of both houses, for declaring William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, King and Queen of England, desiring them to accept the crown pursuant to the said Declaration, which their Highnesses receiving, delivered it back to be read, and then accepted thereof."

smaller portions of the various rich colours which are spread through the piece.

When we consider that on such ceremonious occasions as is here represented, every motion is studied, every attitude sophisticated, and every transition from one place or posture to another, trammelled in the formalities of a court, that nature and passion, in which painting delights, are nearly banished from state proceedings; and that men are as far from being natural men, and are nearly as much of actors, though on the stage of real life, as those on the stage of a theatre, and often are quite as much disguised; we may, at least, be well satisfied with the degree of natural ease, which Mr. Cook has in this instance rendered compatible with courtly dignity; we may be pleased with the noble humility of the Marquis of Halifax, who on his knee presents the parchment; we may highly approve of the stately respect of the Speaker of the House of Commons; and we may confer some portion of praise on the right reverend upright attention of Bishops Compton and Trelawny. The Prince and Princess of Orange in particular, though portraits, and correctly dressed in the costume of their age, possess much of the air of royalty idealised: their attitudes are dignified and easy; they appear arrayed in new majesty, and conscious of the high trust about to be reposed in them. In fact, as to the eye of philosophy, this sort of court formality is only the semblance of natural ease, decked out with robes and perriwigs; that artist will probably at least receive the silent homage of the judicious few, who wisely takes the shorter and firmer road, and substitutes nature, for nature's substitute: and it should be regarded as no slight praise to this painter, that though Northcote, who has painted the same subject * has sunk under stiff court dresses and perukes, Mr. Cook has succeeded in rendering them agreeably, if not gracefully, subservient to a picturesque purpose.

With claims such as these on the popular favour, both as a work of art, and as an *English* historical picture, it has justly excited some surprise among the artists and those cognoscenti, who are not members of the British Institution, that the picture before us should have been rejected from their exhibition, by the noblemen and gentlemen who preside over its concerns. The reasons assigned for this rejection have been various, and we confess that we find our own conjectures on the subject compleatly baffled. It could not be on account of its demerits as a picture, for it is evidently superior to most of those which adorn their room, and inferior to very few. It could not be on account of its subject, for to every Briton *that* is most interesting. It is a subject that should always hang in the King of England's council chamber, in full view of the throne, and every Englishman should have a print of it, at least, somewhere within his *Castle*. No *British* Institution could reject it on that score, without impeaching its own character and title. Its subject is at once popular and loyal. It paints in ample display, that circumstance of political relation, and that point of friendly contact between king and people, in which both with so much reason rejoice. It is at once the pivot and palladium of our national happiness. It is the key-stone of the arch of her political liberties, of which England is proud, and at which other nations look up and wonder!

'Tis thy Freedom!—my country—for which with just pride
We boast of those birth-rights to honour allied,
And glory in thee—in thy statutes confides—
'Tis thy Freedom!

That whole nations the beams of thy splendour revere,
And the words of thy laws with due reverence hear:
That with ardour they love thee—or awfully fear: 'Tis thy Freedom!

That thy poor with blythe cheerfulness waken to toil,
And frame thy rich fabrics, or plow thy glad soil—

* There is a large, but indifferent engraving by Parker, after Mr. N.'s picture, which a certain print dealer had the effrontery or blindness to offer to the public, as one of a continuation of that series of engravings from the History of England, of which the death of Gen. Wolfe was the first.

That contentment and plenty with love are still seen,
Extensive as Nature's wide mantle of green.
'Tis thy Freedom!

That integrity, wisdom, and justice, are found,
And firm virtue by smiling benevolence crown'd,
Crushing hell-born corruption once more to the ground. 'Tis thy Freedom!

Contenting ourselves with offering these reasons, why Mr. Cook's picture could *not* have been denied admission to the gallery of the British institution; and with defending, as well as those who manage this Institution as Mr. Cook, from the unworthy imputations that would attach to the idea of its being either the supposed demerits or subject of the picture that caused its exclusion. We leave the rest of the mystery as we found it,—and without attempting to develope further, why it *was* rejected, shall merely request the attention of those managers and members, who may honour us with a reading, for one moment, to such an abstract statement of this case, as may lead them to reflect on the general consequences of excluding so praiseworthy a picture, as is now under our notice, from an exhibition, into which so many of very inferior degrees of merit have been admitted.

A painter—not a painter of portraits or still life, but a painter of history—one who has toiled up toward that arduous professional height, to encourage and promote which arduous toil, was held out to be the chief purpose and object of an institution, calling itself British, and sanctioned by the highest authorities.—Such a painter, in the just hope of finding British patronage, selects a subject from the history of his country—not one of those massacres or assassinations, the abundance of which disgraces our annals, but a subject at once honourable, peaceful, and important, and which ought to be painted in the most lasting colours, if the figure were allowable—on every British heart—certainly a subject which should never be erased from the memory of Englishmen. He paints it on a larger canvass than any performance he has yet exhibited:—He bestows, perhaps, three or four months upon his picture, collecting authentic materials, and painting it with the utmost care. He sends it when completed with every reasonable reliance on the taste and patriotism of those who govern the British Institution, and—it is rejected!

Now, though Mr. Cook and his particular interests and merits ought not to be put out of the question, we will, and do put them aside for the moment, and are venturing to go, perhaps a little out of our regular course, in reprobation, we were about to say, but with due humility we restrain that expression, and confine ourselves to a statement of our apprehensions of the general consequences that naturally result from such conduct in the Governors of a British Institution, for the cultivation of national art, toward that important branch of it, which this Institution was ostensibly formed to uphold and sustain.

If historical painters were sufficiently unanimous to think and act as a body, it should seem that in plain common sense, they would now find themselves driven to this alternative—that they must put aside nature, and the old masters for the study of Lord Chesterfield's precepts, and intrigue for favour with the leading members of the British Institution, instead of simply relying on their own intrinsic professional merits; or, go up in a body with *their speaker* at their head, and with *their* declaration of rights, to the rulers of this establishment.

And really some parts of that old formula of our Freedom, would not be very inapplicable to the occasion, if they were only to substitute other expressions for "King James the Second and the Papists," and the second declaration which is as follows, would scarcely need any alteration: "That the pretended power dispensing with laws, or the execution of laws by regal authority, as it hath been assumed and exercised of late, is illegal."——But we are travelling out of the record.——

No. 56, is a *Landscape Composition*, by R. Cook. It is scarcely necessary to say to those who see the two pictures, that *this* is not the work of the painter of *The Acceptance of the Bill of Rights*.

Mr. R. Cooper—*A Landscape. Invention.* No. 511. This is a tastefully penciled drawing of decayed trees and wild scenery. A

drawing of such large dimensions cannot, however, be made to produce much effect by the finishing of black-leadpencil alone. Much excellent and elaborate work is thrown away on such an extended surface, and nothing but a flat and insipid glossiness can be perceived, when the eye is sufficiently distant to take in the whole drawing.

Mr. H. Corbould. The extent of this gentleman's talents have long been known: many modern editions of our best authors are indebted to him, for the judicious and well imagined designs with which they are embellished. Taste and delicacy without much vigour, are the characteristics of this artist, and he never endeavours to rise above that level which renders him correct and useful. He has two classical, and two allegorical pieces. No. 109, 144, 354, 363. These in manner and merit do not exceed or fall beneath his usual performances.

Mr. R. Corbould exhibits an elegant little cabinet piece, No. 33. *Pan and Syrinx*. The Arcadian landscape and classic temple, in delicacy of touch, and refinement of manner, closely resemble the calm scenes of Claude. The female figure is excellent. It is no wonder that so gracefully proportioned, and so beautiful a nymph should rouse the amorous flame of the rural god, and occasion so active a pursuit. The yellow tint which predominates in this picture wants contrast; it is too general to be warm.

Mr. L. Cosse has three portraits. Nos. 117, 236, 512. The colour and drawing of these are good. In the last an old man's veiny hand is well expressed.

Mr. J. Cotton. No. 467. *Flowers.*

Mr. C. C. Coventry has a picture of *The Infant Washerwoman*, No. 275. It represents children washing and hanging up the linen of their dolls. They are well drawn but feebly finished. The countenance of the boy, who is roguishly cutting the line, is arch and humourous, yet somewhat distorted.

Mr. W. M. Craig exhibits a landscape. No. 424. *A View on a small Lake near Llangollen.*

Mr. R. Cramer, Nos. 411, 638, 648, 707. *Portraits.*

Mr. W. Cramphorn has *The Bust of a Gentleman*, well modelled.

Mr. W. Cramphorn, jun. No. 791. *An Officer defending his Colours*, a wax model, neatly executed.

Mr. C. Cranmer has two *Fruit Pieces*, Nos. 432, 522.

Mr. Cranmer, jun. has a *Landscape*, No. 557.

Miss Croft exhibits two pictures, Nos. 416, and 515. The former is called *The Cottage Door*: a very pleasing and well executed piece.

Mr. J. Crome has Nos. 36, and 235. The latter represents *Old Buildings in Norwich*. There is a pleasing effect of partial sunshine on these buildings.

Mr. G. Cuitt, No. 400. *Gateway at Conway.*

Mr. J. B. Cuming has *Four Views*, No. 373, 381, 542, 571.

Mr. T. Cundy, jun. exhibits *A View of Wytham, near Oxford.* This landscape has a broad and brilliant effect.

Mr. Thomas Daniell, R. A. has two pieces, No. 61, and 72. *Aenercoil, near Manapar, on the Coromandel coast, a recluse situation of the Religious Hindoos: and Hurra-gowree, a place of great sanctity of the Hindoos, in the district of Benares.* These are precisely in the style of Mr. Daniell's former and justly admired views in India. The rules of perspective, and that species of merit which attaches to accuracy of delineation, must be the same in all views wheresoever they may be taken; but that excellence which arises from imitating the appearances, which take place under a vertical sun, under a sky unobscured by the lightest cloud, and in an atmosphere so rarified that it throws a clear blue tint upon hills at a very moderate distance, would be far beyond the powers of an artist whose studies have been confined to the mountains of Westmorland, the wild scenes of Switzerland, or even the romantic scenery of Savoy. The skies of Mr. Daniell, and, indeed, the whole of his aerial perspective, exhibit all the faintness of a hot, clear atmosphere. The pale monotony of his general tint, favours this effect; it is a steady olive hue that seems to create a stillness in every scene that it pervade

Mr. Daniell's mode of penciling is feeble, and the general outlines of his forms are frequently filled up with colour, unsoftened by any of those gradations, which must every where be diversified by the obliquity or distance of the objects.

Mr. John Downman, A. This artist exhibits two pictures. No. 324, contains the *Portraits of a Naval Commander and a Lady of Quality*. No. 19, is called *the Grape House*. For an associate of the Royal Academy, this is indeed, a wretched performance. There is a confused and harsh opposition in the direction of the forms: an insipid glare of light without shade. The figures have neither the looks of ladies nor of bacchanals, but with bright silly countenances, and very white teeth assist the unmeaning, monotonous glossiness of this glittering composition.

Mr. W. Daniell, A.—Nos. 172 and 303, are by this artist. The first is *a View of Plymouth Dock and Hamoaze, taken from Mount Edgecumbe*. There is something peculiarly interesting to an Englishman in any representation of our Naval *Depôts*. Most of us have our best affections intimately connected with such a scene, few of us are without the great and animating impulse of patriotism, which must be ever allied to the contemplation of our country's best strength. Independent of the beauty of landscape, we are prepared to be pleased with such a picture as is now presented to our inspection. But how are these sentiments heightened, when to the primary subject is superadded the pleasure arising from the most interesting beauties of nature, expressed with the most skilful energies of art! The composition of this piece is novel and masterly. An umbrageous landscape, with all its force of shadow, contrasted to an open lawn, diversified with warm tints, fills up the front of the canvass. The rest of the picture, in well blended silvery and yellow tints, exhibits a distant and magnificent prospect of buildings, shipping, wide spreading water, mountains and sky.

Mr. S. Drummond, A.—This artist exhibits six pictures: three of them are portraits, the others which particularly claim our notice, are Nos. 213, 217, and 440. The first represents *the Commission of Diego Lieva, and Camillo de la Torre, to secure the young Princess of Mantua and Montserrat*. We consider this picture as intended by the ingenious artist for a specimen of that brilliancy of colouring, which characterizes the Venetian school: but an heterogeneous assemblage of blues, greens, reds, yellows, blacks and whites, can never produce any decided effect. An unsettled glare is the consequence which destroys all harmony. The figures are weak and unimpassioned: the story is told without *pathos*: the suffering Princess should have been a figure of more interest, and those entrusted with the commission, and who appear very unconcernedly to be examining its legality, should have been of secondary consideration. The next picture of this Artist represents the *Soldier in Peace*. There is much detail in this piece, and more care than this artist usually bestows on the markings. The legs and arms of the soldier are well drawn: the broad central light is also well preserved, and the back-ground is beautiful. There is a yellow suffusion on the neck of the soldier, wholly discordant with the rest of the skin. One of the children has lilac cheeks: the general colouring of the flesh is spotty and bad. We suspect that the figures are mere portraits; they have no expression suitable to their situations. No. 440. Displays *Queen Margaret attacked by the Robber*. In this picture, also, the drawing and detail are executed with considerable care. The colour is full and brilliant, while the strong light on the Queen is judiciously dissipated and repressed, as it distributes itself over the other figures. There is a lively expression of terror in the countenance, and starting form of the young Prince; and the Robber is well delineated. Still there is an uncouth coarseness in the general forms, and a heavy imbecility in the whole group. There is also a disagreeable conceit in placing the red and white roses so conspicuously near the Queen. The white rose in particular is a little glaring spot that catches the eye, and confuses the sombre and solemn shade on which it is placed, and which, if undisturbed, would have very much enriched the general effect.

Mr. D. Davis has a bird's eye view of

a Design for re-building Covent Garden Market, with the Piazza restored, agreeably to the original intention of Inigo Jones. 808.

Mr. J. Davis exhibits *two Portraits*, Nos. 2 and 136.

Mr. R. B. Davis has the *Portrait of a Hack*, No. 16; and *The Wild Huntsman*, No. 412.

Mr. V. Davis—*Two Views*, Nos. 290 and 397. The first represents *a North-East View of Sufferance Wharf;* it is a large water-colour drawing of capital execution: the breadth and relief of the objects are admirable. The other *St. Winifred's Well, Flintshire*, is no less deserving of praise: it represents an elegant *morceau* of Gothic architecture with bold and tasteful effect.

Mr. G. Dawe exhibits *two Portraits*, No. 178. *F. W. Blagdon, Esq.* and No. 218. *A Lady, Mrs. White.* This young artist, who obtained the last prize for Historical Painting from the British Institution, appears to be equally, if not more successful in portraits than in history. The attitude of the lady has an antique air: she stands reclining against a table, her eyes turned towards the cieling, and her feet crossed. The bright grey of her satin robe, loses its coldness in contrast with the strong, yet harmonizing red tint that suffuses the drapery on the table, and flows over the carpet and footstool. The brilliant light on the upper part of her figure is judiciously balanced by another on the train of her gown and her feet, and her figure receives due relief from the middle tinted brown back-ground, the blue vase, and other cool tinted objects. The drawing is in every respect spirited, and we venture to rank this portrait with the very best in the rooms. By the same artist is No. 178. *Portrait of F. W. Blagdon, Esquire.* This appears to us to be the picture of "the Newspaper-man," the hack translator and book-jobber in general—one of the *under*-writers of *Sir* Richard Phillips—nor has Mr. Dawe been able entirely to get rid of the conceited air of this "*literary character.*" If a bookseller's Jack-pudding is to be honoured with the same title that the King, in his wisdom, confers on Royal Academicians, e'en let Jack Ketch be knighted at once, by the courtesy of Mr. Dawe.

Mr. D. Fleury, has Nos. 489. *Festiniog Vale*, and No. 528. *Llandberris Lake, with Dolbardon Tower.*

Mr. De Koningh exhibits No. 505. *A Ferry Boat with Cattle.*

Mr. G. De la Motte has a *View of Carswell House, near Farringdon.*

Mr. W. De la Motte exhibits *a View in the Vale of Marlow, Bucks, with Reapers.* This is an unaffected and natural representation, touched with great spirit. The solemn breadth of shadow produced by slowly passing clouds, produces an interesting effect. The female figure in the fore-ground, is superior in point of grace and drawing to those usually met with in landscapes.

Mr. Devaere has a Monument in *alto-relievo—to Commemorate the Death of Gen. M'Pherson, of Charles-Town, South Carolina, who was shipwrecked in a Storm, off New-York. After rescuing his Daughter three times from the waves, he was washed overboard and disappeared. The life of Miss M'Pherson was afterwards preserved by one of the Passengers.*—No. 763. To represent a scene *in relief* is an absurd attempt, unless all the figures can be grouped with taste, and very little receding distance is required by the subject. The monument before us represents many exquisitely finished figures, but no group. These may be termed scattered patches of excellence; for, from the nature of the materials, no blending shadow or distinguishing light, can combine their general effect. The sculptor, with talents for the execution of individual objects, has mistaken the powers of his art, and by attempting to produce a sea-piece in marble, has thrown away much delicate, and high-finished labour. The other piece of sculpture of this artist, is No. 827. *A Father and his Children deploring the loss of his Wife.*

Mr. De Wilde exhibits (No. 399) a *Drawing of Munden, as Crack;* and No. 510. *Mr. Cook, as Richard.* These possess the usual characteristic likenesses of this spirited portrait-painter to Thalia and Melpomene. The drawings of this artist are preferable to his oil-paintings, which are generally deficient in strength and contrast of tint.

Mr. A. W. Devis—This artist exhibits an excellent *Portrait of the late J. Sheldon, Esq. F. R. S.* (No. 135). The likeness is

well pourtrayed, but the low tone of colour in which it is painted, disqualifies it for competition with the more splendid draperies which are displayed at this Academical Exhibition. Indeed, this fault of too strong an attachment to a style of colouring, of too cold and meagre a tone, has been frequently imputed to Mr. Devis. In this portrait of the late worthy Professor of Anatomy, the artist has presumed to deviate from the beaten path of distinguishing a great anatomist, by the usual accompaniments of skulls, ribs, or vertebræ, with no improper allusion to the particular science, which Mr. Sheldon displayed in comparative anatomy, the painter has drawn him with his hand directing the attention of the spectator to the scull of an elephant. Of this hand it becomes us to notice, that, in order to avoid the appearance of a spot, he has contrived to glaze it with such a *happy infelicity*, that it appears rather to belong to some negro servant, whose presence is dispensed with, than to a white man; which, however, Mr. S. is, in other respects represented to be, and is still remembered as such by his acquaintance.

Mr. G. Dinsdale exhibits—(No. 504) *Evening: a View in Glen-Crow, Western Highlands.*

Mr. R. Dodd has Nos. 439, 445, and 448. The first is *A View of the River from Westminster Bridge, during the late Conflagration of Drury Lane Theatre.* The effect of fire-light, the rich red tints on the several objects, and on the water, contrasted by the depth of shadow in the retiring parts, are altogether well-conceived and well depicted. The two other pieces are views of sea-engagements, and possess considerable merit.

Mr. J. Dowglass has *A View at Bayswater*, No. 273.

Miss Dubuisson has (No. 66) *a Portrait of a Lady.* Nos. 427 and 452, both representing *Pheasants and Partridges.* These are painted with exquisite truth and delicacy.

Mr. A. Dunn has *A Portrait of the Archbishop of Dublin*, No. 649; and another *Portrait*, No. 709.

Mr. A. Earl exhibits *Caius Marcius taking possession of the City of Coriolo*, No. 407.

Mr. H. Edridge's very tasteful performance are seven in number, and hang in the places which he usually occupies in the Antique Academy and passage to the Council Room. In this lower suite of rooms a sad falling off must be remarked by all persons of discernment, from the exhibitions of former years. Mr. Edridge, indeed, improves in merit and increases in importance; but where is now the glow of Turner, the brilliancy of Westall, and the milder light of Callcott, by which these rooms were formerly wont to be illumined? The secession also of those Artists who form the principal members of the Societies of Painters in water colours, is but too obvious. The Royal Academy must acknowledge that the water colour part of their exhibition is indeed but very so so.

It may here be worth while to pause for a moment, in contemplation of the past, and apprehension of the future, consequences to this establishment, of the defects of the code of laws by which it still continues to be governed. The ambiguity and apparent contradiction of those laws as they appear in the printed abstract, seem in various respects to call loudly for revisal, and among the rest, for declaratory laws to settle what is meant by the Academical distinction between Painting and Drawing? and what constitutes a Picture? And in our opinion, the present state of art seems to demand the entire obliteration or erasure of that slippery word "Oil," from the laws of the Royal Academy.

It is a national discredit to us, that the admission of light into these lower rooms, is so ill adapted to the purpose of shewing works of art to advantage: but the discredit is not all, as this circumstance, added to the idea with which the majority of Artists are possessed, that Painters (if so they may be allowed to be) in water colours may not aspire to the honours of the Royal Academy, is the evident origin of the separate Societies of Artists, whose works will follow in our pictorial procession. It is generally believed that a Painter, however great his intrinsic merits, may not hoist his colours, and float into the royal harbour by *water*, but must slip in by *oil*, or not at all. The sapient legislators of the

Royal Academy, in the amplitude of their philosophy, would not presume to reverse the order of Nature.—No! said they, the order of Nature must ever be the order of art; and oil, whether ground up with colours or not, must preserve its natural ascendancy. What does it matter that the water colour Portraits of Mr. Edridge, or the Landscapes of Mr. Girtin, or Mr. Hearne, are superior to those in oil of Mr. —— and Mr. ——. What signifies it that with materials presumed to be inferior, they have produced superior works of art?—What boots it that we are here invested with discretionary power, and selected for our superior discernment in perceiving and marking the delicate degrees in the scale of merit? Is not oil destined to rise superior to water? and shall we dare meddle with a positive law of Nature?

So rooted in the soil of Art, is this notion that oil, and *nothing but* oil will smoothen the way to Academical honours, (which surely must be a great mistake) that if it were not for letting puss jump out of the bag, we would here reveal all that we have heard of an *Indian-rubber-colour* Society, which would probably have been formed ere now, under the auspices of Mr. Drummond, had not that Gentleman been timely absorbed into the Academical mass. If water has affected so much, what rubs might not the Institution have received from this powerful and impertinent fungus.

In spite, however, of these short-sighted proscriptions,—this unwise legal disability—this silly substitution of oil for merit; of mode of attainment, for attainment itself, (we speak here the sentiments that are generally entertained on the subject—not our own) Mr. Edridge still continues his annual adornment of the walls of these lower rooms of the Royal Academy. His Portraits of the present year are not less admirable likenesses of their originals than formerly—they could hardly be more so—nor his draperies and landscape back grounds less tasteful and appropriate. In his department of Art (which may truly be called his,—unless for the share of merit that might perhaps be claimed for Mr. Hearne, as his model in landscape) he has long been without a rival, though several have entered the lists. In his usual animated and spirited style of lead pencil, deepened with Indian ink, and delicately enriched with colour, he presents us with portraits of the following distinguished characters.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, No 491.—*Wordsworth the Poet*, No. 403—*Rev. Dr. Maltby*, 485—*Master H. Fitz Clarence*, No. 398—*The two Miss Blencowes*, No. 497. and, wrought up to high perfection in water colours, of the *Bishop of Durham*, No. 500, and *Mrs. C. Long*, No. 490. The Bishop is habited in his canonicals, and his cathedral is with the utmost propriety introduced in the back ground; Mrs. Long is in a rich crimson dress trimmed with fur, with a back ground of landscape, in the delineation of which she is so justly admired; both are worked up to a certain grandeur of tone which is truly admirable! and of which we lament the insufficiency of words to convey any adequate idea. The lady in particular, has all the warmth and richness of Reynolds, united with a degree of finish and delicate feeling of the pencil that might vie with Vandyke.

Mr. F. Edwards has *a Design for a Vestibule*, No. 883.

Mr. Egan exhibits *a View on the Thames*, No. 319.

Mr. R. Elland—No. 730. *Design for an Entrance to a Nobleman's Park.*

By Mr. J. Elmes, who calls himself Vice-President of the London Architectural Society: here are two designs, of which No. 796, is a "*Design for a Boat-House, Landing-Place, and Aquatic Temple*, for a gentleman's seat on the banks of the Thames." Wherever in this drawing Mr. Elmes, by the introduction of his own refinements, has deviated from the simplicity of the style of architecture which he has chosen for his model, he has injured his design. If he should be commissioned to execute such a temple, we recommend to him, at least to omit the threatening urn on the summit of his temple, and the sort of square knobs which mar the simplicity of the arch beneath.

His other design is No. 798. *A Perspective View of one of a Series of Designs for the Improvement of Westminster, now before*

the Honourable the Commissioners for the said purpose, being a Design for a Triumphal Arch at the end of Great George-street, in the situation of the present Storey's Gate.

It would not, perhaps, be easy to write a more ironical account of this design than the following, which has been sent to us for serious insertion:

"In this the artist has admirably succeeded in combining truth of linear and aerial perspective, with picturesque composition, and the brilliancy, force, and clearness, of sunshine, in the lights and shadows! But these excellencies, however much they may enhance the value of this work, by no means constitute its chief excellence; and we are sorry to add that the effect of the perspective is injured by the injudicious manner in which the drawing is hung. (O the vile Academy executioners) For as Mr. Elmes has chosen a low point of sight, it ought to have been placed much higher, especially as it is slanted forward.

"Considered architecturally, no rules are violated! and the author has adopted the simplest and most majestic style of Greek architecture to street houses with the happiest effect. The Triumphal arch is simple and grand. Four Corinthian columns, insulated, each carrying on its entablature a British victor.

"Upon the whole, it is a design that does the highest honour to the talents of the architect; and which, as it would also be the greatest ornament to the Metropolis, we trust we shall see carried into effect."—— Bravo! now let St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey "hide their diminished heads."

The truth is, that this design is neither an elevation nor a perspective view, but a confused and incoherent jumble of both, calculated only to impose on the ignorant; that the ornamental figures are miserably designed; and that the sunshine of the lights and shadows, is nothing but moonshine. The greatest novelty, and one of the most staring features, of Mr. Elmes's design, is his area railing; which if it were designed to invite thieves to descend, and children to break their necks, could not have been more effectually contrived to counteract the purposes of area railing.

On the whole, this is a poor performance, very unfit, in our estimation, to be "now before the Honourable the Commissioners for improving Westminster," or before the public.

Mr. G. Engleheart—Nos. 610, 633, 635. *Three good Miniatures.*

Mr. J. D. Engleheart—*A frame of Miniatures*, No. 704.

H. Fuseli, R. A.—The pencil of this artist appears to be susceptible only of the highest professional aims. He seems resolved to be Cæsar or nobody.

The discouraging apathy that was shewn by the public some years since, towards his gallery of pictures from the poetry of Milton, shews that it requires more learning than can fall to the lot of the multitude to appreciate his merits. That Exhibition, like the first publication of Milton's poem, was a Paradise *lost* to his contemporaries, which less than the merit of a deity shall not enable posterity to regain. Of his pictures in general, it may be said that while the unlearned censure them as wild or extravagant, they are most admired by those who know most. He seems to prefer the pleasure of pleasing few and pleasing much, to that of diluting and *sweetening* his art to sate the appetite of the populace; and while he gratifies the taste of Lord Rivers, Sir Henry Englefield, Mr. Locke, Mr. Roscoe, and Mr. Ottley, he is careless of other fame, as Plato alone was an audience to the Greek philosopher of old.

The picture of which we are first about to speak, though superior to some of those which he seems to have been occasionally obliged to paint in the way of trade, and where the subjects were dictated, is not among the very best of his works. It is, however, painted on a canvass of modest pretensions, not highly finished, and appears by no means to be offered to the public as a *chef d'œuvre* of the master. It is, *The encounter of Romeo and Paris in the Monument of the Capulets*, No. 149.—Juliet, the innocent and interesting Juliet, is seen extended on a bier in her bridal dress, beyond the combatants, and the simplicity and stillness of this figure, and sepulchral silence of the place, is, with hidden art, contrasted to the

phrenzied valour of Romeo, and the sudden and violent agitation * of this encounter. The accents which echo through the vault, are—

> *Romeo.* Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee boy.
> *Paris.* Oh, I am slain!

The hapless Paris is falling; while the superiority over his adversary which the poet intended, is also shewn in the vigour and address with which Romeo handles his weapon. We think Romeo appears older than Shakspeare intended to paint him, and the propriety of suspending a curtain from above, in this place, is questionable. We say questionable, not censurable, for in point of picturesque composition the curtain is not without its value, and on this account the reader is welcome to class it among the "faults true critics dare not mend."

Subsequent to this, in point of time, though accident has placed it earlier in the Academy Catalogue, is the superior picture of *Romeo contemplating Juliet in the Monument of the Capulets.* Terror here melts into pity. Paris is dead; but of this event the spectator is barely *reminded* by his feet, which extend beyond the bier of Juliet, and the swords of the lovers lying on the ground, where lies also, the basket of flowers with which Paris had intended to bestrew the tomb of his lovely mistress.

Paris is dead: but the perturbation which naturally follows in the breast of him who has deprived another of mortal existence, is absorbed in the intensity of Romeo's purpose. As he lifts the viel which reveals his beloved Juliet, all else is hushed and forgotten.

> "For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
> "This vault a feasting presence full of light.

With the sudden sympathy of true love, the serenity of her countenance, imparts itself in a certain degree to his, and the stormy passions which first agitated the breast of the frantic Romeo, are simultaneously becalmed, and while he contemplates his mistress and his soul is rapt in a momentary elysium, he exclaims:

> ——"O, my love! my wife!
> Thou art not conquer'd: Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
> And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Here is the pathos of the picture. The face of Juliet is serene, innocent, beautiful! The calm spectator is led to see that she is not dead; and deeply to regret, while he reluctantly admits, the probability of the inferences drawn by Romeo from the appearances which Shakspeare has described with so much poetic fervour, and which are so delicately painted in the work before us.

The difficulties which the artist had to overcome in giving just expression to the countenance of Romeo, were not inconsiderable, and are not easy to describe. He might have avoided these difficulties by not shewing Romeo's face: but of this subterfuge he has not chosen to avail himself.

If he had represented this countenance as more calm, or more lit up with pleasure, than we perceive it to be, he would have made him seem to anticipate the resuscitation of Juliet. The painter has therefore, and perhaps wisely, stopt a little short of the poet, who to accomplish the catastrophe of his tragedy has ventured into the regions of improbability. Fuseli's Romeo, though his dread purpose is suspended by a transitory calm, is *hopeless:* while Shakespeare has led us to wonder that the bare possibility that his beloved wife might still be living, though entombed, did not occur to Romeo, whilst he contemplated her crimson lips and cheeks, and at once rekindle his hopes. The drawing of the face of Romeo is, we presume to think, a little out of perspective, though the inaccuracy scarcely affects the mental expression. In other respects, Mr. Fuseli's usual academic power, is evident throughout the performance, and a crucifix, while it forms an apex to the composition, serves to shew that a christian country is the scene of the tragedy.

* But motion can only be suggested by painting; while stillness, or rest can actually be painted. Mr. Fuseli in this picture has done th.

The effect of the chiarosuro in this picture is striking and expressive. The light falls from a supposed torch full on the face of Juliet, and, as from a center, dies away on every side into solemn and sepulchral gloom. The prevailing tone of colour may also be called sepulchral: slightly dashed with more cheerful colours in the scarcely-noticed wedding trinkets of the heroine. This tone is in perfect unison with the melancholy character of the piece.

Mr. J. Flaxman, R. A. By this Academician are a figure in statuary marble, and two alto-relievos. How much does a short sentence of three or four words sometimes suggest to a man of genius, who bears about him an imaginary world, peopled with the progeny of Poetry and Fine Art! From one of those pious ejaculations contained in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done." Mr. Flaxman has conceived and executed a figure of the most chaste and simple grandeur.—It is *Resignation*.

> "Round an Holy calm diffusing,
> "Love of Peace and lonely musing."

There is a certain purity in works which are well executed in statuary marble, by which the mind is peculiarly affected. From such placid and simple figures as this of Resignation, the soul, as if disincumbered of its earthly clay, seems to look out more freely, and with stronger visual powers.

The expression of the hands and countenance are in perfect accordance with the motto. The drapery falls gracefully from the head and waist, and is sculptured in a free and generalised style.

No. 823, is a model in alto relievo of which the subject is *Deliverance from Evil*. Two angels are represented in the act of delivering a supplicant from the power of two dæmons, (or bad passions personified,) who are exerting themselves to drag him downward, while a coiled serpent lurks beneath. The dæmons are such as haunt our imaginations in reading Dante; the angels are such as have before been permitted to descend to assist Mr. Flaxman in his religious purposes. One of them raises the supplicant, while the other is employed in keeping down the evil spirit.

Companion to this, No. 834, is the *Resurrection* of a virtuous woman with her family of four children. The motto is also from the Lord's prayer, "*Thy will be done.*" Both groups are composed with the consummate art of Flaxman, and a tasteful and penetrating eye may discover in both, certain remote analogies or correspondences between sentiment, and form in the abstract. In the former the leading lines and shapes of which the artist has composed his model, are angular and abrupt—at seeming variance, and expressive of struggling. In the latter all is undulating upward. The form of the woman is beautiful; she ascends gracefully with the children; the waving drapery partakes of the motion; while three hovering angels receive the virtuous family. Both models possess a commanding breadth of light and shade.

Mr. J. Fittler, A. E. exhibits No. 480, *A Brisk Gale (after Vandeveld) in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford.* The flow and spray of the wa er are well expressed, but every other part is deficient in clearness. The hulls of the vessels are muddy and confused. The chief merit of this artist, consists in the minute and elaborate marking, which he bestows on every touch. His strokes, therefore necessarily very fine and close, in forms that are minute, have a tender and delicate effect. But this fine close stroke he lavishes indiscriminately on every object, so that the general effect of his larger prints, is what engravers significantly enough denominate *muzzy*.

Mr. J. W. Faulkner exhibits *Two Miniatures*, Nos. 630, and 631.

Mr. J. Field has *A Pencil Sketch from Nature*, No. 477.

Mrs. Flynn exhibits a *Flower Piece*. No. 458, Flower, and fruit, painting have been esteemed the humblest branch of the art: it is often the most engaging, particularly to the fair. But to a species of picture that requires great taste in the selection, and disposal of its objects; much discrimination of light and shade, and not only delicacy of touch, but judgment and harmony in the colouring, we are almost disposed to place in a higher rank than is usually assigned to it. To this determina-

tion we are strongly tempted by the labours of this fair artist. Richness, delicacy, and variety are here well combined; but, perhaps, in the disposal of her flowers there may appear somewhat too much of care. A little happy disorder is always necessary in the grouping of these children of Flora: a formal nosegay is fit only for the bosom of a coachman.

Mr. W. Foster has *Three Miniatures*, Nos. 601, 636, 650.

Mr. H. S. Foyster, *A Design for a Museum*, No. 829.

Mr. W. Fraser, Nos. 342, 471, 472, *Portraits.*

Mr. J. Frearson exhibits in No. 444, *The Grotto of the Nymph Egeria near Rome: the modern Romans in procession on May-Day, honouring the memory of the goddess with recitation, music, and dancing.* A brilliant picture. The landscape and grotto are spiritedly touched, and broadly massed. The procession of young women is characterized by the simple elegance of their motion, forms, and draperies. The strong relief from the back ground heightens their festive vivacity.

Mr. N. Freese has a miniature on the story of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, exquisitely touched. The wantonness of Salmacis and the repugnance of Hermaphroditus are well characterised. The flesh is relieved from a pearly tinted back ground. Such indelicate subjects are however very reprehensible. If "immodest words admit of no defence," surely representations of immodest actions ought not.

Mr. W. Fry has No. 245. *A Cottage Boy.*

EXHIBITION OF THE WATER COLOUR SOCIETY.

The original society of painters in water-colours, have removed their place of exhibition from Bond-street to Spring-gardens; have hung their various performances with considerable judgment, none being either too high or too low to be seen without justice to their merits, and convenience to the observer; and have wisely contrived to divide the great room in which the society of artists of Great Britain were formerly used to exhibit their works, into three parts, by means of screens, or partitions, covered with green cloth, and carried up no higher than was necessary to the purpose of hanging their pictures. These screens receive as much light as is requisite, while they do not intercept any in its passage from the sky-light above, to the walls of the room.

We are well persuaded that one large room, such as that of the Royal Academy, is less adapted to the purposes of an exhibition, than would be a number of smaller rooms, provided that in the latter the admission of light was well contrived, or than in a room separated to a certain height by partitions, in the manner of that which we are just entering.

In a large exhibition-room many pictures of unobtrusive character will escape notice, and of those which are seen, the large dimensions and meretricious allurement of some will mar and confound the impressions which others of chaster merit may be calculated to make on the spectator's mind; and here, as in the education of children, impressions indistinctly made, or injudiciously mingled with others, will either not be retained, or be retained to little advantage.

It must be confessed that Johnny Bull is but too much disposed to mistake the big for the great; to fall in with the views of those who from ignorance, or with the mere attainment of pecuniary profit in view, would substitute a mere assault upon the

sense, for mental recreation or improvement; and that the same want of discrimination which he carries with him to the Concert Room and the Theatre, attends him also to the Exhibition Rooms.

Hence that *via lactea* which we noticed in our introductory page—of which we hardly knew how to complain, (for the Royal Academy Exhibition, with all its defects is a very high and very cheap gratification)—but in which we cannot rejoice: and the principle on which we are now dwelling, that in rooms where few pictures hang, they are seen with less visual distraction, than in crowded exhibition rooms, and consequently with more solid advantage, cannot, we believe, be controverted.

It is a pleasure to report, that the present Exhibition in Spring Gardens marks the progressive improvement of the society of painters in water-colours, and while it offers a capital shew of pictures, (particularly of landscapes), to the notice of the public, is a severe but just comment on the narrow establishment of the Royal Academy, and on their code of laws, as those laws have been generally understood among professional artists.

Mr. J. A. Atkinson exhibits ten pictures, all of which our limits do not allow us particularly to notice. He has somewhat polished and improved his style since last year, particularly in the superior finish of his heads, yet there is ample room for a further extension of his care. In his "*Troops on a March*," No. 34, the scene of which is laid in a mountanous country, there is much of good composition, and a tolerably good harmony of parts; the apearance of a dusty road, in which a waggon filled with camp *furniture* (including *females*) is travelling, is well described, and the characters and expressions of the heads of the soldiers, as well as those of the *ladies* in the waggon, mark the improved attention which Mr. Atkinson has paid to this part of his art: but the colours are dissonant, the raw greens clash with the reds, the dusty browns do not fill up the system of harmony, and the whole wants finish.

No. 160. *A Russian Hay Market*, is one of the most picturesque subjects exhibited by Mr. Atkinson, and one of those which best displays his abilities. In the middle of the picture a huge pair of scales with a clumsy beam of wood is rudely suspended from three poles, where two Russian peasants are employed in weighing hay, while another on the left hand corner of the fore ground, works earnestly and honestly, to press and tie the hay into the sledge which he is loading. In the back ground are large and picturesque cabins formed of canvass and wood, and containing the stores of hay. And in the middle ground is a pretty episode of children at play, loading or dragging a small sledge in imitation of the labourers. It is winter: the snow is on the ground, and the peasants work in their fur caps and warm gloves. The general effect is well contrived; the colouring is suited to the subject, and the whole forms an interesting page of Russian costume.

Nos. 171, 172, 187, and 188, are *French Infantry*, *French Dragoons*, *French Chasseurs*, and *French Hussars*.—These four pictures resemble each other, in respect that each consists of two soldiers in their proper regimentals. They are small, but hit off with more artist-like feeling, and better coloured, than most of Mr. Atkinson's larger works, and look much more like studies from nature.

No. 201, is entitled *Calmouc Tartars*.—The Tartars are an armed party mounted on horseback, (of course) habited in the singular dress of their country, and fording a river. Neither men nor horses are very handsome animals; in truth we scarcely know which is the most beastly. They serve to shew that to be caught by a Tartar, would be to the full as unlucky as catching one.

We cannot pronounce this to be one of Mr. Atkinson's best works. The forms of the sky are common place; the man and horse, who are in shadow on the right hand corner of the fore ground, are too small; the greens are disagreeably raw, and the colouring in general not good.

No. 205. *Landscapes and Figures*, consists of a sandy or gravelly bank, where a shepherd, in conversation with a female pedlar, is seated; at the shepherds feet rests his dog, and on the right hand corner of

the fore ground are two cows. In the distance rises a mountain, on the summit of which is a building of an Italian form. The reader will perceive that this somewhat resembles Berghem's mode of associating objects. The composition is clever, and the colouring and chiaroscuro clearer, and in somewhat better harmony than in most other of Mr. Atkinson's pictures, yet still raw and ungenial.

No. 217. *The British Light Infantry charging and breaking La Premiere Legere at the Battle of Maida.*—On an extensive plain, at some considerable distance from the spectator, appear the English and French armies in order of battle. Amongst the more distant lines, partial appearances of smoke are seen to proceed from the discharge of artillery. Nearer to the fore ground is the proper subject of the picture. The charge with bayonet of the British light infantry is terrible. The impetuosity of the French, firmness and determined valour of the English, consequent disappointment and dread of their enemies, and the general agitation and accidents of battle, are well pourtrayed. The French lines are broken and their troops falling and discomfited, or seeking safety in flight. One of their officers is riding with his utmost speed towards the hottest part of the combat, with the seeming intention of reviving, if possible, the drooping courage of his soldiers, while on an elevation to the left of the battle is stationed a party of British officers on horseback, and General Sir John Stuart is delivering orders to an aide-du-camp.

We suspect that this artist's forte is battle-painting. But of his colouring we must again complain. The grey of his distant hills is not the air-tint of Italy, nor, we believe, of any other country.

Nos. 275, and 281, are *Sea-coast Views, with Fishermen and Boats, &c.*

Mr. G. Barrett exhibits several pictures of considerable merit, which mark the large strides he has made in his professional progress. Of him it cannot be said as of some other artists, that his style is hereditary. He retains but very little of his father's choice, either of form or colours, but appears to look at nature with a more expanded eye. His mind, as an artist, has evidently dwelt in another atmosphere, where more of the vital principles of landscape-painting might be inhaled.

In the present Exhibition he paints both the interior and exterior of our island, and in sailing along the sea-coast especially—Turner is the great luminary of landscape by which he has steered his course. Most of his subjects in the present Exhibition, are exactly such views on the shores of England, as Turner would have chosen. He, more than any other man, has taught others to see the grandeur and picturesqueness of such objects as abound on our sea-coasts; and in the course of our review, we shall see that Mr. Barrett in treating them has caught such a portion of his spirit as does him high credit, and is a considerable accession to art: yet we must add that a little more finishing would be perfectly compatible with the dignified style at which he is aiming.

No. 19, *is a View near Capel Carig, North Wales.*—From the summit of a rocky precipice, on which the light catches, and from the rich and broken rocky bank of a river, where it shines more powerfully, the landscape recedes into solemn gloom. The deep toned grey purple of the most distant of Mr. Barrett's mountains, which is overshadowed by rolling clouds, gives splendour to his principal light, and emphasis to his picture; through which a river partially seen, dashes forward from rock to rock. A bank covered with verdure descends from the left hand corner of the foreground toward the river, from which bank rises a large massy tree, or clump of trees: the other corner is rocky and abrupt, and goats with characteristic enterprize have climbed the craggs.

The general effect of this picture is forcible and grand.

No. 23. *Snowdon from near Capel Carig* (companion to the above), is a scene of more savage grandeur, dismal, solitary, wild, and almost desolate. The winds seem to howl—(such to our mind, are the suggestions of this picture), and the thunder to echo round Snowden, whose lofty summit rises superior to the storm, and seems to look out on a cloudless sky. A moun-

tain torrent falls toward the fore-ground, where expanding itself, it reflects the bright light of the unclouded part of the sky, and contributes much to the effect of the picture. Judgment may be shewn in omissions as well as introductions. No human figure, or human vestige is here introduced, but a horses scull lies sufficiently near the foreground, to give comparative dimensions to the objects, while it swells the fearful sentiment which the whole is calculated to inspire.

The dark tones of Mr. Barrett's clouds in this picture, are true to nature, and their forms wild and distracted as in the bursting of a thunder storm. It is a scene for an Ossian to contemplate, and not unlike the desolate gloom, by which his poetry is characterised.

No. 44, *Rye Harbour, Sussex, by Moon-light*, is a small drawing; where the flow of the water, is happily executed, but the other parts in our opinion, too much detailed for an *English* moon-light.

No. 60, companion to the above, is a "*View at Hastings, with Fishing Boats—a Calm Scene*. Drapery is hung out to dry on a fore-ground boat. Fishermen are variously employed at a distance, and ropes, and planks, &c. are strewed about the fore-ground. It is treated with much of Turner's clearness: but Turner, we think, would have given a little more solidity, by which we do not mean darkness, to the sea beach.

No. 96. *Gloucester Bridge, by twilight*, is a small, but richly coloured picture. The buildings, water, and foreground, are true to the solemn tones of nature at this time in the evening. The amber-light, which remains in the sky after the sun has sunk, is well represented, and fades gradually into the dun grey of evening, with excellent effect.

No. 150. *View of Beddington, Kent*, is a tolerably good sketch of trees—such trees as any person may see without going so far as Beddington. We have called it a sketch, for it is certainly too slight to be called a picture, and the general landscape tone is all that we can perceive in it that is at all commendable.

Nos. 166, 312, 319, 326, and 332, are all subjects of the same kind, namely, *Cutters, and fishing boats and tackle, on the coast of Sussex*, and are, in general, works of great merit, such as we have endeavoured to characterise in the beginning of our comments on the pictures of this artist. Probably the best of them is *Rye Harbour*, (No. 319); a performance which has greater claims on our particular attention, than we well know how to answer in our limited space.

A group of fishing-boats hauled on shore, and with their sails extended, and a net, which is well introduced, hanging to dry, form a broad and clear mass of shade in the middle ground; the sails and net relieving from the sky with excellent effect. On the fore-ground are anchors, cables, fishing tackle, &c. and a group of mariners in conversation. The sun is reclining toward a misty horizon, which, though not dark, is dark enough to bring off the sea of a bright yellow; or, as a poet would say, to convert it to liquid gold. The effect of the whole is glowing, but by no means fiery: if it has the glow and clearness of Cuyp, or of Turner, it has also the evening repose of the sea ports of Claude.

No. 202. *View near Bedgeleet, North Wales*—is a mountain scene; bold, and almost desolate; clouds break over the summits of lofty mountains of dark purple, and a golden light is seen beyond, with an effect of peculiar brightness. The bases of the mountains are concealed by mist, and evening is spreading her sober solemn mantle over the naked hills of Bedgelert.

No. 233, is entitled *Moel Siabod, Caernarvonshire, North Wales.*—A girl with a pitcher, who is passing over a rustic bridge, near the fore-ground, catches the light of a declining sun, which is also partially caught by the bridge itself, and reflected in a river which passes under it. Moel Siabod, behind which sinks the sun, is grey and gloomy. The nearly horizontal lines formed by the bridge, and by that which bounds an extensive plain, act as a firm basis for this magnificent pile of mountains. The sky is well composed; the water which reflects the forms of the bridge and rocky

banks, somewhat ruffled, is clear and in gentle motion, and the general impression of the whole is interesting and grand.

Miss BYRNE exhibits but a single picture, and we are sorry to learn that indisposition has been the cause of her not exhibiting more. Her *Fruit and Wild Flowers*, No. 181, are such fruit and flowers as are rarely, if ever, seen together, and it may be questioned, whether such objects as are seldom brought together in reality, and never in imagination, should ever be associated in a picture. A principle of unity arising out of a certain congruity of parts, should be observed in all compositions; dog-roses and bramble-blossoms do therefore not perfectly assimilate with such fruits, as in this country require great care and an high cultivation.

The group however, speaking of forms and colours in the abstract, is, in both respects, composed upon sound principles; the general effect is good; and the textures of the petals of the bramble-blossoms, wild poppies, and roses—especially the buds of the latter, and the poppies, are happily imitated. The thinness and feebleness of that poppy which is drooping (as poppies soon do after they are gathered) are particularly well expressed. Perhaps, the melon wants a little reflex light on the lower part of that side which is in shadow.

Mr. JOHN J. CHALON is an artist of rising reputation, who appears not to have met his just share of reward. His excellen water colour picture in the former Exhibition of *The Bear in the Forest of Switzerland* was not sold, and his equally excellent work in oil, did not gain the prize at the British Institution, though in the opinion of many it deserved it. But, says the Scriptures, " time and chance happeneth unto all."

His *Tintern Abbey* (No. 62) is a rich golden toned picture, when the Abbey appears to great advantage on a summer's evening before the sun has sunk very low. Its ivy-mantled walls rise in the centre of the picture, while the sun's rays fall with great brilliance on its western front, and are spread with a degree of lustre duly diminished by distance, over the woody hills which form the back-ground, and give an air of characteristic seclusion to the scene. An humble cottage or two, stands near the Abbey, contrasting its storied windows and its lofty walls, and suggesting moral and picturesque reflections. In tone and colour this picture is not unlike some favourite works of the younger Reinagle: but Reinagle, we think, would have kept his shadows broader, and not have shewn quite so many lights: perhaps the general effect, which is good, would have been somewhat better if the foliage of the dwarf fruit tree, which stand near the fore-ground, had been more massy, and had been less perforated, particularly those at the left-hand extremity under the extreme distance. Had they been sufficently dark and solid to have brought out the short wall which stands before them, in reflex light, it would, in our opinion, have improved the picture: which however is a work of great merit.

No. 123, Is entitled a *Scene on the Thames*, but it presents us with no characteristic feature of that noble river. The proper subject of the picture is rather a fishing party in a punt, who have chosen their station with the judgment of practised anglers, in a retired nook over-shadowed by lofty trees. A sentiment of tranquillity is well kept up through the picture. The water is dark, deep, calm, and clear; the reflections of the figures, boat, and surrounding objects, are well managed; two swans at a little distance are judiciously introduced, and the effect of the whole is broad and powerful.

No. 258. *Scene on the Thames near Bisham Abbey.* This represents another party of anglers, under different circumstances of light and shade, with the tower of Bisham Church rising above some trees, in the back-ground. It is a calm scene of simple nature, and of merit not dissimilar to the former, though the subject is considerably varied. The observant eye will not fail to remark the accuracy with which Mr. Chalon has here attended to the relative tones of the sky and water.

(To be continued.)

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ.

COMMENCING JANUARY, 1809.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Saint Neot, the Oldest of all the Brothers to King Alfred. By the (late) Rev. John Whitaker, B. D. &c. &c. pp. 374.

"What shadows we are, and what shadows do we pursue!"—One of the ablest men of an able age," (to use the phraseology of Mr. J. Stockdale,) "the illustrious Vindicator of Mary Queen of Scots," no sooner resolved, "during his convalescence from an illness, which had, for a time, deprived him of the use of his pen," to give 'The Life of Saint Neot' to this world, than Death, as the dispenser of these destinies of ours, summoned him to the world to come. Mr. Whitaker died at his parsonage, at Ruan Langhorne, in Cornwall, on Sunday the 30th of October, 1808, "aged seventy-three; leaving one work (Saint Neot) in the press, and others (a History of Oxford, and a History of London) in contemplation," The last work is, (says Mr. W.) "quite new, and original, and fit to make a quarto."

Mr. Stockdale formed no improper estimate of this Life of Saint Neot, when he recommended "a *cheap* edition, in an octavo form, to be published, as soon as might be, in the winter season." He (Mr. W.) again wrote to me," observes Mr. S. "like himself, and scarcely like any other person." "I reply to your letter," writes Mr. W. "with speed (August 24, 1808),—happy to have you for my publisher," &c. So much for what Mr. Whitaker wrote "like himself, and scarcely like any other person," to Mr. S.

We acknowledge that no inconsiderable portion of disappointment has attended our perusal of this volume. In vain we look for that critical acumen, that penetrating energy of investigation, and that complete arrangement of argument with which the able vindicator of Mary Queen of Scots, wrung conviction from the most unwilling of his opponents. The value of the present work will be raised in our estimation if we consider it rather as a collection of materials, than as a luminous arrangement; and Mr. Whitaker may be considered, in his old age, as rather belonging to the corps of Literary Pioneers, than as a superannuated author who had survived his faculties. Upon the whole this work may have its use, but it certainly does not come up to the expectations which the celebrity of the author had raised.

Memoirs of William Paley, D. D. By G. W. Meadley, &c. &c. pp. 161.

Of such a character as Dr. Paley it was to be expected that some one would furnish the world with a sketch at least; Mr. M. therefore, (lamenting the want of any other biographer), has taken upon him to favour us with what he is pleased to designate 'Memoirs of William Paley, D. D.' Half heathen and half christian, and halting between both, our memoir-writer, avails himself of "neutral colours" and not inaptly reminds us of "the frauds of neutral flags."

Archdeacon Paley was not an every-day character. He seems, however, to have been all things to all men. Vibrating between legislation and divinity, while he studied as a divine he aspired as a lawyer, and, in the first instance, subscribed to the "thirty-nine articles" only because he was too poor to keep a conscience! He was more of the barrister than the preacher. Those who can look into futurity, will probably think, that Paley lived an age too early, that his mind was prematurely intelligent, and that he obstinately shut his eyes

to the objects that were immediately before them.

The Memoirs are upon the whole, amusing, interesting, and written *con amore.*—The portrait is an intelligible likeness though not drawn by the hand of a master, for we discover none of those touches which distinguish the superior artist.

There is still room for a Life of Paley, written by a person of similar habits, and who can enter into the peculiar train of thinking which distinguished that writer, and to such a biographer the fund of anecdote and information, contained in these Memoirs, may be very useful.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the years 1805-6-7-8. *By Robert Ker Porter*, 2 *Vol. 4to.*

These sketches consist of fifty letters, twenty-five of which compose a volume; but the reader will be disappointed if he expects to find these pages pregnant with information. There is not even a judicious selection of facts, communicated in the plain, unsophisticated language of propriety.

The author informs us that he had engaged to accompany the drawings with some explanations, and with a general sketch of the manners and customs of the people *who form their subjects.*—But the friend to whom these letters were addressed, dying (together with some other circumstances) would neither allow the author leisure nor spirits, to condense and adjust them by a regular process of critical chemistry.

Hence the author says (and very truly says) the work appears with every imperfection, and three immoveable ones (as he fears) are prominent: continual egotism, an appearance of ostentation, and perhaps a too unreserved disclosure of his own situation and feelings. In the course of an ill written preface, Sir R. K. Porter further observes that it is not the studied work of an author bringing forward deep researches, valuable discoveries, and consequential observation, but the familiar conversation of a friend." Such then he says is the work, merely *Travelling Sketches*, and as sketches he trusts a candid public will consider them.

To us the composition appears not only to have been laboured for publication, but to have been manufactured entirely with this view. In the midst of that flippancy of remark, and superficial flimsiness of observation, we discover evident traces of *manufacture.* The information derived from other and better sources is not only unacknowledged, but is considerably debased in its texture from the operation of weaving it into the *author's own originality.* What is really new and interesting in this work might have been given to the public in a very small compass. The style is neither coloquial nor historical. There is something of Munchausen inflation in the following anecdote, page 128 of vol. 1.

A Russian Grenadier had been separated from *his* line as it hurried forward to attack the French. At *this crisis* he was assailed by *four* of the enemy, one officer and three soldiers. On perceiving them approach, with fury in their eyes and gestures, like his general, he determined to sell his life *dearly*, and calling on "God and Suwarrow!" He met the first with the *contents of his piece*: seeing him *dead at his feet*, he *received the second* on the point of his bayonet: *the brains of the third* he beat out with the butt end of his musket; and *would have sent the soul of the fourth after those of his* comrades, had not the Frenchman's heels *stood* his friend, and *carried* him far from danger. The undaunted soldier *seeing the coast clear*, *quietly* regained his regiment; and *fell* into his place in the ranks with silence and regularity, *as if nothing had happened.*

"———And now I'll go to breakfast."
Tom Thumb.

Take another specimen of writing to a friend, page 148, "I know your eagerness to become acquainted with the great of all countries. I mean the truly great: the *illustrious in talents*, and the *illustrious in virtue*: they alone have ever been *the great to you, and to them*, while resembling them as a brother, have you not always bowed

with the humility of a son ! !" But to return to the Emperor (Alexander).

"He is fair, with blue eyes: and his complexion though not florid, is beaming with health, *and most interestingly tinged with the hue of a military life.*"

It is an old adage that † "birds of a feather will flock together." From the nest of *Sir* Richard Phillips flew forth *Sir* John Carr, and we now behold *Sir* * Robert Ker Porter, fluttering and stretching his pinions towards the same *immortality.*

In the first of these extraordinary volumes are twenty-eight aquatinted plates, and in the second are thirteen. Those which exhibit the dresses of the various nations through which our traveller passed, are coloured, and the landscapes which are comparatively few in number, are printed in brown.

The far greater part of these prints are coarse, slovenly blots, done without the least care, or respect for the public taste, merely *to sell.* Some of them, especially the landscapes, have the exterior of an *imposing* light and shade. Like finely dressed females when seen at a distance, but whom as you approach, you perceive to be ordinary or repulsive. Though the whole is unworthy of detailed criticism, we shall bestow some notice on a few of the best.

"*The Monastery of Divitchy*" is a grand subject, consisting of buildings in the oriental style of architecture; those which adorn the fore-ground, rising from amid forest scenery, with much of what the landscape painter hails with enthusiasm; but the plate is very clumsily executed, and is so deficient in expression of space, that rocks, trees, and edifices appear huddled together in a very unnatural way.

"*In Nicon's Hermitage,*" which is also a picturesque subject, there is a specious general effect of light and shade, but the extremities even of the distant objects, are harsh, and the stems of the trees *of three stories high*, are too slender to support their incumbent weight of foliage.

"*The Pine of Dunamora,*" (in vol. 2.) might serve as a specimen of the bathos in landscape painting; being a sublime subject debased by vulgarity of treatment. To "*the falls of Inthatta:*" Sir Robert has done more justice: Here is more of what we have formerly been accustomed to see with pleasure from Porter's pencil, and the rocks, the cataract, and the forests of Pine are characteristically touched. Mr. Stadler has here too employed a brighter and less rotten grain than on most of the other plates of this work.

In many of the dresses of the Cossacks, Russians, &c. Mr. Atkinson in his costume of Russia, has anticipated our traveller. Porter's plates of this kind are twenty-seven in number, and among them, the "*Nuns of St. Basil,*" may be noticed as one of the best, and as possessing some degree of that delicacy and keeping, in which the majority of these prints are so manifestly and miserably deficient.

In affixing the names of the artists to the several plates, a peculiarity is observable which we do not very well understand. The name of *Hubert (direxit)* is constantly interposed between those of R. K. Porter, the draftsman, and J. C. Stadler the engraver of these views and dresses. Is it done to obtain a little notoriety for Mr. Hubert;--For as a sort of saving clause for Messrs. Porter and Stadler? Certain it is that both these artists did much better before they were *thus directed.* With respect of the latter he is a memorable, and (to the few who really do feel concern for the advancement of art in this country) a melancholy example of the degradation of talent in fine art, when it once consents, or is compelled by dire necessity, to become merely subservient to the purposes of the shop. He formerly painted beautiful and most ex-

† "While Crawford owns the rule of Car."
See vol. 6. p. 22.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Car, was very powerful on the border. The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it Car is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.
Lay of the last Minstrel, edit. p. 225.

* So we have heard this traveller denominated among his friends, and so he is publicly denominated in the Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

quisitely finished small landscapes and figures!

HISTORY.

A History of France, from the commencement of the reign of Clovis in 481 to the Peace of Campo Formio, in October 1797, after the manner of the History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. pp. 444.

This work is divided into thirty-nine letters:—

1. Introduction.
2. First Race to 752.
3. Pepin to Charlemagne to 814.
4. Close of the second Race to 987.
5. Hugh Capet Robert, Henry I. to 1060.
6. Philip the First to 1108.
7. Lewis VI. the Fat, Lewis VII. the Young to 1180.
8. Philip the Second, Augustus to 1223.
9. Lewis the Eighth the Lion, St. Lewis the Ninth, to 1270.
10. Philip the Third, the Hardy, to 1285.
11. Philip the Fourth, the Fair, to 1314.
12. Lewis the Tenth, the Chatterer; John the First; Philip the Fifth, the Long; Charles the Fourth, the handsome, to 1328.
13. Philip the Sixth to 1350.
14. John the Second, the good; Charles the Fifth, the wise, to 1380.
15. Charles the Sixth, the well-beloved, to 1422.
16. Charles the Seventh, the victorious, to 1461.
17. Lewis the Eleventh, the bad, to 1438.
18. Charles the Eighth to 1498.
19. Lewis the Twelfth, the father of his people, to 1515.
20. Francis the First to 1547.
21. Henry the Second to 1559.
22. Francis the Second to 1560.
23. Charles the Ninth to 1574.
24. Henry the Third to 1589.
25. Henry the Fourth to 1610.
26. Lewis the Thirteenth to 1624, before the Ministry of Cardinal Richelieu.
27. Lewis XIII. to 1643, Ministry of Cardinal Richelieu.
28. Lewis XIV. to 1661, Ministry of Cardinal Mazarine.
29. Lewis XIV. to 1679, from the death of Mazarine, to the Treaty of Nimeguen.
30. Lewis XIV. to 1697, from the Treaty of Nimeguen to that of Ryswick.
31. Lewis XIV. to 1715, from the Treaty of Ryswick to his death.
32. Lewis XV. the well-beloved, to 1740; Regency of the Duke of Orleans; Ministry of Flevin, to the death of the Emperor Charles VI.
33. Lewis XV. to 1748—War of Succession.
34. Lewis XV. to 1774—Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle to his death.
35. Lewis XVI. to 1783.
36. Lewis XVI. to the destruction of the Bastile.
37. Lewis XVI. to his murder in 1793.
38. Revolution to the Conquest of Holland in 1795.
39. Revolution to the Treaty of Campo Formio, in 1797.

The Compiler of this volume observes in the Introduction, that a knowledge of French history is next in importance to that of our own country, and that it is much to be lamented that there should not be a proper introduction to the history of France in our own language. He proposes, therefore, in this work to give such a sketch of the subject, as will enable the young reader at a subsequent period of his life, to study with advantage the many elaborate historians of that celebrated and rival country. Merely as a work of this kind, we think this volume may have a certain degree of usefulness.

POLITICS.

An Attempt to elucidate the Pernicious Consequences of a deviation from the Principles of the Orders in Council. pp. 76.

The late alteration of the Orders in Council, without lessening the value or importance of this attempt at elucidation, substracts a good deal from the interest with which it will be read. There is a great deal of good sense and sound argument in this little work, which we have perused with pleasure, although we differ very materially from the conclusions that are drawn by the author.

A View of the Political Situation of the Province of Upper Canada, in North America, in which her Physical Capacity is stated, the means of diminishing her burden, encreasing her value, and securing her connection to Great Britain are fully considered. With Notes, and an Appendix. 8*vo. pp.* 79.

This pamphlet which is written by Mr. J. M. Jackson, is worthy the attention of ministers. The cultivation of friendship with our remaining Colonies, the importance of which is every day less problematical, and the removal of every impediment to a good understanding with the mother country, is a duty most imperiously called for by the present situation of the civilized world. We hope that some of the circumstances may be exaggerated, and too high a colouring given to others, but what are we to say, when the author soundly asserts, "That the wisdom of the British parliament in forming the Constitution of the Colony has been defeated, and the very reverse of a free government established."

If the present causes of difference between these two parts of the empire are not removed, we think their ultimate separation at no great distance.

Reflections upon the State and Conduct of Public Affairs, at the Commencement of the year 1809. *By an Englishman of the Old School. pp.* 62.

We are ready to acknowledge with the author of these Reflections, that if a bold and vigilant spirit of inquiry be at all times exercised with advantage, it must be employed with peculiar propriety in difficult and perilous conjunctures; and we are ready to admit, that the present is one of those conjunctures: but we must add, what the author seems to have forgotten after the first page of his work, that this spirit of inquiry should conduct its researches with temper, and adhere strictly to justice.

These reflections appear to have been written in a spirit of determined hostility to the present Administration. We are told at the very threshold of the work, "That they have pursued a most questionable policy, in almost every plan that has succeeded, and as generally failed where the object was laudable."

For the decline of public spirit, and want of cordiality in Spain, for the unprosperous manner, and protracted period of the Campaign, and, in fine, for the disastrous turn which the affairs of that country has taken: for these calamitous events, and all the disastrous consequences which may be derived from them, *the British Ministry, and they only, are responsible.* "The obvious remedy," says our author, "for all these things is—remove the *obnoxious* Ministry: a change, in this instance, may produce much good, and cannot in any way be detrimental." But, the question occurs, whom will you place in their stead?—The author asks this question to introduce such an answer as might have been expected, and which, notwithstanding the coquettish and affected manner in which it is given, may be gathered from the following paragraph:—

"To such men as Lords Spencer and Grenville, Lords Moira and Grey, Lords Holland, Henry Petty, and Mr. Windham, I cannot but allow the highest praise for integrity and ability. Yet I am far from believing that they are the only men in the kingdom that deserve praise; give but due encouragement to public spirit and talent, &c."

This pamphlet is written in an easy and spirited style, but the object is perfectly obvious from the first page, and the arguments are by no means new or original.

Letters from a Member of Parliament to his Friend in the Country. Letter I. pp. 54.

We apprehend this Letter to be the commencement of a series, of which none others have yet reached us. It is evidently written with the view of blaming every part of the conduct of Administration, which relates to the assistance they have rendered to the cause of Spain. It is much easier to argue from consequences than to deduce probable events from the circumstances which are calculated to produce them. The observations contained in this first letter, relate only to the general determination of acting by a British army in Spain, and of rendering the operations of that army subservient, not to the plans of their own go-

vernment, but to the wishes of the Spanish Junta°; and the great point of reprehension seems to be the undecisive nature of the commission, with which the General, who commanded this army, was invested. Upon the propriety of such a commission we are supported not only by the nature of the assistance we proposed to afford the Spanish nation, by the dispatch necessary to be used in sending this assistance before plans of operation could be matured, but also by the practice of the ancient Romans, and the authority of Machiavel, who highly extols the wisdom of these people in allowing their Generals unlimited commissions, by which they were empowered to fight or not to fight, to assault such a town or march another way, without controul; the senate reserving to themselves only the power of making peace, and decreeing war, unless on extraordinary occasions.

This was several times the cause of remarkable victories, that in all probability had been otherwise prevented. Thus, when Fabius Maximus had given the Tuscans a considerable defeat at Sutrium, and entered on a resolution to pass the Ciminian forest, (a very dangerous and difficult adventure,) he never staid to expect further orders from Rome, but immediately marched his forces into the enemies country; and, at the other side of the forest, gave them a total overthrow. In the mean time the senate fearing he might venture on such a hazardous attempt, sent the tribunes of the people, with other officers, to desire Fabius, that he would not, by any means think of such an enterprize, but not arriving till he had effected his design, instead of hindering his resolution, they returned home with the joyful tidings of his success.

MILITARY

The Indigator; or, the Lawfulness and Unlawfulness of Defensive and Offensive War considered: by which the true warriors are contradistinguished from the Pagan Heroes, adapted to the present times. By Sparkes Moliter. 8vo. *pp.* 141.

We have seldom read a more indigested, unintelligible mixture of Theology and Politics. What we do not understand, we cannot characterize, but judging of these parts by such as we believe we do comprehend, we think it a very idle employment of time to waste even the small portion of it necessary to read 141 pages, which compose this work.

A Refutation of Pierre Franc M'Cullum's Remarks on the Royal Military College, proving that Institution to be a most salutary, useful, and excellent establishment, reflecting the greatest honour on His Royal Highness the Duke of York, dedicated to the Gentlemen Cadets, of Great Marlow, by Lewis Theophius Peithmann, Professor of the Royal Military College. pp. 36. *price* 2*s.*

Whatever may be the demerits of Mr. P. F. M'Cullum, certainly the style of this Refutation is highly reprehensible. Such expressions as a *wretched* and *mercenary hireling*, a *miscreant without principle, erudition* and *honour*, and the terms ignorance, falshood, envy, arrogance, and self-conceit, applied to P. F. M'Cullum, are highly indecorous and improper.

If the defence of the Duke of York's conduct with regard to this establishment, required the use of such expressions, there must be something wrong *somewhere*, and if it did not require such language, the use of it does a real injury to the cause it is intended to support.

Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis.

The Military Cabinet: being a Collection of Extracts from the best Authors, both Ancient and Modern; interspersed with occasional Remarks, and arranged under different heads: the whole calculated to convey Instruction in the most agreeable manner, and to give to young Officers correct notions in regard to many subjects belong-to, or connected with, the Military Profession. By Capt. T. H. Cooper, half-pay 56th Regt. Infantry. 3 *vols.*

'The Military Cabinet,' is stated to have been originally written for private amusement, and compiled as the subjects presented themselves, without any view to

publication. The work is now alphabetically arranged under the following heads :

Contents of the First Volume.

Ability, accidents, age, aides-de-camp. Arabs, Andre, major, archery, armour, army, art of war, artillery, artizans, assassination, attack, and avarice ;—Balloons, balls, barracks, battalion, battle-axe, battles, bravery, blood, bridges, and bows ;—Calamities, campaigns, camps, cannon, capitulation, catapulta, cavalry, causes of war, chains, champions, champion-de-justice, chance, chaplains, character, charge, chariots, chess, cockade, commissions, consecrations, conspiracies, cohorts, contingencies, contributions, convoy, corps-de-reserve, coup-d'œil, courage, cries, crowns, and cruelty—Danger, Darius and decoy.

Contents of the Second Volume.

Defence, deserters, despair, detachments, difficulties, discipline, disobedience of orders, duelling, elephants, encampments, enemy, ensigns, escape, *esprit-de-corps*, exercise, faith, falarica, famine, fatigue, fencing, feudal system, fire-arms, firmness, flutes, forlorn hope, forming, fortification, Frederick the Great of Prussia, friendship, funerals, gaming, General of an Army, generosity, genius, gladiators, Greek fire, gun-powder—Harangues, herald, herdsman, highlanders, honour, hero, horses, humanity, hunting—Impregnability, intoxication, intrenchments—Light Infantry—Machines, magnanimity, mankind, manœuvres.

Contents of the Third Volume.

Marches, maxims, mercenary soldiers, merit, militia, music—Neutrality, numbers—Oath, obedience, officers, oil, orb, orders, ornaments, ostracism—Passions, pay, petard, phalanx, pikes, plan of war, poison, *posse-comitatus*, posts, practice, Prætorian guards, prisoners, promises, promotions, punishment—Queue—Reading, reconnoitering, relaxation, religion, resolution, retreat, rewards, riflemen, rigour, rivers (on passing), Roman Military Institutions, Roman Legion—Sacred band of Thebans, scalping, scarlet, secrecy, secret intelligence, security, *semiramis*, service, severity, shot, sieges, signals, silence, skill, skins, slingers, Sir Sidney Smith, soldiers, speeches, spies, standing army, step, stratagems, study, subordination, subsistance, success, suicide, superstition, surprises, swords, tactics, tears, temper, temperance, theory, timour, tournaments, treason, truce, trumpeter, truth—Valour, veteran, victory, vinegar, volunteers—War—Youth—Zeal.

The extracts are from the best military and historical authorities; and, though but very little boast of originality can be made in these pages, yet they contain a variety of matter which is not always within the reach of military readers.

To those who are well read on these subjects, many of the quotations may be thought unnecessary, but even by these readers, the comparison of Mr. Lock may not be rejected, who says—

"That memory is a table of brass, covered with characters which become insensibly effaced by time, if they are not touched up by the graver."

In the quick and giddy part of mankind, perhaps, memory may be considered rather as the sand by the sea-side, which has been written upon at low water, in legible characters, that are effaced on the next return of the tide.

We have been much entertained with this compilation, and are pleased with the plan which has been adopted of giving the authorities for each article, or the titles of the books from whence the extracts have been made.

ANTIQUITIES.

Introduction to an Examination of some part of the internal evidence, respecting the Antiquity and Authenticity of certain Publications, said to have been found in Manuscript at Bristol, written by a learned Priest and others, in the 15th Century; but generally considered as the Suppositious Productions of an ingenious Youth of the present Age. By John Sherwin, M. D. Member of the College of Physicians, also of the College of Surgeons, and corresponding Member of the Medical Society. 8vo. pp. 137.

We thought that Mr. T. Warton had completely settled this question many years since, and there is nothing in the publica-

tion before us, which inclines us to alter this opinion. The learned writer has employed great industry, and no inconsiderable share of ingenuity, in supporting his conjectures; and if he has not succeeded in convincing others, of what he appears to be so fully persuaded himself, it is because no human ingenuity can effect impossibilities.

THEOLOGY.

The Influence and Advantages of Religion exemplified in the History of Hannah and Samuel: adapted to the use of Societies, instituted for the Relief of Lying-in Women. Price 3d. or 1s. 6d. per 100. pp. 16. 12mo.

This small tract is well calculated for distribution among the class of females, for whose instruction it was written.

General Redemption, the only proper Basis of General Beneficence, a Letter, addressed to Robert Hawker, D. D. Vicar of Charles, Plymouth; suggested by his Defence of the London Female Penitentiary, recently established in the Vicinity of Islington. By John Evans, A. M. Morning Preacher at Worship-street, and Afternoon Preacher at Leather-lane, Holborn. 8vo. *pp.* 44. 1s. 6d.

Whatever may be our ideas of *the opinions* which have been expressed by Dr. Hawker, we are very well pleased to find him among the *practical supporters* of an institution, which to us, at least, carries the probability, of being so extensively useful as the *London Female Penitentiary.* Calvanistic severity, upon certain points of religious duty, neither should, nor does it necessarily, exclude general philanthrophy and benevolence, and what may be the particular tenets of the worthy Doctor we shall not stay to enquire, satisfied as we are with his practice. We cannot learn from this work whether Mr. Evans is inimical or friendly to the plan of the Female Penitentiary.

EDUCATION.

The French Student's Vade Mecum, or indispensable companion, in which are displayed the different Cases of Persons and Things, as required by all the French Verbs and Adjectives; the different Prepositions which they govern, those required by the Substantives, and the different Moods which must follow Conjunctions. By the P. C. Le Vasseur, a native of France, and chaplain of the Cathedral of Lesieux. 1809.

The title page of this work is sufficiently full and explanatory of its contents. We think very well of the performance, and that it may assist those who speak the language, to *write* it *accurately.*

NOVELS.

Ella St. Laurence; or, the Village of Selwood, and its Inhabitants: a Novel, in 4 vols. By Mrs. Isaacs, author of Ariel, Glenmore Abbey, and the Wood Nymph. London, 1809.

We scarcely know how to characterize this novel, from the perusal of which we have had some pleasure, but it has not been derived either from the artificial manner in which the plot is managed, from the originality of the characters, from the appropriate sentiments, or from the beauty of style or expression—we are rather inclined to attribute more of its effect to that bustle of incident which serves to keep the attention awake, without alarming the judgment, or even exciting the imagination. The characters are *outré* and overcharged, the incidents are in many respects absurd and unnatural, and the *denouement* very ill managed, the tale should have been brought to a conclusion when Ella is received into Lady Edgeworth's house, her father might then have been introduced with great propriety, and the absurd nonsense of the heroine's peregrinations with the strolling company omitted. So long as novels employ such a considerable portion of the time of our fair countrywomen, we do not think our critical labours entirely useless in noticing these ephemeral productions. Ella St. Lawrence has the negative merit of encouraging no vice, and if we do not discover any high degree of intellectual attainments, in the authoress she treads the path of mediocrity without reproach, and her novel may be read, at least, without injury.

Leontina, a novel in 3 vols. From the German of A. Von Kotzebue.

Any work from the pen of Kotzebue cannot fail of proving in the highest degree interesting to the literary world. To expatiate on the merits of such an author would be superfluous, and we conceive the highest eulogium we can give this work, is to say that it sustains his character. In Leontina, the reader will easily recognise the expression, sensibility, and interest, by which the writer of nature is ever characterized. The plot is developed with such artful negligence that our anxiety is excited to the highest degree, even though we confidently anticipate the incidents which it unfolds. Leontina is the only child of an aged parent, for whom her filial reverence is such that she risks her own happiness to ensure that of her father's, by marrying a man towards whom she feels no predilection. The natural result may be imagined—Leontina forms an affection for another man, and Arloff, her husband, perceives, too late, that the nuptial ceremony gave him only her hand. The unhappy father too discovers his error when he cannot repair it, and dies of grief. After a variety of incidents, which are related with an eloquence that enchants the mind, and with a tenderness that affects the heart, the death of her husband at length leaves Leontina at liberty, and she is united to her lover. Such is the simple foundation of a story rendered in the highest degree interesting by the talents of the author.

In this delineation, little can be expected but the outline—an outline, however, which Kotzebue has drawn up with a very elegant pencil, and heightened with the most fascinating colours. The love of Leontina for her father—her struggles between duty and passion—her religious reflections in misfortune, and the firmness with which she supports calumny under the consciousness of innocence, are finely conceived, and expressed with elegance. To censure any part of such a performance is a painful duty, but we are compelled to observe, that very lax principles, which become the subject of controversy, are so very feebly opposed and speciously defended, as to make us fear they are not only what the author has himself adopted, but what he wishes to inculcate. We shall select the passage where her lover endeavours to persuade Leontina to separate from her husband, as a proof of this assertion, and an example of the general style of the work itself. "What prerogative has your husband equivalent to mine? By what *moral* obligation are you enchained to him? Marriage is doubtless a sacred tie, when it is cemented by love or by reason. But, did you ever love him? Or, was your reason ever consulted when you surrendered yourself to him? Dissolve then, Leontina, I conjure you to dissolve a tie which derives no sanction from nature or the laws.—Are you overawed by the opinion of the world?—Will the world make you amends for any of those blissful moments you have sacrificed to its statutes of decorum?" These opinions have not even the merit of novelty, they are borrowed from Delphine. But suppose them justifiable, (which they most certainly are not) will their circulation promote the happiness of society! The obvious moral which Kotzebue intends to deduce from the whole, seems to be directed against unsuitable marriages, and it may, perhaps, be read with advantage by those who consider wealth to be the only source of happiness, or who mistake the impulse of passion for the dictate of judgment.

The Towers of Lothian, or the Banks of the Carron: a Scottish Legend. 4 vols. By the Author of the Two Pilgrims.

This story is full of the marvellous, the improbable, and the horrific. The incidents are put together in a clumsy inartificial manner. They are calculated to open the wounds which a diseased sensibility is perpetually inflicting on the bosoms of those females, who misemploy so much of their time in perusing tales of fictitious distress. The introduction of Scottish history is aukward and ill-assorted. Young persons may as well expect to fatten their bodies with whipt-syllabubs, as to improve their minds with such flimsy productions. We are left in the dark as to the birth of the young Earl of Nethsdale, and the preservation of the Earl of Lothian. The story in better hands might have been rendered at least entertaining.

Tales of the Manor, by the author of the Private History of the Court of England. 2 vols.

These little tales are supposed to be the compositions of a young man, who, inspired by love, had, in the humble capacity of gardener, introduced himself into the Manor house, (where the object of his affections dwelt,) and who cheered his hours of solitude by literary occupations. Not attempting to soar into the epic regions of Romance, the aim of the author seems to have been to convey plain truths, in plain language, intending rather to instruct by examples, which every mind can comprehend, than to astonish by those visionary improbabilities, which vitiate the taste without improving the heart. In this design it is but justice to say, that we think he has perfectly succeeded, and though he does not possess the classic simplicity of Mrs. Opie, or the elegant humour of Miss Edgeworth, still there are few whom his inartificial narrative will not interest, or his pointed moral instruct. It would be injustice to select any particular tale for the attention of the reader—they will all be read with attention. The author has chosen his most interesting characters from foreign countries, and as this might possibly prejudice an English reader, we think it but fair to give his own, we fear too just, reasons. "It is the sameness which has prevailed in England ever since I began to think, that has caused me to wander out of my native country. I cannot draw my characters from low life, and our gentlemen are little more than excellent coachmen, well skilled in the pedigree of a race horse, or eminent in the art of donkey racing.—Are they endowed with bodily strength—they are then excellent pugilists,—their shrewdness consists in quizzing, their contempt of forms shews itself in all manners, and gloriously, and unanimously despising all women of wit and intelligence—to depict such heroes is a subject too soon exhausted and too futile." Who can peruse these reflections without acknowledging their justice, and denouncing those high born delinquents who insult God by degrading his blessings, and injure man by the perversion of their example.

The Forest of Comalva, by Mary Hill, 3 vols. containing Sketches of Portugal, Spain, and part of France.

A young authoress presenting her first work to the public, may be said in some degree to deprecate the severity of criticism. There are occasions, however, in which a mistaken lenity may often injure more than the utmost extension of the laws, and this we think to be the case in the present instance. That Miss Hill possesses considerable talents, no person who reads the present work will deny; but that she has been very injudicious in the choice of a subject, for the exertion must be equally apparent. The novel itself is absolutely below criticism—a mere modern farrago, sprung from romance and folly, and calculated only to mislead young boarding-school misses, to the contemplation of scenes which never had existence, except in the whimsies of an heated imagination. Too much cannot be said in condemnation of a practice, which seems to have grown into a complete system among the novel writers of the present day—that of drawing their characters from any thing except nature, and this too without acknowledging the fiction, thereby leading young minds into a delusion, from which ruinous effects often awaken them. Miss Hill had better content herself with exhausting one world before she creates another, and we with confidence appeal to the reader, whether such a character as *Glencalvar* was ever found in this! The tour, which seems to be intended as a secondary to the novel, is much the most interesting part, and evinces talents which may be much more profitably employed than in such works as the Forest of Comalva. The description of Toledo and of the Spanish Bull fight, in the first volume, are particularly worthy of attention.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Outlines of Mineralogy. By J. Kidd, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. Oxford.

This work is dedicated to the Rev. the Dean of Westminster, in a short appropriate letter. The object of this publication is to

give a concise, yet comprehensive, view of the general Theory of Mineralogy. It will be obvious that little original information can be expected in an Elementary Treatise. The most general assistance the author has received from Abbé Haüy, and M. Brogniat *.

The division of the subject is comprehended under four general heads, which treat respectively of Earthy, Saline, Inflammable and Metallic Substances, in the order observed by Mr. Kirwan. To these are added an Appendix, containing an account of some compound rocks.

In the arrangement of individual minerals, the author has deviated from Kirwan, in consequence of subsequent improvements in the science, or because he thought the order of the subject required it. These deviations relate principally to the earthy substances. In the arrangement of the saline and metallic, no alterations of importance have been made, but many of the former have been omitted. In treating of the inflammables, Dr. Kidd has arranged them in nearly an opposite order to Kirwan. Plumbago is classed with coal, and not with diamond as is done by some writers. In the description of individual minerals we have—

1. Their more remarkable synonyms—2. Their more striking characters—3. The results of their chemical analyses—4. Their general history—5. The means of distinguishing minerals from each other, that present similar appearances. The introduction consists of two parts: in the first Dr. Kidd has given a short, but perspicuous account of the theories of different geologists; and in the second, a general description of the more remarkable characters and properties of mineral substances by which they may be individually distinguished.

* We are happy to learn that the ingenious Mr. Kentish is at present engaged in translating *Brogniat's* System of Mineralogy. From his accuracy and skill, we are induced to augur well, and doubt not but that a faithful translation will be speedily presented of a work, which is at present a desideratum in our language.

The first volume contains, (besides what we have observed,) an examination of—

Lime, Marbles and Lime-stone—Lime-stone—Stalactitic—Carbonate of Lime—Chrystalized Carbonate of Lime—Sulphate of Lime—Fluate of Lime—Phosphate of Lime—Arseniate of Lime—Strontian—Baryt—Magnesia—Zircon—Glucin—Alumin—Silex.

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Saline Substances.—Alcaline Salts, Earthy Salts, Metallic Salts.

Inflammable Substances.—Sulphur, the Diamond, Amber, Mellilite, on the Conversion of Vegetable Matter into Coal—Common Coal, Plumbago, Bitumen, Retinasphaltum.

Metallic Substances.—Platina, Gold, Silver, Quick-silver, Copper, Lead, Tin, Iron, Zinc, Antimony, Arsenic, Cobalt, Bismuth, Nickel, Manganese, Molybdena, Chrome, Tellurium, Uranium, Titanium, Tungsten.

APPENDIX.

Rocks.—Granite, Gneiss, Micaceous Schistus, Porphyry, Basalt, Basalt of the Giants Causeway and of Staffa, Ferrilite, Trapp, Clinkstone, Amygdaloid, Sienite, Grinstein, Pebblestone, Sandstones, Siliceous Pebbles, Trippoli, Lava, Puzzolana, Rapillo Nero, Trass, or Terras, Pumice, Obsidian.

CHEMISTRY.

A Grammar of Chemistry, in which the principles are familiarized by easy and entertaining Experiments. By the Rev. D. Blair, author of the Grammar of Philosophy, the Reading Exercises, the first Chatechism, &c. &c. 1809. *pp.* 174 12*mo.* *price* 3*s.* 6*d.*

A work of the nature of that which is before us (if well executed) would have been extremely useful in such seminaries as profess to lead the young student to a familiar knowledge of the principles of chemistry; but we lament to have discovered a considerable proportion of error, united with a portion of science, which might otherwise have been useful. The errors to which we allude are not merely *grammatical*, they are evidently calculated to mislead the tyro in his studies. The first 82 pages contain

a sort of syllabus, beginning with general principles and ending with fermentation, distributed under the heads usual with chemical writers. The topics are comprized within 438 articles, and some observations by way of *illustration* follow. From pages 82 to 114, we are *treated* with Chemical Experiments, and descriptions of apparatus (with the usual accompaniment of plates) in which we find nothing novel, and where this is the case, we are at least intitled to correctness in the detail of *well-known* facts. Chemical exercises follow, consisting of questions referring to the numerical steps of the first part, of the correctness of which the following examples, will give no very favourable idea. (page 2.) He says, "we are certain that Light and Heat enter into the composition of wood and coal, and that these may be extracted if they *are* heated to a certain degree;" whilst in another place, under the head of combustion, he tells us, (and truly,) that in every instance the oxygen gas of the air yields the heat. (In page 4) "If we expose a mixture of common sand and salt upon a strong fire glass is formed." Would not any one conceive that culinary salt is meant?—when, surely, he must refer to alcaline salt only. (p. 9.) "The metals after having appeared in a fluid state, by means of heat, concrete again into the same form as before they melted; this operation is called fusion." What, are concretion and fusion synonimous terms? (p. 131.) He asserts, of oxygen, that "it approaches nearest to purity in a state of vapour," are then permanently elastic fluids, and vapours also synonimous? Hydrogen gas pure or unmixed with any air containing oxygen, burns lambently and silently, yet (in page 20) it is asserted "that bubbles of it explode with a loud noise." After announcing that the alcalis were not simple substances (p. 47), but that their bases were metallic, he should not have said that tin was the lightest of the metals, since a distinguishing character of potassium sodium, &c. is their remarkable levity. (In p. 84) He says, "Soda Water is merely composed of common water and carbonic acid." So there is no Soda in it, according to our author! Benzoin is called (in p. 58) "an *urinous substance.*" Again (in p. 68.) *nitrous oxide* is stated to be produced from nitrate of ammonia, heated "until red hot," but we know that a very different product is yielded at such temperature. Gums, he says, "are *oozed* out from trees." Here, as in many other places, his grammatical elegance may be questioned. It is painful to record error, but it is a duty from which we must not flinch. Justice to our readers demands of us nothing but the truth, and we have not extended our observations to the whole truths.

If the title be selected, as is too frequently the case, with a view to introduce the work (where, above all things, correctness is desirable), we cannot compliment the Reverend writer on his candour in calling this a grammar, nor can we with propriety recommend, in its present state, a little work, which, if well executed, might have been very useful to the junior classes of chemical students. A Glossary concludes the book.

MISCELLANIES.

Primitiæ, or Essays and Poems on various Subjects, religious, moral, and entertaining. By Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age. Dedicated by permission to the Lord Bishop of Dromore. The Preface by his Father, the Rev. Thomas Thirlwall, M. A. 12*mo. pp.* 230. *Printed for the Author.*

We have been really astonished at reading these *Primitiæ*, and we will not add, *if* they are the exclusive productions of a child; but we can scarcely credit, that a boy capable of writing the Essay on the Uncertainty of Life at seven years old, should never have discovered any trait of understanding which should have led *his mother to entertain the most remote idea, that he could write an intelligible sentence*; and this too, notwithstanding the child was taught Latin at three years old, and read Greek with ease and fluency at four; this is an endeavour to prove too much, and is really incredible. We do not anticipate extraordinary fruit from these premature blossoms, and we regret that our general experience confirms the propriety of this suggestion. At the same time, independent of this feel-

ing, we look with wonder and astonishment at these effects of good cultivation upon rich intellectual soil.

A Practical Treatise on Brewing, founded on Experiments made with the Thermometer and Hydrometer, wherein is shewn the use of those Instruments in real Examples; to which are added Plain and Concise Directions for conducting each Process without them: illustrated by two small Brewings: with an Appendix, containing Directions for making Ginger Beer, Norfolk Punch, and a few made Wines. By A. Shero, who has been Butler to the Rev. Sir J. Broughton, Bart. upwards of twenty years. pp. 76. 3s.

This little work may be very useful to butlers in the country, who require very little information beyond that practical knowledge which is best taught by experience. We do not object to the theory of this branch of chemistry being more generally known, we should merely object to being at the expence of those experiments which the perusal of this work may induce, and which the information herein detailed is insufficient to enable the practitioner to perform successfully, without some previous knowledge, which is not given.

The Ecclesiastical and University Annual Register for the year 1808, *with an Appendix, containing an Index to the English Rectories, Vicarages, Curacies, and Donatives, with the Valuation in the King's Books, the Names of the Patrons, and the Number of Parishioners in each Parish.* 8vo. 16s.

No other merit attaches to this work than bringing into one view a mass of information, that may be very useful to the Clergy in general. Its greatest praise depend upon the accuracy with which it is compiled.

The Biographical part might certainly be extended to advantage, and the critical might be lessened without injury. To make this work really desirable (although we are aware of the trouble and labour it will require to execute it well), we think the present value of the ecclesiastical preferments should be added to the valuation in the King's books, with the name and age of the present incumbents. It might appear invidious, perhaps, to add the stipend allowed to the curates, but even this information might have its value.

Nightingale versus Stockdale. Report of the Trial in an action for a Libel contained in a Review of the portraiture of Methodism, tried at Guildhall before the Right Honourable Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury, Saturday March, 11, 1809. *Taken in short hand by Mr. Barham*, 8vo.

In noticing a work, by Mr. Nightingale, entitled "A Portraiture of Methodism," in the New Annual Register for 1807, it was among other things observed,

"The evidence of a Renegado shall not be admitted in our Court. There is a depravity indeed in this man's heart, (if we may reason from the publication before us) that unqualifies him from giving evidence in any Court. The Methodists may be fools, but their present historian is obviously a knave."

The Jury found a verdict of £200 damages. We cannot help thinking that the plain and obvious duty of a critic, is to consider the work without reference to its author. If the character of the writer is identified, and dovetailed with the work, it is then, and then only, a fair and legitimate subject of criticism. To say a man is either a knave or a fool certainly goes far beyond our ideas of the duty of a Reviewer.

The Imperial and Royal Cook, &c. &c. By Frederick Nutt, Esq. &c. &c. pp. 311. *price* 6s. *boards.*

Although it has been affirmed that "the belly has no ears," there is need, it should seem, of no inconsiderable portion of what is called understanding, in order to appease its desires! Hence the publication of such multifarious systems of cooking, and, among others, of the notable composition now offered to the eating public by 'Squire Nutt. The present volume, however, is really what it assumes to be. It is the royal and imperial, or, according to the author's anticlimax, the 'Imperial and Royal Cook;'

and will, we doubt not, prove sufficiently gratifying to those "thousands of opulent families, both in town and country, who, (as 'Squire Nutt saith,) wish to give handsome occasional entertainments to their select friends; and who, on such occasions, are not so scrupulous of expences!" Anticipation seems in this instance accomplished.—'Squire Nutt's 'Imperial and Royal Cook' has, we hear, been incessantly in requisition, for some weeks past, both in the Stable-yard and Downing-street.

'Squire Nutt, we must add, hath, together with his cookery, condescended to prefix to his present volume, expressly, as we judge, for the delectation of the nymphs of the kitchen, a most striking likeness of himself! It was drawn by Satchwell, and is engraved by Woodman. May we not hope for a more intimate alliance between the fine dishes and the fine arts?

MEDICAL BOOKS.

A Letter to John Haygarth, M. D. F. R. S. &c. from Colin Chisholm, M. D. F. R. S. &c. author of an Essay on the Pestilential Fever: exhibiting farther evidence of the infectious nature of this fatal distemper in Granada, during 1793-4-5 *and* 6; *and in the United States of America, from* 1793 *to* 1805: *in order to correct the pernicious doctrine promulgated by Dr. Edward Miller, and other American Physicians, relative to this destructive pestilence.* 8vo. pp. 279. 6s. *boards.*

The title of this work is sufficiently indicative of its contents. The question which it discusses is momentous, for it involves the fate of thousands of human beings. Medical men have long differed about the nature of contagion; and we are convinced that none of them are perfectly satisfied that they have a clear knowledge of the subject. It might, however, be supposed that by this time they could have determined whether a disease was infectious or not; whether or not one patient could communicate a disease to another patient. That they are still in doubt, the present publication is a strong proof; and not only in doubt but in strife, for some parts of it are written in a style of warmth and severity which can only be justified by the conduct of the opposite party. However personal allusions and opprobrious epithets may soothe the irritated feelings of an author, they disgust the man who reads to obtain knowledge, and prove amusing to a very small, and certainly not the most respectable part of the community. Dr. Chisholm, in our opinion, has taken the right side of the question, and if he had taken as much pains in stating his arguments, as he has in parrying the thrusts of Dr. Miller, we should hear no more of the latter gentleman, who, together with his party, would soon be forgotten; as it is, the ball of contention is likely to be kept up a little longer.

It is unnecessary for us to detail the symptoms of the malignant yellow fever; this book is not written with a view of giving its history, so much as to prove that it, is highly infectious. The author regards it as an idiopathic disease, differing essentially from the yellow remittent fever, from the plague, from the hospital, or jail, or typhus fevers of this country. He admits that in many particulars these diseases bear a considerable resemblance to each other, but we think that he fails in ascertaining what he calls their "line of demarcation." It appears to us, that they are merely modifications of each other, at least if we except the plague, which possesses some characteristics peculiar to itself; and differs only according to the circumstances of climate, situation, predisposition, and the degree of virulence of the matter of contagion: we term it matter of contagion, for it is something which is emitted from one human body, and being communicated to another, produces a similar disease.

The mild remittent form of yellow fever it seems is not contagious; it only becomes so when it assumes the pestilential malignant character; hence many physicians, who have only seen the first disease, confidently believe that it is never contagious in any form. Dr. Chisholm has stated in strong terms, the fatal consequences of this delusion; and from what he advanced on this subject in a former work, has incurred the censure of Dr. Miller, and some of the American Anticontagionists. We have oc-

casionally heard with astonishment, certain physicians in our own country attempt to prove that the typhus or jail fever is not infectious. But what opinion can we entertain of the understanding or the integrity of the American physicians and philosophers, who, to use their own expressive language, " have viewed the rise and progress of pestilence, walked amidst it by day and by night, year after year, beheld their friends and fellow citizens falling around them as on the field of battle, and have endured its violence in their own persons almost to the extinction of their lives and property," and yet deny that the fever is contagious ? In the city of New York, within the short space of three months, upwards of twenty practitioners of medicine were carried off by the fever. Notwithstanding the frequent recurrence of these scenes of horror and desolation, these fearful evidences of mortality seem to make no impression on the minds of our transatlantic brethren, who from motives of interest, or from a vain love of distinction, regard the practitioners of Europe that believe these ravages are induced by contagion, as very fools. But the performance of quarantine, the enforcing the necessary regulations for removing the infected from the sound ; the establishment of houses of recovery, and the observation of cleanliness, are deemed obstacles to Commercial enterprize, calculated to excite alarm, and to sink the reputation of the city ! Good God ! are the lives of millions to be sacrificed at the shrine of Plutus, and physicians too, to minister at the sacrifice ? The merchants and the rich fly to their country houses, and aloof from danger, boldly affirm the absurdity of believing in contagion; their medical friends concur with them in this belief, so repugnant to the evidence of their senses and their feelings. During the last war, one loss of men in the West Indies chiefly from infectious fevers, was incredible. But Great Britain alone did not suffer : " two thirds of the Dutch troops sent to take possession of St. Eustatius, after the treaty of Amiens, perished in less than a twelvemonth after their arrival." The powerful French army in St. Domingo was annihilated by disease, not by arms. Villaret de Joyeuse, a brigadier general, and brother to the commander in chief at Martinique, stated, " that the French, in sixteen months, out of 28,000 men, had lost two thirds of the number, and of the remainder, not 6000 were capable of bearing arms. Since that period, we are happy to state that better regulations have obtained, and from the care which is now taken to prevent the spreading of contagion, and the beneficial effects which have already resulted from the precautions which have been adopted, we have little doubt that such mortality will never again occur.

Essay on Warm and Vapour baths ; with hints for a new mode of applying heat and cold, for the cure of disease, and the preservation of health. Illustrated by cases. By Edward Kentish, M. D. Physician to the Bristol Dispensary. pp. 114. *price* 4*s.* 6*d.* 1809.

The practice of bathing is not less conducive to health than instrumental to pleasure. It secures us from the attacks of some diseases, and relieves us from the effects of others. We have therefore considerable satisfaction in announcing a publication which gives an interesting account of the early use of baths, and the various modes in which they are employed by the inhabitants of different countries, as the instruments of luxury, of preserving health, and of curing diseases. Dr. Kentish has had great opportunity of witnessing the beneficial effects of hot and vapour baths in particular, and his explanation of their influence upon the human system, is simple, judicious, and consonant with the facts which we have noticed. In chronic rheumatism especially, the vapour bath is an admirable remedy ; and several cutaneous affections are much benefited, if not entirely removed by its application. In cases of general torpor, debility, and diminished arterial action, with an occasional sense of chilliness, the torpid bath is often highly efficacious ; and it materially assists the operation of some remedies which would otherwise prove inert or of inferior power. The alternation of the cold and the hot bath, when directed by skill, is also attended with good effect in some complaints, and if per-

severed intends to enable a person to resist sudden changes of weather, and acquire a vigorous constitution.

A Practical Materia Medica, in which the various articles are fully described, and divided into classes and orders, according to their effects. Their virtues, doses, and the diseases in which they are proper to be exhibited, are fully pointed out. Interspersed with some practical remarks, and some select formulæ. To which is added, a general posological table. Intended principally for the use of Students and junior practitioners. 1809, *pp.* 301. *Price* 5s.

The title of this work is sufficiently explanatory of its contents, which may be perused with advantage by the description of persons to whom they are addressed.

A letter addressed to the Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham, President; his Grace the Duke of Somerset, the Right Honourable Nicholas Vansittart, Maxwell Garthshore, M. D. &c. George Vansittart, Esq. Vice Presidents; and the other members of the general committee of the society, for bettering the condition and increasing the comforts of the poor; proposing a plan for improving Dispensaries and the medical treatment of the diseased poor. By John Herdman, M. D. &c. London, 4to *pp.* 22. *sewed,* 1s. 6d.

In this letter, Dr. Herdman has painted in glowing colours, the miseries which poor people suffer when ill, from the want of suitable nourishment, which he proposes shall be supplied from the dispensaries along with the medicines, under the immediate direction of the physicians. We do not think this a very practicable scheme, but the intent is humane, and as the experiment is now trying by the establishment of an institution which embraces these objects, we shall refrain from offering the strictures which were suggested by the consideration of this proposed plan.

POETRY.

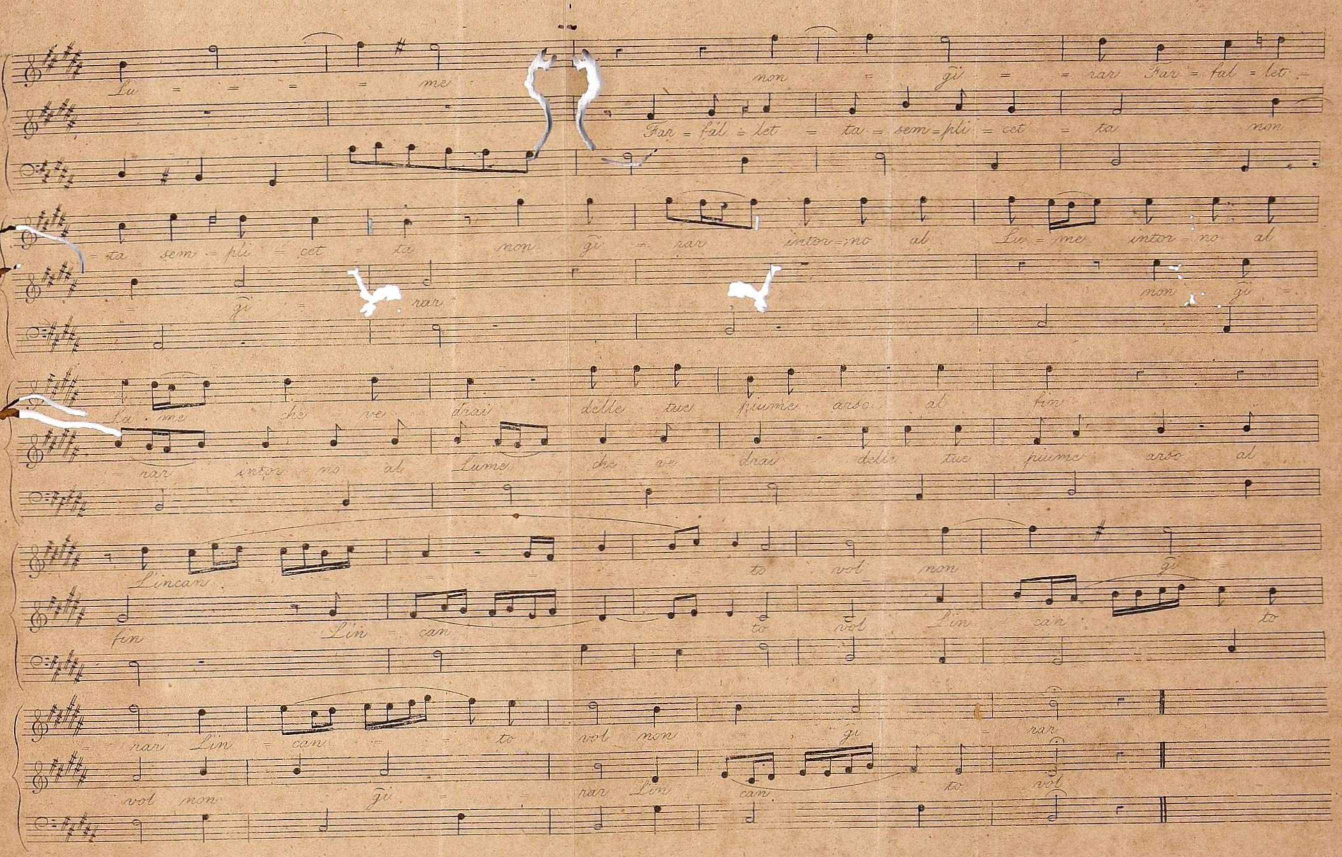
Quid Nunc? Selections from the Poems of the late W. Cowper, Esq. contrasted with the Works of Knox, Paley and others; on Fashion, Cards, Charity, Clergy, Priest, Pulpit, Duelling, Slander, Lying, Duplicity, Domestic Happiness, Vice, Seduction. Price 1s. 6d. 1809.

There are so many good Selections from our best authors both in prose and verse, that the necessity at least of this publication is doubtful, our chief objection is to the form of this work, which will not make it desirable as a School Book, and beyond a circle of that nature, we do not think it will be enquired for. This, however, is rather a business of the publisher than ours.

These kind of publications add to the number of books without encreasing the stock of human knowledge, or indeed the means of attaining it.

The Council of Hogs, a descriptive Poem; containing a Patriotic Oration to the Swinish Multitude, pp. 15. *price* 1s.

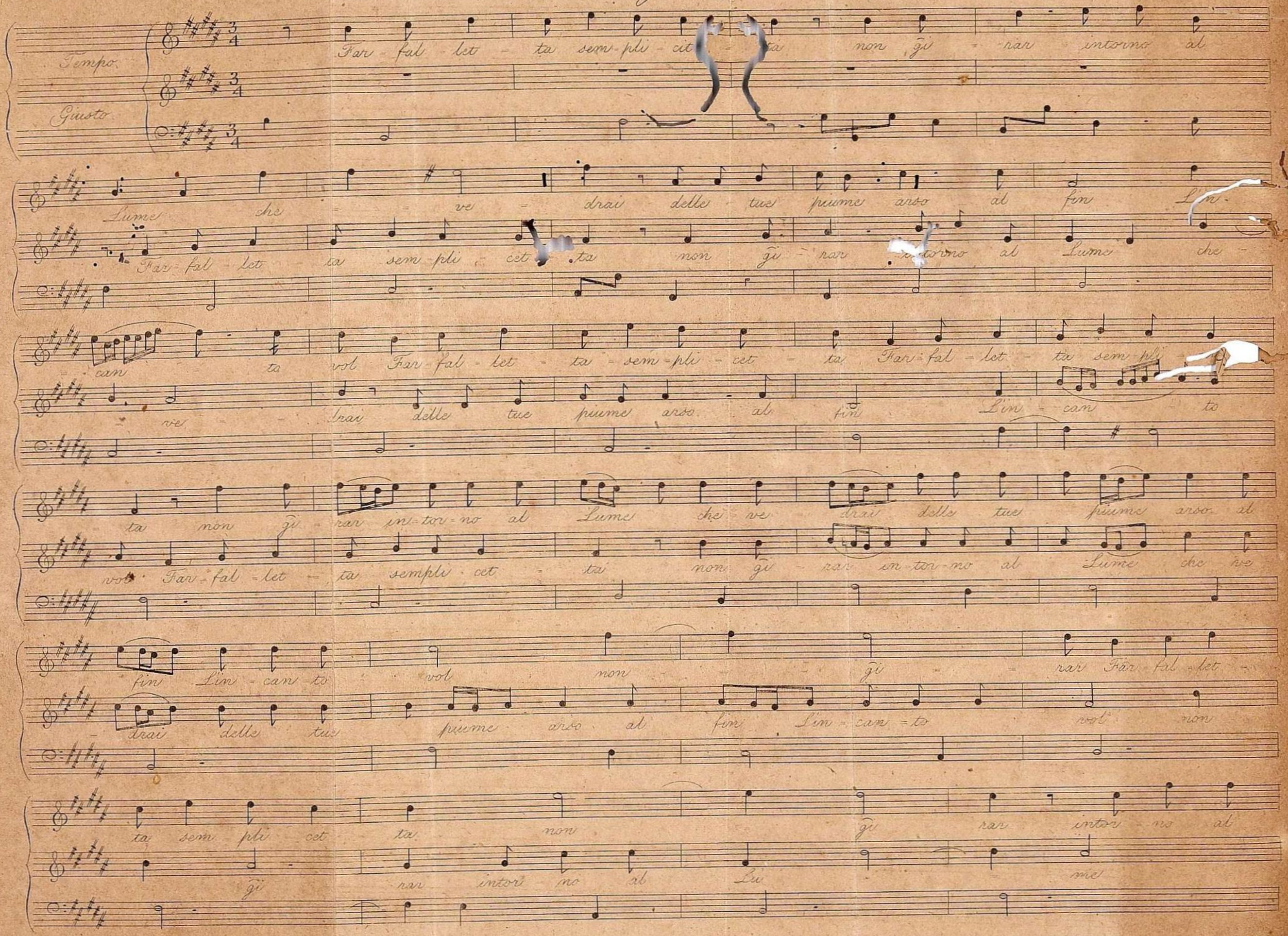
This is a very flimsy Satire against Mr. Cobbett, written without much point in very poor rhyme.



2

Quella face, che ti piace,
Quell'Ardor, che sì t'alletta,
Credi a me solo t'aspetta
Per tuo mal, e per tuo duol.

Duetto del Sig.r Marcello.



CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF MUSIC,

COMMENCING JANUARY 1809.

Allegro and Pollacca: Duett for Harp and Piano Forte, composed and humbly dedicated to Lady Mary and Lady Anne Lowther, by S. Dussek. 3s.

This is very easy and calculated for young performers. Mr. Dussek has fallen into an error very prevalent with modern composers of Pollaccas. The key note ought to form the last note of the final bar, and the composer should not descend to it before.

Dr. Crotch observes, (page 10.) of the Preface to his *Specimens*:

" The characteristics of the Pollacca, Polonoise, or Polonese, (as it is called by different nations) are the slow minuet time, and the peculiarity of its cadence; the last chord of which always falls on the third crotchet of the final bar."

We are sorry the musical world are by any circumstance deprived of a composer, the sweetness of whose melodies, and the adaptation of whose music to the genius of the piano forte, forms a strong contrast to the ephemeral compositions of the present day. His concertos will always be in esteem, so long as the piano forte is an admired instrument.

The adagio movement in his duett, for the piano forte, dedicated to the Sisters, for the exquisite pathos of its melody, and the scientific arrangement of its harmony has never been exceeded.

The favorite Pollacca and air, Contento il cor nel seno, and Welch air, the Red Piper. Melody; arranged with variations for the Harp, and humbly dedicated to Viscountess Lonsdale, by S. Dussek. 3s. 6d.

The Pollacca, which Mr. Dussek has here arranged, was composed by Mayer, for Madame Catalani. The error we pointed out in the last Pollacca, has been avoided in this. The arrangement seems peculiarly adapted to display the powers of the Harp to advantage, the variations to the movement where the time changes are at once shewy, and not difficult; uniting what is rarely met with, *brilliancy* and *facility* of execution.

Two favorite airs arranged with variations for the Harp, and humbly dedicated to Lady Millicent Acheson, by S. Dussek, 3s. 6d.

Of these two airs the first is the better; notwithstanding this air is extremely common, Mr. Dussek has contrived to give it interest; the third variation in particular is excellent, from the contrast of the forte's with the *sons etouffé*, which produces a striking effect.

The favourite air of O Cara Armonia, and an introduction, and Spanish military air for the Harp, arranged and dedicated to Miss Maria Gostling, composed by S. Dussek, 3s. 6d.

This is the well known air—" *Away with melancholy*," Mr. Dussek has taken a liberty with the original melody in the third and fifth bars, by *ascending* in the latter part instead of *iterating* the four notes; but this was ill-judged, the alteration might have been introduced with more propriety in the variations, as we think the *thema* would have been better entirely plain. We have seen this air much better arranged by Steibelt. We like the introduction to the Spanish military air, but the air itself is too common place.

Toccata for the Piano Forte, dedicated to Miss Pauline Paris, of St. Petersburg, composed by W. Tipper Ferguson, 3s.

Some of the passages of this Toccata are good, but not sufficiently difficult for this species of composition, the finest model of

this sort, is that by Mr. J. B. Cramer, in G. The tenths for the left hand constitute the principal difficulty of this piece. The legato passages in pages 3 and 8; are far superior to the others. The disappointed cadence in the last page is likewise good, and the conclusion is original. The whole is a very favourable specimen of his talents, and we hope to be better acquainted with them.

Air Ukrainien, with variations, for the Piano Forte, by W. Tipper Ferguson.

The *thema* of these variations is uncommonly beautiful, it is in a minor key, and partakes of the plaintiveness and solemnity of the slow Welch airs, particularly in the transition to the relative major, in the second part (the conclusion of which is harmonized in a most masterly manner) the variations display considerable ingenuity, and frequently remind us of J. Cramer. The 1st, 6th and 8th variations in particular. The last is a choral, and resembles the one in the duett for the piano forte, which Mr. Cramer wrote for Mrs. Billington and himself, this of Mr. F.'s is not quite so beautiful, *although* not *very* inferior.

Romance le Voyageur, from the Opera of La Tour de Neustad, with variations for the Piano Forte, dedicated to her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia, by W. Tipper Ferguson, 3s. 6d.

The subject of this is not so good as the last, nor are the variations so masterly, but that may be accounted for from the inferiority of the subject. The second variation is clever, and in the third the subject is ingeniously led off by the bass, and an entire new motivo is introduced in the treble. Of the two variations in the minor key, the sixth is very superior; the sforzando on the second note of the bar, is striking and judiciously contrasted with the piano, immediately following, which is uncommonly elegant. Mr. F.'s compositions altogether exhibit strong indications of a classical taste, and a genius of no common order.

Christmas Eve, or full well our Christian Sires of Old, from Marmion, a glee for three voices with a Piano Forte accompaniment, composed by Thomas Attwood, 2s. 6d.

The first movement of this glee, is something in the style of Dr. Calcott's "Red Cross Knights," but *haud passibus æquis.* It is inferior to his other productions, particularly the movement in the $\frac{6}{8}$ time. The accentuation of the word ce-re-mo-ny —in the fourth bar of page 5, strikes us as producing a very aukward, not to say ridiculous effect, and in the following bar there are two *naked fifths*, without the third. This might have been obviated by making the three first notes of the second treble g. a. g. Upon the whole this is far inferior to Mr. Attwood's glee in the *Curfew.*

Where shall the Lover rest? song and duett from Marmion, with Piano Forte or Harp Accompaniment, dedicated to Mrs. Billington, by T. Attwood, 2s.

This is a delightful little melody, and the style is truly classical. The transition from the relative minor to the major, in the 8th bar, although very beautiful, too closely resembles part of the choral in Cramer's duett (Cramer and Mrs. Billington). The effect of the four voices stealing in and harmonizing the last phrase of the melody, is new and beautiful. The accompaniment is put with the hand of a master, particularly to the third verse. As the words are long, Mr. Attwood has judiciously introduced a tenor line in the last verse and he has prevented it from becoming monotonous by making it a duett. We have seen these words set by others, but none have pleased us so well as this; it does great credit both to Mr. A.'s taste and science.

The First of May, or Awake the Lute, the Fife, the Flute: a glee for three voices, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte and Harp, or two Performers on one Piano Forte, by T. Attwood, 3s. 6d.

The style of this is rather too theatrical. The *points* are destitute of originality. The best parts are the accompaniments which are very brilliant, and appropriate to the words.

Lochinvar, from Marmion, with Piano Forte or Harp accompaniment, dedicated to Mrs. Billington. By T. Attwood. 1s. 6d.

The music of this piece is very *trifling*, and unworthy the composer of "*Where shall the lover rest?*"

Bright o'er the Green Hills: glee as sung by Mrs. Billington, Madame Bianchi, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Bartleman, with a Piano Forte accompaniment. By T. Attwood. 3s.

This is a much better glee than the preceding, but still we are disappointed of originality in the points: the most elegant passage begins with, *For him sweet hope*, in the last page.

The Seasons in London, composed by T. Damiani.

Book I.—We cannot compliment Mr. D. upon any part of this production. The words are very, very, trifling, and the music is quite good enough for the words. We think the *Trivia* of Gay set to music, would really cut a more respectable figure, and be at least as useful a composition. We are surprised Mr. D. should have written such an accompaniment as occurs, in the last note 21st, and the 1st note 22d bars, page 3. As Mr. D. is a foreigner we can account for his mode of accenting the last syllable of *America* and *Africa*, in the *Dress Song*.—We do not approve of the bass in the 19th bar of the *promenade* and *drive*.

Rondo: No more Love's Arts bewailing: composed by J. Clarke, Mus. Doc. of Cambridge. 1s. 6d.

This was evidently written for performance by a full band, as great part of the effect seems to depend upon the contrast of the different instruments. The subject flows easily. One of the best passages is where the *g* flat is introduced, at the words, "*Thy sighs are unavailing*. The temporary modulation to the second of the key, and the immediate return to the key note, occurs too often. The passage itself is both old and hackneyed, and produces the same sort of effect that we experience from anything that we have been *long*, but don't wish to be *better*, acquainted with.—We do not like the Fal, la, la, passage, it is very so, so, so. The melody is pretty, and the Rondo is upon the whole calculated to please those who are not the very best judges of music. The first note of the 17th bar, p. 6, ought to be *c* instead of *e*.—We should not have pointed out this error, but as the passage now stands there are consecutive octaves between the extreme parts.

There's nought but Care on ev'ry han: the poetry from Burns, composed by J. Clarke, M. D. 1s.

The melody of this Song, (which is in the Scotch style) although not very new, is extremely light and pretty. It displays considerable taste, and with proper attention to the pianos and fortes, (which are judiciously marked), will certainly produce a good and pleasing effect.

Shall I wasting in Despair, a canzonet for two voices, by the same. 1s. 6d.

In the first verse of this canzonet the transition to the minor key at the words "*Shall my cheeks look pale*," is appropriate, but does not it apply to the lines of the second verse? This fault, which is a very common one, is the more obvious, because, as a *canzonet*, the melody of the first verse should not have been applied to the second and third, but the words should have been set *throughout*. Although it may be said that Haydn has sometimes done this, for instance, in "*My mother bids me bind my hair*," yet the practice is foreign to the nature of the canzonet, and the deviation from the general rule should be justified by something very striking. We conceive the distinction between a *canzonet* and a *song* to be this:—In a *song* different verses may be sung to the same melody, but in a *canzonet* each verse should have its appropriate melody. Of the two movements the adagio is the better.

Canzonet for two Sopranos, Marked you her more than mortal Grace: with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Clarke. 1s.

The same observations apply *to this* canzonet, as to the last. The style of the first

movement reminds us very strongly of Mr. Spofforth's beautiful glee of "*Mark'd you her eye of heavenly blue.*" The melody is flowing and elegant.

The last Words of Marmion, expressly written for, and sung with unbounded applause, by Mr. Braham, (to whom it is inscribed) at the Oratorios, &c. &c. with an accompaniment, for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Clarke. price 3s.

The first eight bars of the introductory symphony are excellent, they are scientific and striking, the gradation of semitones is well managed, and prepare us for something better than we meet with in the succeeding movements. The recitative is short and spirited. The symphony to the air consists of the old crescendo passage, with which every body is acquainted. We are aware that this song is very popular, but we are not equally aware of what particular beauties entititle it to this distinction; some of the passages are certainly good, others are not bad, but this is the highest degree of praise we can bestow. Perhaps it borrows some of its popularity from the poetry, and some from Mr. Braham's singing, *juncta juvant.* There are many of Dr. Clarke's productions we estimate more highly.

The White Rose, the poetry by Miss Seward, composed by the same. 1s.

This song begins with a recitative in which the descent to the *a* flat, at the word fallen, is unexpected and well managed. The following andante movement is graceful. The accompaniment is well adapted. There is something original about the last symphony, and upon the whole this a song of great merit. The last note in the vocal part of p. 1, ought to have been *b* instead of *d*. The melody of this song approaches very near to the style of the Italian school.

It was upon a Lammas Night, the poetry from Burns, set to Music by a Gentleman. 1s. 6*d*.

We were agreeably disappointed in this production. As the composition of a *Gentleman*, we had supposed it calculated for his *own* amusement. There is considerable taste exhibited, with a fair garnish of science, particularly in the latter part of the song. In the short chorus which is harmonized for four voices, the parts are well put together; the second treble is not above the compass of a counter tenor voice, and it would have been better if it had been printed in the counter tenor cliff.

Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon, a favourite Scotch air, arranged as a duett for the Piano Forte and Violincello, by F. W. Crouch. 3s. 6*d*.

The arrangement of this beautiful air does infinite credit to the abilities of Mr. C. The harmonies are highly ingenious, and the violincello part is put with the hand of a master, who understands the character of the instrument for which he is composing. The episode is appropriate to the subject. It is calculated to display the violincello to great advantage, not from any difficulties or trick of execution, for it may be managed, with ease, by a moderate performer.

Ah, tender Flowrets: sonnet, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, or Harp, by M. P. King. 1s.

The general character of this sonnet is simplicity, but the passage at the words, "Ah sweetest plains," is peculiarly elegant.

A favourite movement from Jobit's sonata, by L. Von Esch. 1s. 6*d*.

We should have been more gratified by an entire production of Mr. Von Esch than by this movement which he has arranged from Jobit. His Introduction is too good for it, the *f* sharp has a striking effect opposed to the *e* flat, it is unexpected. The movement itself is very like some of Sterkel's Sonatinas, and has no great merit belonging to it.

Un moment de Recreation, by the same. 2s. 6*d*.

The bass of this divertisement is majestic although simple. We observe an error of the press in the 19th bar page 2. The two highest notes of the last chord should have been printed *b* and *f* instead of *e* and *g*.

The last movement is the Roxalane, in five sharps. We wish it had been longer.

A new sonata, with the favourite Siciliana, for the Piano Forte, dedicated to Miss Sophia Arnold, L. Von Esch. 4s.

This Sonata is a well adapted exercise for young performers. It has otherwise no peculiar merit, nor any thing particularly to censure.

A sonata for the Piano Forte, in which is introduced the favourite air of "Mary I believed thee true," composed by T. H. Butler. 3s.

This is rather in the *bad old style* than of the *good old school*. The bass consists mostly of the Arpeggio, and therefore produces a monotonous effect.

A favourite Rural Divertisement, for the Piano Forte or Harp, with an accompaniment for the German flute or violin, composed by Mr. Hook. 2s. 6d.

This Divertisement although trifling upon the whole, contains some pleasing passages, the best movement is the Andante. There is rather too much of the flute accompaniment.

Les Petits Riens, a divertimento dedicated to Miss Heathcote, by J. B. Cramer. 3s.

Upon first taking this up we had from the title given it to Von Esch, we almost suspect Mr. J. B. Cramer has borrowed the fancied Vigniette and Title, from that performer. We were, however, soon convinced the *music* was not Von Esch's, although we think it adds but a trifling wreath to Mr. Cramer's fame.

Select Movements from the different works of Corelli, adapted as Voluntaries, or Pieces for the Organ, by J. Marsh, Esq.

Select Airs and Chorusses, from the Oratorios, &c. of Handel, adapted as Voluntaries, or Pieces for the Organ or the Piano Forte, by J. Marsh, Esq.

Select Movements from the different works of Geminiani, Martini, Tartini, Sacchini, Paradies, Avison, Humphrey, Howard, Stanley, Felton, &c. &c. adapted as Voluntaries, or Pieces for the Organ or the Piano Forte, by J. Marsh, Esq.

The last is the only part of the volume which has been published since the period proposed for the commencement of our labours, but we cannot resist the pleasure we feel in recommending the fruits of Mr. J. Marsh's taste, and meritorious exertions; and as this work is a sequel of the former selections, we trust it will not be imputed to us that we unnecessarily or improperly notice the two former, which are bound up in the same volume.

Mr. Marsh's manner of adapting the different passages, originally written for the violin and other stringed instruments, to the organ and to the peculiar nature of the stops for which they are respectively marked, discovers a most profound and skilful knowledge of the best effects to be produced upon this sublime instrument, and if we had no other proof of his judgment and taste this would be sufficient to raise him very high in our opinions.

The last selection contains a greater number of *scarce* compositions, though not perhaps of equal *merit* with the former ones. We regret that he has not inserted any part of Geminiani's delightful concerto in *a* minor. There is likewise a beautiful movement in *a* major in Martini's fourth concerto (from his trio's) that we think merited a place in this collection preferably to others that are included.

In the second selection he has shortened some of Handel's compositions, but the reasons he has assigned are very satisfactory; he has rendered them much easier to a moderate performer than we have noticed them in any other selection.

The two first are selections of the finest music, but the latter is perhaps more valuable, as being selected from writers in the hands of a few, and attainable only at a great expence. *Vide* Preface.

The Mother's Hope, a favourite air, composed for and inscribed to Miss Augusta Scott Waring, by Michael Kelly. 1s. 6d.

There is considerable tenderness in the melody of this air: the *f* in the accompaniment

of the 5th bar (page 3) had better be omitted, there will then be contrary motion between the vocal part and the accompaniment, as it stands at present the naked fourth at the beginning of the bar has an unpleasant effect. There is a defect in the *Rythm* of the passage contained in the bars 8 and 9, page 3; there appears to us a bar too much. Upon the whole this is a pleasing composition.

Ply the Oar Brother, the Boat Glee, as sung with unbounded applause by Messrs. Huckel, Durousset, and Smith, at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, in the Drama of Venoni, or the Novice of St. Mark, written, and the Melody composed by M. G. Lewis, Esq. harmonized and arranged by Michael Kelly. 2s. 6d.

We think the melody of this song too closely resembles "The Beggar Girl." We do not quite understand the authority for the word "bomes." There is too much of the lower *c* in Durousset's solo. The *ad libitum* pas age at the end of it is taken precisely from the duett of "All's Well." The "*bom dash, bom dash*," sounds ridiculous to our ears. Mr. K. however seems to have done as much for this *Boat Glee* as could be done to keep such nonsense *above water*.

Why gentle Maid suppose me blind: a favourite air, dedicated to Miss Rose, by the same. 1s.

There is nothing to praise or censure in this composition.

Fly to Love, a much admired air, inscribed to Mrs. Billington, by Michael Kelly. 1s. 6d.

We wish this *air* had more *grace*. In bar 12 (page 2) the lower note of the accompaniment should be *c* sharp instead of *d*.

Fly from Love, a much admired air, inscribed to Mrs. Billington, by the same. 1s. 6d.

We prefer this air to the last we have noticed. The g flat at the words "these may prove," is very well introduced. The chord of the diminished seventh is an unusual treat from Mr. Kelly. In the 2d bar of the symphony (page 1.) the last bass note should be *d* instead of *e*, and the last words of the song are printed fly *to* love, instead of fly *from* love.

I hope your eyes speak Truth, a much admired song, written by Mrs. F. Homan: composed by M. Kelly. 1s. 6d.

The only passage in this song entitled to the praise of originality is in the accompaniment to the 2d verse, where the demi-semiquavers have rather a brilliant effect.

Six favourite Airs, from the Operas of The Haunted Tower, Siege of Belgrade, Beggar's Opera, Rosina, In and Out of Tune, and the Duenna: arranged as duetts for two Performers, on one Piano Forte, so as to preserve the melody of the Airs, by Dominico Corri. 5s.

We presume the latter part of this title is intended, by Mr. D. Corri, as an apology for not having introduced any thing new of his own. We expected rather more variety in the arrangement and harmonies, from the author of the music to *The Travellers*.

Eliza: a favourite Ballad, sung by Mrs. Mountain, the words written and adapted to an original Welch Air, by G. Nicks, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte. 1s. 6d.

The title expresses this ballad to have been adapted to an *original Welch air*, but there is nothing in the style that would induce us to think this was peculiarly Welch. The accompaniment is better adapted to the harp than to the piano forte. The last note in the bass, bar 7, page 2; and the first note of the following bar, would have been better an octave lower; at present the extreme parts, ascend from an octave to a fifth.

The admired Air, Caro Dolce, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, by G. Nicks. 1s. 6d.

This admired air is quite *à la contre dance*; the performer will not be puzzled with any abstruse modulations. Indeed, the

most remarkable feature of this production is, that, with the exception of a few in page 3, there is not a flat, sharp, or natural to be found in the whole composition. This is *simplifying* music with a vengeance.

A favourite Polacca, arranged as a duett, for two Performers on the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to the Misses Richardson, by Veronica Chianchettini, sister to M. Dussek.

This arrangement was probably intended for one of the first exercises of a young beginner, and as such it may be useful. We do not see the utility of marking the bars with *numbers*, where there is another part to guide the performer. In page 5, bar 3d, the *line* at the bottom of the note, *marked with a shake*, should be omitted—how is a note to be repeated six times with a shake? We do not understand the bass, in the last bar but one, in page 2, nor at the 3d and 4th bars, page 4. The first three notes in the bass 9th bar, same page should be *semiquavers.*

Quante Cose sono al Mondo, the favourite cavatina, sung by Signora Naldi, introduced in the Opera of La Capricciosa Pentita: composed by Signor Pucitta. 4s.

Alla Caccia, a cavatina, sung by Signor Morelli, composed by the same. 2s.

These are merely buffo airs, in the usual style of these compositions: they have no claims to particular distinction.

Zitto, Zitto, Zitto, a cavatina, sung by Signor Naldi, in the Opera of La Caccia di Enrico IV. composed by Signor Pucitta. 2s. 6*d*.

This would be lost in a private room.

Bella Innocenza, a favourite air, sung by Signora Griglietti. 2s.

The subject of this song is very old, it is also too high for the compass of most soprano voices, frequently ascending to *g*, *a* and *b*; it would have been better transposed a third lower.

Come un gallo sul pagliaro, a favourite guitar air, sung by the same, composed by Signor Pucitta. 1s. 6*d*.

Adorata Gabriella, a favourite guitar air, sung by Signora Collini, composed by Signor Pucitta. 1s. 6*d*.

Giardiniera Vezzosetta, a favourite guitar air, sung by Signora Pucitta. 1s. 6*d*.

Nel furor di Marte in Campo, a favourite guitar air, sung by the same. 1s. 6*d*.

The melodies of these songs are the same, and three of them are in the same key—the first is merely transposed to the fourth below, and to the last are introduced a few notes in the symphony, and few are added at the end of the air. The melody itself has something very simple and pleasing in it, and is a little in the style of Neapolitan music. The transition to the relative minor in particular. Whatever may be the merits of it, we, however, cannot avoid thinking that its frequent recurrence in the same Opera, is liable to the objection of giving too much even of a good thing. But were it necessary to be *sung* four times, there does not occur to us, any sufficient reason for *publishing* the same music four times. All the words to the same melody, might have been added at a very small trifling additional expence.

Qaul Silenzio, scene and air, sung by Signor Siboni. 2s. 6*d*.

The first word in the title of this song should have been written *Qual* instead of *Qaul.* This *Scenà* is highly creditable to the abilities of Signor Pucitta. The introductory symphony is masterly: the accompaniments to the recitative display much science, and are expressive of the words. There is a great absurdity in the larghetto, the notes that are supposed to be repeated by *echo*, are an *octave lower* than the *original* notes! This brings to our recollection the celebrated Irish echo, which, when interrogated with "*How do you do,*" answered "*Pretty well I thank you.*"

Crudo Amor, a cavatina, sung by Signor Siboni, composed by Sig. Pucitta. 2s. 6d.

The Allegretto movement of this cavatina is sprightly, but *not original*. It is in the polacca style.

Un Po D'Amore, a trio, sung by Signora Pucitta, Signora Collini, and Sig. Naldi, composed by Pucitta. 3s.

This trio is very unworthy the pen of a composer to the Opera House.

Un Palpito mi sento, a duett, sung by Signora Pucitta and Signora Collini, composed by Pucitta. 2s. 6d.

This duett is more tolerable than the last, but the repetitions are too frequent, and produce an effect very monotonous.

Viva Enrico—Chorus: composed by the same. 3s. 6d.

Nothing can be more simple than the harmonies of this chorus; they consist of the common chords of *c f* and *g*, with the exception of one passage *noi l'amiamo* (which is the best in the composition); the only modulation is to the fifth of the key, and back again. If the national taste for music, is to be estimated by the productions, that are fashionable at the Opera House, we must put it down very low indeed. That divine art, capable of inspiring every thing that is great and excellent, of rousing all the nobler passions of the soul, is fast dwindling into effeminacy and trick. The chaste airs of Correlli, Martini, Geminiani, and other writers of the old school, and the lofty flights of its best disciples, the elegance of Pergolesi (*il divino*), and of several other Italian masters: the manly, the pathetic, the grand and astonishing productions of Handel, are neglected for the lowest insipidity of composition, and the most unmeaning sing-song. Instead of looking for expression, grace, energy, or dignity in modern music; instead of going to admire the composition, we go to witness the tricks of a performer, who is then surest of our ignorant applause, when he traverses the finger board with the swiftest dexterity, or fritters away the human voice in unceasing, ridiculous flourishes.

If the powers of *invention* cannot be excited, by the amount of public patronage, why have we not the fine Operas of Gluck, Sarti, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Guglielmi, Piccini, and Winter, revived, or why not perform the exquisite Operas of Mozart? Are they too scientific for a modern audience, or beyond the powers of our modern vocal performers? It will not be disputed that the *Orchestra* at least is equal to the best of better times.

The much admired Ballet of Don Quichotte, ou les Noces de Gamache, performed with universal applause, at the King's Theatre, composed by F. Venua. 8s.

Mr. Venua has written some very good ballet music, but we think that the vein of his invention appears to be almost exhausted. His last production, although represented in the title-page as "the much admired," is, in our opinion, very inferior to many of his former ones that we could name. The best ballet music we have heard for many years, is "La Belle Laitiere," by Steibelt.

The first strain of No. 3, is a beautiful passage, and, perhaps, the best in this composition. The *f* natural after the *f* sharp is introduced in a novel and interesting manner.

Les Amours de Glauque, ou la Vengeance de Venus, a favourite Ballet, as performed with the greatest applause at the King's Theatre, Haymarket: composed by F. Venua. 7s. 6d.

The overture to this ballet is excellent, particularly the introductory movement which is grand; several parts reminded us of the adagios of Haydn. The iterated subject of the allegro is original, and is in several parts treated with considerable ingenuity; that part of the andantino, in 4 sharps, is one of the finest strains we have ever seen of Mr. V.'s. The second part appears to have been written *against time*, and symptoms of haste are more obvious than marks of excellence.

CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF MUSIC.

Twelve Italian Canzonets, with an accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte, dedicated to the Baroness of Schubert, by Adams Marcori. 7s. 6d.

Twelve ditto, ditto, ditto. 7s. 6d.

There is something novel and ingenious in the *thema*, page 39, of the 2d set, and the following vocal variations: although these passages are some of them far from easy, they are strictly vocal; and are progressively difficult.

There is a duett at the end of each set, but we give the preference to that in the 2d set.

In the 10th and 11th bar, page 29, 2d set, where the bass rises to *a* flat, there are two consecutive fifths; the same error occurs in the 7th bar, page 39. Upon the whole, these canzonets will form useful lessons to those who are studying the Italian style of singing.

Why Hangs my Love that trembling Tear, sung by Mr. Gibbon, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, composed by J. Birch. 1s.

The melody of this song is something in the style of Mr. Shield's compositions, but we do not approve the passage where the words, "repine at fate," are expressed. In addition to its being antiquated we think there are too many notes to each syllable. Indeed, this latter objection applies pretty generally to the whole of the song.

The Stifled Sigh, a pathetic song, sung with unbounded applause at Private Concerts: written by a Lady, composed by J. Birch. Price 1s.

There is nothing very novel or peculiarly interesting in this song, nor do we observe any thing which should have called for the *unbounded applause*, with which it is said to have been honoured. We think Mr. Birch more at home in convivial Songs.

Six Duettinos for two German Flutes, composed and respectfully inscribed to Joseph Knight, Esq. by A. Stowship. 3s.

[illegible]re in an easy familiar style, and [illegible] the improvement of young [illegible] flute, for whom they [illegible]ritten. The third duett reminds us very strongly of "Whither my love."

Miss Catherine Wallis's Waltz, composed and arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte and German Flute, by J. Monro. 1s. 6d.

This waltz is prettily arranged. The episodes are in character with the original melody, and the two intruments, for which this arrangement is intended, are very judiciously contrasted. The introductions to the repetition of the subject are well managed.

The celebrated air, A Down, a Down, a Down in the Valley, composed by Mr. Sanderson, and arranged as a Rondo, for the Piano Forte, by T. H. Butler, author of Lewis Gordon, &c. 2s.

The melody of the original air is pleasing, but we do not think it has acquired any additional excellence, from the manner in which it has been treated, by Mr. Butler. His additions would be equally applicable to any other *celebrated air*, upon which he may think proper to dispense his lucubrations. We must, however, in point of candour acknowledge that we never heard of this celebrated air of "A Down, a Down, a Down in the Valley," till it was honoured with Mr. B.'s notice. We have before noticed that Mr. B's style is quite *antiquated*, and is fortunately becoming almost *obsolete*.

The favourite air, Will you Come to the Bower, arranged as a Rondo, for the Piano Forte, by S. Hale. 1s. 6d.

Since the travestie of this song by Mr. Colman, in 'The Africans,' ('Will you Come Mr. Mug) which is so admirably given by Liston, we have never heard this air performed without its producing the most ridiculous sensibility of our laughing propensities, and we believe this effect is pretty general. As the original melody by Mr. Moore, has but very slight claims to public approbation, the selection of it will not do much to credit to Mr. Hale's judgment, neither will the present arrangement add much to his reputation as a composer.

Jack Jib, written by J. Kennedy, Esq. composed by J. Birch. 1s.

The melody of this song is bold and highly characteristic. The last note of the vocal part, bar 3, page 2, should be a *g*, instead of an *a*. The passage which concludes the 5th bar, in the same page, brings to our recollection the excellent song of Mr. Davy, 'May we ne'er want a Friend.' We wish Mr. B. would confine himself more to this species of composition—we mean manly convivial songs.

Go Lovely Rose, a favourite duett, composed with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by H. Denman. 1s. 6d.

The symphony to this duett is excellent. The syncopated notes in the last three bars remind us of Haydn, and are not unworthy the most classical composer. The duett is altogether so good that we regret Mr. D. has omitted the two last stanzas, which are beautiful; we, therefore, subjoin them for such of our readers as may have the duett, and wish as much as we do to lengthen it. The lines are by Waller.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty, from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

Come let us all a Maying Go, a favourite duett, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed by H. Denman. 1s. 6d.

The subject of this little duett is light and pleasing, the accompaniment is very ingeniously adapted to the respective words. We suggest it to Mr. D. whether the bars 14 and 15, in page 3, would not have a better effect if, instead of being repeated by the same voice, each were to take it alternately, thus—

We entertain no doubt, but this duett will become, (and very deservedly,) a favourite with those who are fond of sprightly and chearful Music.

Six Serenades, with variations for the Piano Forte, and an accompaniment for the Violin, composed by Dr. J. Clarke, of Cambridge, and dedicated to his Friend F. Cramer, Esq.

These serenades resemble very much in style the ingenious little divertisements of Ferrari, and they will probably add as much to Dr. Clarke's reputation, as he either proposed or expected. He should have expressed in the title, that the violin accompaniment was obligato; the two instruments are equally conspicuous in the alternation of parts. Indeed, the violin parts are more difficult, and require a better performer than those which are written for the piano forte. Several of the variations will form good exercises for the double stops on the violin. The 4th variation to the first serenade is performed in a very singular manner, by striking the strings with the *back* of the bow.

The Ocean Tomb, a favourite song, composed with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Clarke.

This is a clever song. The symphony is original, and what is more unusual it is appropriate to the subject. The words are in many passages most admirably expressed, and it is altogether a song of very superior merit.

The favourite ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' harmonized for four voices, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Clarke. 3s.

The peculiar characteristic of the ballad style is *simplicity* and *pathos*, whatever tends to diminish these requisites, whether in the poetry or the music, takes away so much of the character, which essentially belong to both: additional harmonies, ad-
tional ornament, may render it
lent, as a *composition*, but i
ballad. With these n
tions, we proceed

us. We cannot conceive that Dr. C. was insensible to the absurdity of four voices, (*three* of which are *men's* voices, and *one* a *bass*) singing at the same time—" Young Jamie loved me weel, and ask'd me for his bride."

Indeed, there is a ridiculousness in these arrangements that defies the gravity of criticism, and we can find no excuse for them, but in that necessity which there seems to be of supplying the craving appetites of the public for something new, with variety, however trifling and puerile it may be, in the absence of *original* compositions.

Of the melody, (particularly, where it so expressively changes to the minor,) we cannot speak too highly; but in the arrangement of the harmonies, we observe nothing to counterbalance the absurdity we have noticed, or which can add one wreath to the brow of Dr. Clarke.

Mary's Dream, harmonized for four voices, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Clarke. 2s. 6d.

There is more ingenuity displayed in the arrangement of this ballad; but the same absurdity presents itself which occurs in the last article, though not perhaps so obvious. Dr. C. has omitted the third verse. We have heard this song at the Vocal Concerts, harmonized in a different manner by Mr. Greatorex, of which the last verse is highly ingenious in its contrivance, and scientific in its modulations, but we must again repeat our conviction, that the *simplicity* of those beautiful airs is so much injured by this practice, that we are only rendered anxious to hear them again in their pure, unsophisticated state.

The Maid of Sorrow, a dialogue and duett, for a soprano and tenor, from Carlisle's Arabian Poetry, composed and respectfully inscribed to the Misses Harrison, by Dr. Clarke. 2s. 6d.

The symphony to this dialogue though short, is highly characteristic. The piano passage is remarkably elegant, and derives additional effect from its contrast with the preceeding forte. The introduction of the *e* flat at the words "*Is it sleep*," is expressive. The andante movement in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, is defficient in pathos, and we think the words, "Ah I mourn no fancied wound," &c. would have had a better effect in a minor key. The accompaniment to the words, "the Snakes which curl around" is appropriate and well adapted. The subject of the last movement is to be found in almost every duett of *no reputation*, that was published about fifty years ago. In fact the whole movement is very inferior to the others.

John Anderson my Jo, a glee for four voices, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed by Dr. Clarke. 2s. 6d.

This is a very trifling composition, and we almost suspect that this and some others, were *done* at *so much a piece*. There is no variation in the harmonies of the several verses. Neither is there any thing in the arrangement which might not have been performed by the verriest tyro in music.

Ah! Gentle Zephyr, a favourite air, sung by Madame Bolla and Mrs. Vaughan, composed by Dr. Clarke. 2s. 6d.

We suspect this air was not originally written for the words that are now adapted to it, but rather to Italian words. We are confirmed in this conjecture by Madame Bolla being the singer, and because the music would suit any words full as well. It is probable the air was composed at a leisure moment, and put by for use, and if it had never been drawn from obscurity, it would have substracted nothing from the Doctor's reputation. The subject of the last movement is another old duett passage.

The Banks of the Dee, harmonized for four voices, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed and respectfully dedicated to Miss Parke, by Dr. Clarke. 3s.

This is another old ballad harmonized for four voices. It brings to our recollection subjects familiar with our childish days. In much the same manner as the represen tations of Blue Beard and Mother Goose,

upon the theatrical boards; and we cannot help expressing our regret that this ridiculous mania is extending itself in the regions of music, as it confirms our suspicions that what will *sell*, is more an object with composers, than what will *improve our taste*—by the bye, this is no equivocal proof of degeneracy in whatever department the infection spreads. The third verse is a species of variation of the original air, and is well calculated to display to advantage a Soprano voice, that is brilliant in its upper tones. We do not understand the Doctor's reason for marking this verse soprano *obligato*; because the soprano (we presume) cannot be dispensed with, in the other verses any more than in this.

Young Lochinvar, Lady Heron's song from the celebrated poem, entitled Marmion, written by Walter Scott, Esq. composed with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Liston, by J. Whittaker. 1s. 6d.

We have already noticed this song set by Mr. Attwood, whose arrangement we prefer to this of Mr. Whittaker; on account of his having united two stanza's into one; but a great objection to either of them becoming popular, is the extreme length of the words; this we think Mr. W. has injudiciously added to, by a repetition of the first and second lines. It is remarkable, that both these composers have expressed "so dauntless in war," by a repetition of the same passage, which is employed to express the words "so faithful in love." We think it requires something more than merely marking the respective passages, dolce and forte, to distinguish sentiments, which appear to us not only as possessing nothing in common, but which, to our apprehension, have nothing either, similar or analogous. The best part of Mr. W.'s song is the *bass*. We do not much admire either of these compositions; but as the productions of rival genius, we must, upon the whole, decree the palm to Mr. W.—*palmam qui meruit ferat.*

Each has a Lover but me, a ballad, sung with n-bounded applause, by Mrs. Liston, at the Theatre Royal Hay-market, composed with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by J. Whittaker. 1s. 6d.

We can readily conceive that a ballad, possessing less intrinsic merit than this, may be received with unbounded applause, when recommended by Mrs. Liston's *appropriate accompaniments of* humourous *acting* and a humorous *person*; otherwise we cannot discover what should entitle it to this honourable distinction. It descends in two places to *b* below the stave: should any of our fair readers find this beyond their compass, they may take the same notes as the accompaniment, *d f b*, or alter the low *b* to an *f*, and let the other notes remain as they are; we fear, however, that the words will prove an obstacle to this song becoming popular otherwise than on the stage.

Good Night, written by T. Moore, Esq. composed by Whittaker. 1s. 6d.

We have seen this song set by the author, but certainly inferior to Mr. W.'s; at the same time we think this melody deficient in tenderness. Without meaning to substract any thing from Mr. Moore's originality, (as some have endeavoured to do,) we cannot help thinking the idea of this song was taken from Shakspeare—

Good night, good night; parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night 'till it be morrow.
Romeo and Juliet.

We admire Mr. W.'s ingenious repetition of the passage at the words "I'll repeat it o'er and o'er."

The Spanish Lady's Patriotic Farewell to her Lover, composed by J. Whittaker, written and dedicated to Miss Martinez, by Miss Betham. 1s. 6d.

The words of this song are of a temporary nature, and we fear Mr. W.'s composition will not render it less fugitive. We very much approve the plan of writing the music to the vocal part of the 2nd verse—it greatly assists the singer.

The Well of St. Keyne, a favourite song, written by the author of Hartford Bridge, composed by J. Whittaker. 1s. 6d.

This is very much in Dibdin's best style, and we make no doubt it will become a popular song in convivial parties. The epigrammatic turn of the last verse came a little unexpectedly upon us, and we dare say will be relished by others as well as ourselves.

Silent Kisses, written by Leigh Hunt, composed by J. Whittaker. 1s. 6d.

This song possesses very superior merits. The violincello accompaniment is so contrived as to add very much to the effect, and yet the song does not appear to want any thing when necessarily sung, without being accompanied by that instrument.

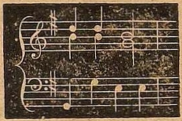
Mary, Mary, list! awake! written by L. Hunt, composed by J. Whittaker. 1s. 6d.

This is a very pretty melody: the accompaniment is well adapted, and is in Mr. W.'s accustomed superior style; at the same time, we confess that we should prefer the following accompaniment of the 13th and 14th bars, page 2,

instead of that which Mr. Whittaker has given.

The False Friend, a favourite rondo, composed and arranged for the Piano Forte, by M. P. Corri. 1s. 6d.

This false friend is only "an old friend with a new face," we recognize him in almost every bar. We are, therefore, surprised at that part of the title page, which says, *composed* by M. P. Corri. This Gentleman might, perhaps, feel some security in the knowledge he must have possessed, that nobody would feel inclined to dispute his title to it, who had any regard for their own musical reputation. When we state that the following abominable passage occurs twice in the 3d page, (and therefore, was not, we presume an error of the press,) we need not produce any other instances to justify our censure of this wretched production.



Six German Waltzs, three Spanish Fandangos, and three Scottish Airs, entirely new, composed and arranged for the Piano Forte, by M. P. Corri. 3s.

These are said to be *entirely new*, probably to distinguish them from the last article, which is not *entirely new*. The only way in which we think this *collection of notes*, may be rendered useful is by making it a lesson to point out what ought to be avoided, as we scarcely recollect a single error in the whole grammar of music, that may not be exemplified in this production. We are really surprised that Messrs. B. and W. should lend their respectable names to the publication of this vile trash.

Ca'l again To-morrow, a favourite comic song, sung with unbounded applause by Mr. Smith, in the Aquatic Romance of the Magic Minstrel, written by C. Dibdin, jun. composed by Mr. Reeve. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Reeve has written some very pleasing melodies, and is, perhaps, the best composer of *Comic* Songs that we have; but he really does not do justice to himself; the accompaniments outrage all the principles of composition, and as a theorist he is altogether deficient. In this short song, there are no less than four consecutive fifths. Vide bars 7-8, page 1, bars 4, 9-10, 13-14, page 2.

Oberon, the Fairy, a favourite song, sung by Master Durouset, at Sadler's Wells, in the Romance of the Magic Minstrel,

written by C. Dibden, jun. composed by Mr. Reeve. 1s.

The melody of this song reminds us of Sir Felix Friendly's. "When Jacky Bull," &c. in The Agreeable Surprise. It is one of those which will be heard without interest and forgotten without regret.

The Cottage in the Vale, a favourite ballad, sung with unbounded applause, by Mr. Pyne, in the Aquatic Romance of the Magic Minstrel, by the same. 1s.

This a very pretty melody, and there is more *meaning* in the accompaniment than we generally find in Mr. Reeve's composition. If we could suspect Mr. Reeve of adverting to the accompaniment of that exquisite recitative "Comfort ye my people," we could almost believe he had the principal idea of it in view, when he composed the first part of this song. It is disfigured by a grammatical error in the 1st bar, page 3,* where there are two consecutive octaves—between the treble and accompaniment. We think Mr. Reeve would find his account in the employment of some scientific friend to arrange his melodies.

A Quintett for two violins, two tenors, and a violincello, composed by Louis Van Beethoven. 6s.

A Quintett for two violins, two tenors, and a violincello, by the same. 6s.

We notice these works together, because we apprehend it is merely one work divided into two, for the sake of the performers and purchasers. The first concluding with a minuet and trio, and the second beginning with an air with variations, and concluding with a presto in the same key as the first. Of the two divisions, we give a decided preference to Book II. The subject of the *thema* is simple and beautiful; the last movement, though rather too wild, possesses all the glow and fire of genius. We regret the malady of this great composer, which deprives the musical world of the pleasure they might have derived from the productions of his great original genius.

Three Quartetts for two violins, tenor, and violincello, dedicated to his Excellency Count Rasoumoffsky, Privy Counsellor to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia. 12s. *or single* 5s. *each.*

We scarcely know how to characterise these compositions; they are at least *eccentric*, if not *erratic*; and we fear the flightiness which pervades them will prevent their being so popular as the more regular compositions of Haydn and Mozart. We do not mean to deny them merit of a very superior kind, but we do not always understand what the composer would be at.

The Minstrel's Harp, a cantata, from The Lay of the Last Minstrel, with an accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte. by Dr. Clarke. 1s. 6d.

The symphony to this cantata is rather too long, and there is nothing in the composition which can reconcile us to its length. We have seen these words beautifully set by Mr. Attwood as a glee, with a double accompaniment, which is probably the reason why we do not think so highly of this composition as it, perhaps, deserves. The two *d*'s in the bass, page 2, should be two *c*'s, and the two *c*'s in the bass of the 8th bar should be *d*'s. We think Dr. C. would write *better* if he were to write *less*.

Fair Jessy the Maid of the Moor, a ballad with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by the same. 2s.

This a very pretty ballad. The melody is easy and natural. The first part is similar to Mrs. Bland's song in Tekeli. In the accompaniment, Dr. C. has very judiciously expressed the words. In the last bar but one of the concluding symphony, the contrary motion in the bass is particularly good.

A duet for two Performers on the Piano Forte, in which are introduced, for subjects of the slow and last movements, Scottish airs, dedicated to Miss Gordon, by John Ross, organist of Aberdeen. 4s.

This duett is much in the style of Pleyel. There is no great extent of originality or science displayed in the composition. The

Scotch air of Moggy Lauder, (which is the subject of the last movement,) is very ingeniously arranged. As the key in which this duett is written (4 flats) is always imperfect in keyed instruments, we think it would have been better if written in *a* 3 sharps—particularly as the class of performers for which it appears intended, would have found less difficulty in that key.

A Sonata for the Piano Forte, in which are introduced favourite Scots Airs, dedicated to Miss Finlason, by John Ross, Organist of Aberdeen. 4*s.*

This is a very pleasing sonata. We are sorry the composer so soon lost sight of the point which begins page 2; it is pleasing, and would have afforded him an opportunity of exhibiting much science in the treatment. The second *a* in the 14th bar, page 3, should have been marked natural. The Scotch air in the minor key, which forms the subject of the largetto, is well chosen, and possesses all the pathos which is so peculiarly characteristic of the slower Scotch melodies. The allegretto, which immediately follows, is sprightly, and forms a judicious contrast to the preceding slow movement. There is also considerable ingenuity displayed in the manner of Mr. Ross's arrangement.

Upon the whole, it is one of the cleverest compositions we have met with by Mr. Ross.

Go burning Sighs, a favourite arietta, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by M. P. King. 1*s.* 6*d.*

We cannot compliment Mr. King upon the composition of this arietta. We think the words susceptible of much more effect, than is given to them.

If 'tis not Love, a favourite arietta, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by M. P. King. 1*s.* 6*d.*

This is superior to the last arietta, but we do not think this species of composition is Mr. K.'s *forte;* it is very short, and our fair readers will, perhaps, be inclined to characterise it as a "dear *little thing.*" The *d* in the accompaniment, 5th bar (page 3) should be a *e*. We do not like the position in which the chord of the 6th at the pause (page 5) is taken. We should prefer it with *c*, and the octave to the *f* (the *a* omitted).

Ye laughing Gales, a favourite arietta, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by M. P. King. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The commencement of this arietta, and several of its passages remind us of Dr. Boyce's duett "Together let us range."

The mode in which the several breaks or pauses are introduced between the sentences which compose the words, do not appear to us judicious; on the contrary, they have the effect of disuniting the sense; particularly where the whole bar of symphony is introduced between the words, "the Silky Tangles," and the words of "her Locks unbraid," which form one line. The best passage throughout whole the piece is where the *d* sharp is introduced in the bass, bar 13, page 3. It is unexpected and masterly.

Three Sonatas for the Piano Forte, in which is introduced the following favourite airs—When War's Alarms—The De'ils awa 'wi th' Exciseman—Gentle Youth! this is no my ain House, composed by J. B. Cramer. 8*s.* 6*d.*

These sonatas, although not in the grand style of Mr. J. B. Cramer, abound with many pleasing passages. We recommend them (to younger students) as an introduction to his more masterly compositions. The third sonata is the best, it has more of the peculiarity and beautiful style of Mr. C.

Three Sonatas for the Piano Forte, with an accompaniment for a Flute or Violin, ad libitum, composed by J. Woelfl. 8*s.* 6*d.*

This the easiest set of sonatas by Mr. Woelf we have met with, his compositions are in general beyond the powers of moderate performers. In the 4th page 1, there is an error, the lowest note of the 1st chord should be *a*. As Mr. W. does not appear to have intended these sonatas to rank among the higher flights of genius, we receive them, as we conceive he expected, among the pleasing, though less elevated efforts of his abilties.

Mozart's Quintett in C Minor, arranged as a duett for the Piano Forte, by J. Wilkins. 5s.

This is the first time we have met with Mr. J. Wilkins, and the choice of so fine a composition for the exercise of his abilities would prejudice us in favour of his judgment, even if he had arranged this quintet of Mozart's, with less talent than he has really displayed. We wish to see more of these admirable compositions familiarized to the public. The minuet and trio are, perhaps, the most perfect specimens of exquisite taste, united to the most profound science. They are both canons, the latter *al roverscio.* The particular beauty of the canon is to be what it is without the appearance of being so.

" *Artis est celere artem.*"

These are a fine illustration of this rule, as they possess all the beauty of melody, and all the freedom of unshackled composition, so much so that if they were not expressed to be in canon it might not be even suspected.

Three Duetts for two Flutes, composed and humbly dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, by C. Griesbach, Musician to their Majesties. 8s.

The style of these duetts is somewhat antiquated, but we dare say the author has accomplished all that he proposed, when he set about writing them, as they are easy, and adapted to improve beginners. They contain some pleasing passages, but nothing very remarkable.

Delassement for the Piano Forte, with or without additional keys, in which are introduced the following favourite airs—Kitty of the Clyde—Far, far from me my Lover flies—Have you forgot the Masquerade—composed, selected, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Tessier, by N. B. Challoner. 3s.

There is a considerable portion of taste and ingenuity in the arrangement of these airs. We believe Mr. Challoner is the leader of the band at Sadler's Wells, (at which theatre Mr. Reeve is composer and a proprietor: from the manner in which he has harmonized Mr. Reove's song of " Kitty of the Clyde," we are confirmed in the opinion we have already expressed that Mr. B. may derive considerable advantage from the employment of a gentleman of science to arrange and harmonize his melodies. The latter part of this delassement is not equal to the former.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to Woefl, by Charles Neate. 4s.

There is much learning and originality discoverable in this sonata, but we fear that in the pursuit of the latter Mr. Neate has wandered from nature in the composition of his melodies, and has been led into a wildness which his maturer judgment will probably correct. At the same ime, we would rather have these excrescences to cut away, than a barren sterrility to improve. The last movement, which is a toccat*a* (not toccat*o*) will afford an excellent practice for the piano forte. We shall be glad to see more of Mr. Neates's productions, at present, much as we approve this specimen, we admire him still more as a *performer* than as a *composer.*

In justice to Mr. Addison *we feel ourselves bound to print his Letter to us, in consequence of a mistake in our last Number, which we are happy to correct immediately.*

Gentlemen, *Saturday, May 6.*

I acknowledge the justness of your criticism, but beg you will correct an error which gives Mr. Kelly the credit of " *The clay cold dwelling,*" which was composed by

Your humble Servant,

J. Addison.

66, *Newman-street, Oxford-street.*

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

SINCE the decision of the House of Commons on the case of the Duke of York, it would appear that a very great change has taken place in public opinion and in the state of parties in this country. Publicity was so much courted upon that memorable occasion, and the party accused was so high both in rank and influence, that the public mind was interested in a most unprecedented manner; and almost every man in the empire felt as if he were a juryman in the cause. Upon the evidence, as stated in the ordinary channels of communication, the opinion of the nation was distinctly contrary to that which had been pronounced by a very large majority of the House of Commons. This decision was certainly received with no inconsiderable portion of public indignation in many parts of the kingdom, and meetings were pretty generally called, to return thanks to Colonel Wardle, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Folkstone, Mr. Whitbread, Sir Samuel Rommilly, General Fergusson, and to the principal speakers of the minority of 125. These votes of thanks were generally carried almost unanimously, and were accompanied with resolutions, blaming the conduct of ministers, and censuring the representatives who voted with them; as also with an expression of their conviction of the absolute necessity of an immediate reform of abuses (generally.) In these resolutions the metropolis and the county of Middlesex took the lead, and were followed by so many other counties, cities, and large towns, that it cannot be denied they contained the sentiments of a very considerable part of the great body of the nation. The resolutions were carried unanimously at a very large meeting in Westminster; and a few days after, the livery of London, at one of the fullest Common Halls that was ever remembered, came to still stronger ones. Among others, after mentioning the great influence of placemen and pensioners in the House of Commons, they came to the following resolution:—"That if any doubt could remain of the baneful effects of such influence, it has been sufficiently explained by the rejection of Mr. Wardle's proposition in parliament, *against the most conclusive evidence*, and unequivocal sense of the country; where it appeared that all his Majesty's ministers, and all the placemen and pensioners then present, (being 82 in number,) voted against the proposition."—They also returned thanks to Alderman Coombe, and voted censure on the conduct of their other three representatives, as well as upon the Lord-Mayor, for his declining, at different times, to convene the livery upon this subject.

Government still flattered themselves that notwithstanding these resolutions of Westminster and the livery of London, their influence in the Common Council (the first corporation of the kingdom) was so firmly established, that such resolutions would not pass in that body. In this hope, however, they were completely disappointed, for the resolutions of the corporation were still stronger than those of the livery; and similar ones were soon after agreed to both by the Borough of Southwark and the county of Middlesex. When it is recollected with what unprecedented unanimity those resolutions were carried in the metropolis, and how generally the example has been followed by other counties and cities, the livery of London appear to be justified in speaking of it as the unequivocal sense of the country. The friends of the Duke of York have endeavoured to explain, in their own way, this general feeling. They say that the public were deceived by garbled and mutilated accounts of the evidence; and that few of those who attended these meetings had read the whole of it. The answer to this objection is simple. If the newspapers that were supposed hostile to the Duke of York suppressed any thing

that was material in the evidence; why did not the papers that were in his interest supply that defect? Why do his friends content themselves with a vague charge, that the accounts given in newspapers are incorrect, without pointing out to the public wherein they are incorrect? or what facts, that were not before the public, induced them to form a contrary opinion?—The proceedings, however, against the Duke of York, were productive, of effects infinitely more important than the decision itself. The public mind was roused from that apathy and indifference with which it had for many years regarded the several parties which have been mutually contending for power. In all the resolutions of censure upon the line of conduct pursued by ministers on this occasion, there was not the slightest hope expressed from placing the old Opposition once more in power, or even of removing the present ministry from their situations.

The old Opposition did so little when in office, either to support the honour of the country against its foreign enemies, or to improve materially its internal situation, that no considerable body of the people appear to have sufficient confidence in them, to induce a wish for the removal of the present ministers, to make room for their return to office. The appointment of General Whitelocke to command the expedition to Buenos Ayres; the ill-planned and disgraceful expeditions to Rosetta and Constantinople; the desertion of all our allies on the continent; and a shameful supineness in making no exertion against the common enemy, at a time when it appeared that the last stake of Europe rested on that campaign; were the great features of their foreign policy. At home, they made fine imposing speeches about little partial reforms in the collection of the revenue, and its expenditure; which reforms, if carried into effect, themselves now tell us will never be felt by the people as an alleviation of their burthens: but the great and oppressive imposts which were laid upon the public during their short administration, the country will long continue to feel. The increase of the income tax from six and a half per cent. to ten, was accompanied with the insulting observation, that those who had been used to live on the first floor might go to the second floor; and those on the second floor might go to the garret. This ill-timed observation has sunk deep into the minds of the middling and lower classes, and the influence of its operation is perceptible in that general contempt which even the conduct of their successors is unable to remove.—There was another glaring inconsistency in their conduct, which has not escaped the strong understandings of the people, namely, that before they were in power, the late ministry held the truly English opinion, that Great Britain had no business to engage in a continental war about his Majesty's German possessions; but after coming into power, they expressly declared, that the restoration of these German possessions should be a *sine quâ non* of peace with France. On this principle, England must continue at war until every thing is undone again, upon the continent, which France has accomplished since her revolution. It was in this principle their boasted system of finance originated—*a system for enabling us to support a perpetual war.* This was the merit assumed by its authors; and it really appeared something like a miracle, even in our days of wonder, to observe how soon the very men who had always been considered the advocates of peace, became, all at once, the advocates of a system of perpetual war. We are not indulging ourselves in any prejudices of party, but merely stating a plain, notorious fact, when we say that although the country at large censured the conduct of ministers upon the late occasion, there was no expression of a wish that the party of the *ci-devant Whigs* should again come into power.—Without extending our argument to consider whether they *deserve popularity or not,* we believe it may be asserted, without contradiction, *that they do not enjoy it;* and that the word *Whig*, as applied to any party of the present day, is an less honourable distinction than an expression of contempt. This has been proved in the case of

Colonel Wardle. Mr. Whitbread, who retains his old attachment to the Whig Club, proposed Colonel Wardle (without his knowledge) as a member, and he was accordingly admitted with exultation. Col. Wardle, however, very prudently declined that which was intended as a compliment; for he would have risked the whole of the popularity that he has acquired, and thrown a shade of suspicion over his conduct, if it were believed that he had enlisted himself under the banners of the Whigs.—At a moment when the Whig Club appeared to be the only rallying-point for what are designated *the friends of reform*, that body enjoyed a certain degree of popularity: but from the time they got into power, and the public saw that the unsubstantial ground of reform shifted under their feet, and that the honour of the country was in their lips only, but not in their hearts, all confidence was withdrawn from them. This change in the public sentiment Mr. Whitbread was certainly not aware of, when he proposed Colonel Wardle as a member of the Whig Club, or when he gave it the support of his name and great talents.

We therefore only state to our readers the actual situation of parties and of public opinions in this country, when we say that, without shewing the least disposition for the return of the old Opposition into power, the public voice has censured the conduct not only of ministers, but of the House of Commons, on the late occasion, and has decidedly expressed a contrary decision, coupled, in many instances, with a wish for parliamentary reform. Until the period of which we are now speaking there appeared to be only two great recognised parties in the state—the Pittites and the Foxites. Under one of those great divisions each member of parliament was expected to range himself. The course of events has since given birth to a third paaty, which has now obtained a considerable degree of relative strength from the support of public opinion. When we contrast the abuse so liberally poured out against the former conduct of Sir Francis Burdett, with the almost unanimous thanks of many great and populous counties, cities, and towns in the empire, it is impossible not to perceive that there has been a great change in the public opinion, as well as in the conduct of the individual. In fact, to the whole 125 who voted with Col. Wardle the country has returned its thanks, and the friends of parliamentary reform look to them for support upon this subject. Among the number are certainly to be found men of the first abilities; and many of them give to the public not only the pledge of their past political life, but this further security for the honesty of their intentions, that they are men of considerable fortunes, which place them beyond the temptation of risking the popularity they have recently acquired, by participating in any scheme of political plunder. In point of parliamentary talents, Mr. Whitbread holds the first rank in the Opposition, and is certainly not surpassed by any member of the House of Commons. In the parliamentary discussions, ministers have by no means the same advantage over him, which they have over the late ministers. If any of the old Opposition charge them with neglect or want of energy, ministers, in their defence, observe ironically, "with what peculiar grace this argument comes from men who, when in power themselves, were so *remarkable* for their activity and energy."—Recriminations of this sort are found as powerful as arguments, in parliamentary warfare. The two old contending parties are never at a loss for such topics; they can always balance neglect with neglect, and *job* with *job*. The case, however, is very different, when ministers argue against Mr. Whitbread, or any of those men who have never accepted of any place, and who always professed that places were not their object. With such men the argument must be merely whether the matter in discussion be right or wrong; and there is no room for those retorts which give such poignancy to the replies of such as have themselves been placemen. Mr. Whitbread, as well as most of the gentlemen we have mentioned, have pledged themselves to support the cause of parliamentary reform, together with Mr. Coke of Norfolk, Mr. Curwen,

Mr. Byng, and many of the wealthiest commoners in the kingdom. Since the time when Mr. Pitt gave up the question of reform, and Mr. Grey ceased to bring it forward, the friends of that measure appear to have been without any leader of weight or character. The public opinion, however, seems to have taken another direction, and resolutions for parliamentary reform have been passed, not in Clubs or Corresponding Societies, but in the fullest meetings of London, Westminster, Southwark, Middlesex, Hampshire, Norfolk, and other counties and large cities, constitutionally and legally assembled. It would indeed be a libel on the people of this country, or rather, it would be an absurdity too gross for any man to say this originates in principles of jacobinism. If a majority of the people were even criminal in their views, like Mr. Burke we do not know how to draw up their indictment. It is strongly reported that there are personages of the highest rank not unfriendly to the cause of parliamentary reform; and if such be the case, there can be but little doubt of its ultimate success, and that, through the only channel by which we think it can be even attempted with safety.

Of the domestic events which have happened within the last month or six weeks, the most important are, the dinner at the London Tavern, given by the livery to Col. Wardle and those members of parliament who most distinguished themselves in his support; and also another dinner at the Crown and Anchor, of the friends of parliamentary reform, where Sir Francis Burdett presided, and where gentlemen of the first consequence from almost all the counties in England acted as stewards. Both these dinners were numerously and respectably attended, and excited a considerable degree of interest. At the dinner in the city Mr. Waithman presided, and Colonel Wardle, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Folkstone, Lord Archibald Hamilton, Mr. Curwen, Mr. Coke of Norfolk, Mr. Byng, and several other distinguished characters, pledged themselves unequivocally to the cause of parliamentary reform. Colonel Wardle took that opportunity of answering some aspersions that had been thrown out against his character with respect to Mrs. Clarke, by declaring that he never saw her in his life, until he sought her out for the purpose of supplying the necessary proof in the charges he exhibited.—At the dinner at the Crown and Anchor, the gallant Lord Cochrane, who had just returned from his victory over the French fleet in Basque Roads, was among the stewards, and was loudly applauded both at his entrance into the room. After the short speech in which he returned thanks for his health being drank, he professed himself friendly to parliamentary reform. Sir Francis Burdett, upon that occasion, as he had done before, at the meeting in Westminster Hall, delivered his sentiments at considerable length. "He took that opportunity of declaring, that he neither wished to have any other men put in in the places of the present ministers, *nor to see the throne suffer any thing either in splendor or in power.* He wished that the king should exercise his fair constitutional power through his own ministers, but that the people should also have what the constitution entitled them to—a House of Commons of their own choosing. He inveighed against the corrupt influence exerted by ministers through the means of pensioners and placemen, and considered that a parliamentary reform was the only remedy for all the evils under which the country laboured; and that such a reform would be a more powerful defence than a standing army." The opinions expressed by the leaders of the third party, or, as Mr. Tierney calls them, the party of the "no party" men, are necessary to be stated, in order to understand the domestic politics of the present day. This third party has rendered itself so formidable to the two old parties, that there appears to be a sort of coalition forming against it in parliament.

The first business of great importance which came on in the House of Commons, after the investigation of the charges, was the consideration of a motion of Lord Folkstone, "That a committee be appointed to

enquire into the existence of the corrupt disposal of offices in the state; of the disposal of commissions in the army contrary to the regulations, and also with the practice of levies; and to report the minutes of their evidence, from time to time, to the House." This motion was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Canning, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Tierney, and other gentlemen, on the ground of being too general, and merely calculated to keep alive the public ferment. It was very ably supported by Mr. Whitbread, as also by Lord Archibald Hamilton, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Peter Moore. It was, however, rejected by a majority of 173 to 30. This great majority against instituting a committee to enquire into abuses excited considerable surprise, and was the first indication of a sort of coalition between the two parties which had so long been rivals.

Another subject, which has excited much interest, was a motion brought forward by Sir Francis Burdett respecting some crown land adjoining to the Infirmary at Chelsea, granted to Colonel Gordon at a rent of 55l. per annum. The light in which Sir Francis attacked this transaction was not merely as a *job* with respect to the value of the ground, but principally as it operated to diminish the comforts of the veterans at Chelsea, in order to grant a boon to a favourite officer. He contended that this ground should be given to Chelsea College, and not leased to Colonel Gordon; and as for the rent of 55l. a-year, he said he would rather pay double the sum out of his own pocket, or secure it on any of his estates, than see the invalids deprived of that which, he contended, would add materially to their enjoyments as well as their health. An attempt was made by ministers to defend the transaction, by stating that every part of it had proceeded upon the official reports of the surveyors, and of the medical superintendant of the Infirmary; but that so far as they could interfere to prevent the completion of the business with Col. Gordon, it should be done; and it is generally understood that this interference of Sir Francis will prevent the Infirmary from being annoyed by adjacent buildings, and that the land will be given up to the College.

Two very important discussions also took place, the one in the House of Lords, and the other in the Commons, respecting the conduct of ministers as to the war in Spain. Lord Grey, in the Upper House, arraigned them for having risked so large a portion of our army on vague and unfounded representations of the strength of the Spanish patriots. He condemned most severely the conduct of Mr. Frere, on whom ministers had placed such reliance, and stated the total loss on that expedition to be not less than 7000 men and five millions of money. He concluded by moving an address to his Majesty, expressing a strong censure on ministers. This motion was supported by Lords Moira, Grenville, and Erskine. Lord Liverpool, on the the other hand, contended that ministers had not endeavoured to rouse the public feeling in the Spanish question, but that they merely followed the general sentiments of the country, which were most clearly and decidedly expressed. He thought it would not only be impolitic, but contrary to the honour of the British nation, to tell Spain that we would not assist her efforts while she was young in arms; but that when she was strong enough to fight without our assistance, then, and not before, we would risk our armies in her cause. As for our armies going to the north of Spain instead of the south, it was the opinion of the Spanish ambassador and the Marquis de Romana, when in this country, as also the opinion of General Castanos, and the military authorities in Spain, that it was in the north the British armies could act with the greatest advantage; and it was evident that a most important diversion had been effected in favour of the south of Spain, by the advance of the British army to the north. He believed that this was felt throughout that country; and he hoped that by mutual confidence between the two nations, one of the best of causes would ultimately triumph.—Lords Mulgrave and Westmoreland were the principal speakers on the same side.

Upon the division, there were 92 Lords for the motion, and 145 against it. In this division the minority was greater than has almost ever been remembered, against an administration that appeared firmly seated in their places. It is generally rumoured that some time after this division, Lord Grey was sent for, and a direct application made to him to come again into power, but without some of his former colleagues, and that he refused it. If this report be true, (for which we have no other authority than general rumour,) it would become a very serious question, how far such pledges, given to one another by leaders of parties, are constitutional. The constitution says, that "the king should choose his ministers;" but if all the public men of talents in parliament so bind themselves to their party as that one will not come in unless the whole party comes in, it is evident that his Majesty would in effect cease to have any real choice of individuals, and that he could only make a general election of one party or the other. It is in this manner that the third party (or, as Mr. Tierney ludicrously describes them, the party of the no party men) are furnished with the opportunity of urging, with no small appearance of reason, that the constitutional prerogatives of the crown are violated, and that the present state of representation in parliament requires alteration.

The question of the conduct of ministers with regard to Spain was agitated in the House of Commons by Lord Temple, and a motion was brought forward similar to that which was made in the Upper House by Lord Grey, but was negatived by a majority of 230 to 111. This division appeared a fair trial of strength between the minister and the old Opposition; but the majority was so decisive in favour of ministers, that we think they have little to apprehend from the efforts of Opposition to displace them.

Two other very important discussions took place in the House of Commons, since the publication of our last Number. The one was, a charge of corruption brought forward against Lord Castlereagh by Lord Archibald Hamilton, on the evidence which came out before the committee appointed to enquire into East India abuses. It appeared most undeniably, and it was admitted by Lord Castlereagh himself, that at the time he was President of the Board of Control he negociated with a man of the name of Reding, for the purpose of obtaining a seat in parliament for Lord Clancarty, and that a writership, in the gift of Lord Castlereagh, was placed at the disposal of his Lordship's friend. The writership was, in point of fact, not given, it appearing that the seat which Reding talked about was not to be disposed of. It was contended by Lord Archibald Hamilton, and many others, that the corrupt intention was manifest; and that although the transaction had not been actually completed, yet that parliament should express its strongest reprobation of such an abuse of patronage, applied to "*corrupt the purity of that House.* Lord Castlereagh, in his defence, regretted very much the accident which brought him into contact with a man of the character of Reding, for before that time he did not know that there was such a character in society as a *trafficking broker*. He insisted, that in giving his patronage to serve his friend Lord Clancarty, he had no unworthy motives, nor any design to acquire an additional influence in the House of Commons. He admitted, however, that he had been in error, but not to the extent or in the manner imputed to him.

On the division, there were 167 for the resolution proposed by Lord Archibald Hamilton, and 216 against it, leaving a majority of 49 in favour of Lord Castlereagh.—This decision gave very considerable surprise, and the severity with which Hamlin had been punished, for offering a bribe to Mr. Addington, was strongly urged; as well as the severity of the laws against those who offer bribes at elections. In this instance the negociation was not only for a vote, but for the absolute return of a member of parliament, and yet the House of Commons did not think proper to pass any resolution of censure. It was expected, however, that Lord Castle-

reagh, who was supported by a smaller majority than the Duke of York, would have retired from office: but these expectations are disappointed; Lord Castlereagh is still in office, and appears determined to retain his situation.

On the 11th of May, Mr. Maddocks brought forward charges of corruption against Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval, and moved for a committee to investigate the charge. His statement was, that a sum of money had been paid to Lord Castlereagh, through the Hon. H. Wellesley, by Quintin Dick, Esq. for the purpose of his being returned to parliament, in consequence of which, he was returned for the borough of Cashell; but that when he informed Lord Castlereagh of the vote he intended to give upon the Duke of York's business, the noble Lord suggested to him the propriety of reliquishing his seat, rather than give such a vote.

The charge against Mr. Perceval was merely that he knew of the money transaction. Mr. Maddocks expressed a hope that the House would assert its own dignity, and express its aversion to transactions of that nature. Lord Castlereagh did not feel it necessary, at that time, to make any defence, and after a long discussion, there was a majority against the motion of 310 to 85. In these discussions it was observed, that great tenderness and delicacy were shewn towards the accused, by such of their opponents who had been in the late administration; and the immense majority against examining the charge, as well as the speeches of many leading members, makes it appear that on these subjects there is something of a union between the two great rival parties. The fact is, that the existence of abuses of a similar nature is perfectly notorious, and that they have occurred under all administrations. It is contended, on the one hand, that there would be peculiar hardship in selecting, at this moment, two stately victims for *sacrifice*, when the offence has been general, and so long connived at. On the other hand, it is urged that it does not signify how long offences have been connived at, or how many may be implicated, but that whenever they are fairly brought to light, they ought not to escape reprehension.—The question involves many considerations both of morality and justice, and it is difficult to draw any general conclusions from this particular case, without entering very largely into questions which are not necessarily involved in the discussions of a register of political events: but we cannot shut our eyes to the effect of these motions, and the decisions which have been made, *viz.* that they tend to accelerate the great question of parliamentary reform, to the consideration of which should be brought the most exalted patriotism, habits of patient investigation, and the most cool and deliberate temper.

In our last Number, we directed our attention exclusively to that great question of domestic policy which we conceived to be paramount to every other of a political nature: it also happened, by a most singular coincidence of circumstances, that at a time when the attention of the whole nation was directed to the consideration of the charges against the Duke of York, the affairs of the continent were hushed in a most portentous silence, and no striking events took place, to divide the public interest. That interval was employed in preparations, the object and the magnitude of which are developed by the great and important events which have since occurred.

After the French Emperor had performed his promise of crowning his brother in Madrid, and driving the British armies out of Spain, he knew and felt that a war of greater difficulty, and every way more formidable, was about to commence. The Emperor of Austria being fully aware of the danger to which he was exposed, and that the conquest of Spain would soon be followed by the subjugation of his dominions, resolved to take advantage of the diminution of the French armies in Germany to call forth the whole strength of his monarchy, and to prepare for that contest which he had long seen to be inevitable. Bonaparte knew well the power of the foe that was now rising in arms against him,

WAR BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND FRANCE.

and having defeated and dispersed the Spanish armies, and obliged Sir John Moore to retire, he resolved to lose no more time in Spain. His speedy return to Paris (leaving the war in Spain unfinished) proved that it was his intention to command his army in Germany in person, in case of a new war. Notwithstanding the exertions of his minister to induce Austria to discontinue her armaments, she still encreased them, and war became inevitable.

Before we enter into an account of the German war, we shall advert to the change which this diversion made in favour of Spain. When Bonaparte left that country, he took with him the whole body of his Guards, amounting to a division of the French army. Besides this, he withdrew several corps from Spain, instead of reinforcing his armies there. The consequence is, that the French army in Spain is now reduced to act on the defensive; and we are allowed to indulge a reasonable hope that the losses in that country will more than balance the dear-bought victories which France may win over Austria. At the moment we are writing, there is official information before us that Kellerman, who commands a central army at Valladolid, has written to Marshal Soult that he cannot spare him any reinforcement; although he is evidently in so critical a position at Oporto, that nothing but a rapid retreat can save his whole corps from being taken prisoners. General Ney is in a situation equally critical in Gallicia, the whole of which province is in a state of insurrection. Kellerman confesses, in the intercepted letter, that there is great difficulty in keeping *down* the people in the neighbourhood of Madrid. The French have abandoned the siege of Valencia, and seem retreating even from Catalonia; while the army of Marshal Victor, notwithstanding its successes, has not advanced beyond Merida. A considerable British force is now in Portugal, and the affairs of the peninsula again appear in a promising state. It appears almost certain that the French will be driven out of Spain with great loss, if they do not make a timely retreat, and reassume the defensive positions which they occupied prior to the reinforcements they received in November. Bonaparte, however, has not yet for a moment lost sight of Austria, nor ceased to consider her as the power most formidable to France. If he has not inundated Spain with armies numerous enough to bear down all opposition, it is merely because he felt it necessary to be upon his guard on the side of Austria. The die, however, is now cast, upon which the future fate of Europe must depend. Austria has declared war against France, and Bonaparte has declared that she shall never more be a great power, or capable of opposing him on the continent. Should he be able to fulfil this threat, Spain must ultimately fall under his dominion, whatever temporary advantages may be gained whilst the principal part of his armies are acting in another direction. Before we mention any of the events of the Austrian war, we must express our opinion that whatever may be the issue of it, Austria has determined rightly. If she had remained inactive until Bonaparte had completed the subjugation of Spain, she would not have had the slightest chance, or even hope, left, of recovering her independence, or indeed of preserving her political existence. Neither the relations of friendship, nor even an active co-operation in his plans, could protect the throne of Spain, a moment after he thought himself strong enough to seize it. In a time of profound peace and strict alliance he got possession of Pampeluna and Barcelona, and gave notice that he was going to visit his brother, Charles the Fourth, in Madrid, at the head of 60,000 men, and that he would confer with him about reforms in his government. Could the Emperor of Austria have expected any better treatment? If Austria had not taken up arms, she must have perished unarmed. We have heard, even in parliament, objections made to the cause of Austria, as if the war were unjust on her side: but it appears to us, that self-defence from a certain danger is equally just as necessary. Who is there that can doubt of the extreme danger of Austria, if she had waited till the conquest of Spain had been absolutely finished? The war

in the Peninsula of Spain is the most powerful diversion in her favour that Austria could ever hope to meet. It has already cost the French above a hundred thousand soldiers in killed, wounded, and prisoners; and while it continues, France is obliged to employ at least 120,000 troops in that quarter. If then Austria, when she has so powerful an ally in Spain, be not able to make head against France, it would be evidently impossible for her to do so when there should be no power capable of making any diversion in her favour. Impressed with these considerations, the cabinet of Austria resolved upon war, and all the subjects of that great empire were enthusiastic supporters of the judicious and spirited determination. For what would be its value, if the Austrian throne, if it could at all times be overturned by the nod of Bonaparte? or what is the value of property, or even life itself, when it can be taken away at any time, at the pleasure of a tyrant or his satellites?

The Archduke Charles being appointed to the chief and uncontrouled command of the Austrian army, very shortly published the following proclamation, which, as we consider it the declaration of a war upon which the future fate of the continent must depend, we think it better to give entire:

" *Vienna, April* 6.

" The protection of our country calls us to new exploits. As long as it was possible to preserve peace by means of sacrifices, and as long as these sacrifices were consistent with the honour of the throne, with the security of the state, and with the welfare of the people, the heart of our bountiful Sovereign suppressed every painful feeling in silence; but when all endeavours to preserve happy independence from the insatiable ambition of a foreign conqueror proves fruitless; when nations are falling around us, and when lawful sovereigns are torn from the hearts of their subjects; when, in fine, the danger of universal subjugation threatens even the happy states of Austria, and their peaceable, fortunate inabitants, then does our country demand its deliverance from us, and we stand forth in its defence.

" On you, my dear brother soldiers, are fixed the eyes of the universe, and of all those who still feel for national honour and national prosperity. You shall not share the disgrace of becoming the tools of oppression —you shall not carry on the endless wars of ambition under distant climes—your blood shall never flow for foreign interests and foreign covetousness—not on you shall the curse alight to annihilate innocent nations, and over the bodies of the slaughtered defenders of their country to pave the way for a foreigner to the usurped throne. A happier lot awaits you; the liberty of Europe has taken refuge under our banners. Your victories will loose its fetters, and your brothers in Germany, yet in the ranks of the enemy, long for their deliverance. You are engaged in a just cause, otherwise I should not appear at your head.

" On the fields of Ulm and Marengo, whereof the enemy so often reminded us with ostentatious pride; on these fields will we renew the glorious deeds of Wurtsburgh and Ostrach—of Liptingen (Stockach) and Zurich, of Verona, of the Trebbia and Novi. We will conquer a lasting peace for our country, but the great end is not to be attained without great virtues. Unconditional subordination, strict discipline, persevering courage, and unshaken steadiness in danger, are the companions of true fortitude. Only a union of will, and a joint co-operation of the whole, lead to victory.

" My Sovereign and brother has invested me with extensive powers to reward and to punish. I will be everywhere in the middle of you, and you shall receive the first thanks of your country from your General in the field of battle. The patriotism of many of the Austrian nobility has anticipated your wants: this is a pledge, in the fullest measure, of the public gratitude; but punishment shall also, with inflexible rigour, fall on every breach of duty: merit shall meet with reward, and offence with animadversion, without distinction of person or rank. Branded with disgrace, shall the worthless person be cast out, to whom life is dearer than his and our honour. Adorned with the marks of public esteem will I present to our Sovereign, to the world, those brave men

who have deserved well of their country, and whose names I will ever carry in my heart.

"There remains one consideration, which I must put you in mind of: the soldier is only formidable to the enemy in arms; civil virtues must not be strangers to him. Out of the field of battle, towards the unarmed citizen and peasant, he is moderate, compassionate, and humane; he knows the evils of war, and strives to lighten them. I will punish every wanton excess with so much greater severity, as it is not the intention of our Monarch to oppress neighbouring countries, but to deliver them from their oppressors, and to form, with their Princes, a powerful bond, in order to bring about a lasting peace, and to maintain the general welfare and security. Soon will foreign troops, in strict union with us, attack the common enemy. Then, brave companions in arms! honour and support them as your brothers; not by vain-glorious high words, but manly deeds, do honour to the warrior: by intrepidity before the enemy you must shew yourselves to be the first soldiers.

"Thus then shall I one day lead you back to your country, followed by the respect of the enemy, and by the gratitude of foreign nations, after having secured by your arms an honourable peace, when the satisfaction of our Monarch, the approbation of the world, the rewards of valour, the blessings of your fellow-citizens, and the consciousness of deserved repose, await you!

"CHARLES, Archduke, Generalissimo."

Three days after the date of this proclamation, a large Austrian army crossed the Inn, and penetrated into Bavaria, after a notice sent to the French General that such were the orders of the Emperor of Austria. The preparations made by Austria were on the largest scale; for although the force sent into Bavaria, and the Upper Palatinate, under the command of the Archduke Charles and the Archduke Lewis, amounted, according to the French calculation, to 180,000 men; at the same time was a formidable army sent into Italy, under the Archduke John, and an army of near 40,000 men under the Archduke Ferdinand, into the Duchy of Warsaw. This was an effort which it was hardly supposed that Austria was capable of making, and therefore we do still expect from Austria every thing which can be hoped from an energetic administration, and the enthusiastic patriotism of a great nation, sensible of the danger which awaits them if they are unsuccessful, and indignant at the degradation which Austria has been so long condemned to endure from the faults of those that administered its affairs. The grand army of Austria has hitherto been unsuccessful; but the armies of Italy, Poland, and the Tyrol, have gained such great advantages, that we hope the losses of the Austrian army of the centre may be repaired without diminishing the efficiency of the other armies. It appears that Bonaparte also was perfectly prepared for this war. The Bavarian troops had received their instructions to fall back upon the *Lech*, as soon as the Austrians should cross the *Inn* in force. This order was punctually obeyed, and it does not appear from the Austrian bulletins, that any considerable number of prisoners, or important advantage, was gained by the Austrians in their enterance into Bavaria. It was certainly agreeable to a very old maxim of military policy, which Bonaparte never loses sight of, to make the enemy's country, if possible, the seat of the war. There was little chance indeed of the Elector of Bavaria forsaking the cause of France. He is bound to Bonaparte by the closest ties of alliance, and by his evident interest. All that he could expect from an alliance with Austria, and, perhaps, it would be more than he would be justified in expecting, is, that if, by the addition of his armies, Austria could be successful against France, he might still be permitted to be Elector of Bavaria; whereas France, as a reward for his alliance in the last war, has considerably enlarged his territories, and promises now to set him on an equality with Austria. The Princes of Bavaria, therefore, must always be expected to continue allies of France. It was on the 9th of April that the Austrians crossed the Inn; on the 12th, information of that event was received at Paris by the telegraph; and on the 19th Bo-

naparte joined his army in person; and a succession of murderous battles took place on the 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d, which were certainly much to the disadvantage of Austria, although we can by no means believe to the extent which the French accounts state. The first important battle was at Abersburg, on the 20th, when the French Emperor attacked the corps commanded by the Archduke Lewis, amounting to near 68,000 men, and obliged it to retreat with a loss of 18,000 men taken prisoners, according to the French accounts. The Austrian accounts, without mentioning the precise loss, admit the defeat of this army, and say that the untimely and precipitate retreat of the Archduke Lewis was the cause of all the misfortunes which afterwards befel the Austrian arms. The Archduke has consequently been superceded in his command. On the 21st, the French Emperor drove the Austrians out of Landshut, where great magazines were established, and took a number of prisoners (9000, if we believe the French bulletin). After the battle, Bonaparte found it necessary to march immediately against the main army of the Austrians, commanded by the Prince Charles, who had gained some success in the Upper Palatinate, and had taken Ratisbon. On the 22d the battle took place at Echmuht, where the Austrian army, amounting to 110,000 men (according to the French bulletin), was defeated, after a battle that continued till night. The French accounts say that the Archduke Charles lost in this battle the greater part of his artillery, and 20,000 prisoners. The next day Ratisbon was taken by the French, and Bonaparte published a proclamation to his army, stating that he had taken, since the commencement of the campaign, 50,000 prisoners, 100 pieces of cannon, and that he would be in Vienna within a month.

Whatever may be the exaggerations in those accounts, there can be no doubt but that the Austrians have suffered considerably, as they have been obliged to abandon Bavaria, and have not been able to prevent the French from crossing the Inn in pursuit of them. The Austrian force which recrossed the Inn was the corps of the Archduke Lewis, which received a reinforcement after the battle that repaired the losses it received. We therefore do indulge a hope, that a corps of 60,000 men, retreating regularly upon Vienna and Hungary, may be reinforced to such a degree as to stop any army which Bonaparte could send in pursuit of them, especially when it is considered how great a force the Archduke Charles is still at the head of, and which will require an equal number of French troops to watch. The insurrection in the Tyrol, and the great strength of the army of the Archduke John, which has already defeated the French army of Italy in a general engagement, must occupy a great deal of the attention of Bonaparte, and prevent him from following up his successes with the rapidity of the last war.

The insurrection in the Tyrol must operate like a reinforcement to the Austrian armies after the battle; for it has made it absolutely necessary for Bonaparte to detach a large corps, in order to subdue that brave people, who rose almost unanimously in support of Austria, and, at their first rising, captured near 6000 French and Bavarian troops. We can hardly suppose that Bonaparte will venture as far as Vienna, unless he is able to gain some more important advantages over the Archduke Charles, or to subdue the insurrection in the Tyrol The Archduke Ferdinand has been also eminently successful, having got possession of the important city of Warsaw. The particular motive for sending so large a force in that direction, we cannot perceive; but it may possibly be connected with the idea thrown out in the proclamation of the Archduke Charles, that the Austrians are to be supported in this war by foreign troops. Happy should we be, indeed, if the foreign power alluded to were Russia. The words of the proclamation of the Archduke in this respect are: "Soon will foreign troops, in strict union with us, attack the common enemy. Then, brave companions in arms, honour and support them as your brothers." We know not to what foreign troops these expressions can allude, unless it be either to

Russia or Prussia. On the other hand, the Emperor of Russia has declared, under his own hand at Erfurth, that he was united with France in war as in peace, and has expressly recognized Joseph Bonaparte as King of Spain. The French Generals assert positively that Russia will co-operate with France against Austria, and that a Russian army of 70,000 men is preparing to enter Gallicia. We hope, however, that the Austrian nation will have time to rise *en masse* before this Russian army enters the field. We hope that the Turks will be able to engross the attention of the principal Russian armies; and, if it be but a small force that is sent against Gallicia, it is probable that it would only rouze the people of that province to greater exertions, and a more powerful resistance. Thus, in the Spanish province which also bears the name of Gallicia, no extraordinary efforts were made against the common enemy while he was at a distance; but now that he has invaded the province, and occupied the principal positions, we have seen a spirit rise among the inhabitants which was not before supposed to exist; and Marshal Ney, with a division of the French army, is placed in a situation of the greatest danger.

At the same time we think ourselves justified in entertaining those hopes, it would be folly to deny that the cause of Europe and of the world is in the greatest danger.

We have hitherto seen the career of Bonaparte on the Continent marked with the most uninterrupted success; and it is also evident that this uniform success cannot be the result of chance, but that it is the effect of great resources, directed by great talents. If the Spaniards gained some great advantages last year, it was because the French Emperor always made it the first object of his military policy to have a force sufficient to check, if not conquer, Austria. This was evident in the campaign of 1805, when, with his army of Boulogne, he broke down the strength of the Austrian Monarchy before the Russians could come to their assistance. M. *Champagny*, the French minister, informed the Austrian ambassador some months ago, that if there had been any reason to suspect that the armaments in Austria were connected with any concert or understanding with Russia, France would have declared war a long time before. As things have happened, the Austrians on the 9th of April crossed the Inn, and ten days after, the first of those battles was fought which obliged them to quit Bavaria with great loss. It therefore appears, that, notwithstanding the Spanish war, which is now a secondary or more remote consideration to Bonaparte, he was always prepared for Austria. We are, nevertheless, perfectly convinced that Austria has taken her stand at the precise time in which she could do it with the best chance of success; and, notwithstanding the losses she has sustained in Bavaria, we see nothing in the statements which can prevent us from indulging the hope, that these losses will be repaired by the ardor of the subjects of the Austrian Monarchy, pressing forward to join the ranks of the defenders of their country. In the present situation, however, of the affairs of Europe, another month must make a great change; and, in our next Number, we shall have to record great events, which must alter materially the prospects of the world. In this duty we shall proceed with scrupulous fidelity and exactness; not exaggerating or misrepresenting any facts, for the purpose of inspiring false hopes, or giving a momentary pleasure to our readers; but comparing, with as much coolness and impartiality as possible, the accounts on both sides, endeavour to extract from them the truth, and nothing but the truth. We wish most ardently for the success of the allied arms; but we consider that we have undertaken the task of giving the history of the times we live in. We hope that our work may be considered worthy of being preserved, and that our opinions may be read hereafter. Those who write for such journals as are calculated to live but for a day, may catch at any topic that best suits the passions of the present moment, and deal in fanciful speculations, which are forgotten even before they are falsified by the events. We have, however, undertaken a different task, and hope a better result will attend our labours.

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS.

MR. FARLEY.

THIS performer is so well known to the public, that a minute analysis of his acting would be superfluous. He has been from his earliest boyhood an inmate of the theatre. At a very early age he was introduced to the stage, and has been gradually forwarded through almost every inferior department behind the scenes. He now fills, in the Covent Garden Company, the cast of foppish characters, and certainly with considerable success.

Mr. Farley's merits are not of a nature to give interest to a very elaborate examination. His acting is the counterpart of his taste, which, from the pantomimes and spectacles he is in the habit of bringing forward, appears to be more gaudy than correct. [Several of these pieces, however, must have been of considerable service to the theatre, as they acquired no inconsiderable popularity, *Valentine and Orson*, in particular, was for a considerable time a favourite with the public, and has recently been revived with success. *Raymond and Agnes; The Corsair;* and *Red Roy*, have also at different times been got up by Mr. Farley, and have each experienced a share of patronage. Besides these, (of which he is the sole parent,) the object of this Memoir is in the constant practice of assisting in the contrivance of every piece of a similar description which is submitted to the town by Mr. Harris.

The *Blind Boy*, in which Mr. Farley performs the part of Kalig (in which character he is the subject of our Plate,) is a translation by Mr. Hewetson, of a French melodrame, called *L'illustre Aveugle*.—The interest of the story is chiefly occasioned by the misfortune of Edmond, who has been blind from his birth. The unhappy youth is admirably represented by Mrs. Charles Kemble, who, by the simple and affecting manner in which she imitates the peculiarities that attend loss of sight, powerfully excites the sympathy of the spectator. —Edmond is the son of Stanislaus; but the queen, to dispel the grief and dsappointment expressed by her husband at the misfortune of his child, forms the resolution, by substituting another in its room, to impose on the king, pretending that his son had been miraculously cured. The prince is accordingly consigned to the care of a farmer, and is brought up in obscurity and retirement, while another infant is educated at court as Prince Rodolph. On her death-bed the queen wishes to restore her real child to his rightful dignity, and Kalig (Farley) is chosen as her instrument.

In the prosecution of this arduous and difficult undertaking Kalig is frequently thrown into situations exciting even painful anxiety; and it is but justice to say that his representative does full justice to the character. In the concluding scene, where he is employed by Rodolph to assist in murdering the prince he had sworn to protect, Farley is peculiarly impressive; and he keeps our interest stretched to the utmost, until, vanquishing the assassin who had been selected for his companion, he saves Edmond from the death which awaited him, and restores him to his father Stanislaus.

In such a character as this, where bustle, show, and parade are indispensable, Farley is always striking; and on the whole, he must be considered a very useful and industrious performer.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE COMPANY.

THE tyranny of Pisistratus occasioned the establishment of the famous law of Ostracism among the Athenians, the sentence of which runs thus:—"Let no one of us excel the others; and if there should be one found of this description, let him go and excel elsewhere." By this law, such of the Athenians whose merit and reputation occasioned suspicion, or gave umbrage to their fellow-citizens, were banished the Republic for ten years. In the Republic of Letters, or at least among those writers whose abilities are directed to the stage, we are very much inclined to suspect, not that they deserve banishment for their superior merit, but that some law similar to this of Ostracism prevails. If this be true, we wish some man of genius would risk its penalties, and endeavour to extend the empire of taste over the productions of the theatre. To encourage such an attempt, we may venture to assure a writer of this description, if modesty and diffidence be united to talents, (and we believe it to be usually the case), that an English audience does not possess that refined delicacy, that exquisite taste, that familiar acquaintance with the most perfect beauties of composition, which rendered the lower classes of the Athenians susceptible of enjoying only what was pure, elegant, and finished.

A new Comedy, and a new Farce, have been produced at this theatre. Richard Leigh, Esq. who is the author of "Grieving's a Folly," a Comedy in five acts, seems to be well aware that our minds, like our bodies, require a change of food to whet the appetite; and that novelty finds more powerful allies in our nature than even merit. He very truly, perhaps, but with something more of insult than we should have thought adviseable, says,

Yet if we place before some *longing guest*,
Immortal Shakespeare's intellectual *feast*,
So pamper'd is the taste, so *weak the head*,
Some rather would go supperless to bed;
Would rather *cloy on sweets*, nay, rather fast,
Than come to banquet on the rich repast.

An audience will run no risk of being cloyed with sweets from banquetting on this performance, if there be any truth in Johnson's definition of sweets, which he defines to be "*something pleasing*."

——"The author, *wond'rous to be told*,
"Was not a needy wight who wrote for gold."

We cannot help thinking, if even poverty had contributed to sharpen his wits, the public might have been benefitted, though at the expence of an individual. If we are to judge from this production, the author's wit is very obtuse, and resembles a whet-stone, which may sharpen the edge of others, but possesses no keenness itself. The plea of the author's affluence is the only trait of originality we can discover, but it certainly should have been offered in another court. It may be very well received by the managers; but what it has to do with the spectators, who pay as much for a bad article as for a good one, it is difficult to conceive. Because Mr. Leigh can afford to *give away his plays*, is an audience bound to tolerate flippancy and nonsense, and pay for it into the bargain?

The plot, or story, of "Grieving's a Folly," may be told in a very few words. Lord Mortimer, some years before the period at which the play commences, resided at Bologna. By a sudden call to England he is separated from his wife, and upon his return discovers that she has eloped with his pretended friend, Count D'Alembert. Disgusted with the world, his Lordship resolves on solitude, and a change of name: we accordingly find him residing in a cottage as Mr. Herbert. O'Halloran, a gentleman farmer, who loves following the hounds better than the plough, and who, in the true

DRURY-LANE COMPANY.

Irish cant, talks about generosity and honour, while he is acting like a fool and a knave, is introduced, with his daughter Ellen, and his inmate Mrs. Mordaunt, a lady who is also in love with solitude and misery. To gratify her *penchant* for the former, she, *very naturally*, resides with a fox-hunting Irishman. Ellen is seen by Captain Cypress, son to Sir Oliver Cypress, late a tailor, but now a happy widower, who has just buried a termagant wife. The Captain resolves to run away with the farmer's daughter; in the attempt to effect which, the girl shrieks, and is rescued, all in the regular course. The deliverer *proves* to be Lord Mortimer: Mrs. Mordaunt walks in to thank his Lordship for saving her friend, and she *proves* to be Lady Mortimer; she had previously been *proved* to be innocent; and Ellen *proves* to be the honourable Miss Mortimer. It is to be hoped that she afterwards *proves* a good wife to Mr. Charles Sedley.

That all these *proofs* fail to establish any merit in the plot of the piece, or rather that its outline demands very masterly filling up, to atone for its palpable defects, must be obvious. It is a miserable copy from miserable originals. We feel pleasure in being enabled to state that the characters were better supported than conceived. Dowton renders Sir Oliver Cypress amusing. While exulting in heart at his emancipation from petticoat despotism, he assumes the externals of profound grief, and has the portrait of his late tyrant conveyed into a room hung with black, and professes his determination to remain for one day, alone, and on his knees, before the image of the dear departed. He is, however, discovered kneeling before a very different shrine—the pretty Ellen, who comes to implore his clemency in behalf of O'Halloran, who was unable to pay the rent of his farm. Dowton throws a great deal of humour into this character; and is, in fact, the support of the piece. Johnson performs *a generous Irishman.*—These characters, as drawn upon the stage, have no prototype in nature, but are conceived in the very worst style of the German school. We are overwhelmed with a torrent of cant about full hearts and empty pockets, and all the catalogue of sentimental virtues with which this class of writers endue their heroes and heroines, in order to veil the atrocity of positive vices. But what is peculiarly disgusting in the *theatrical Irishman,* is that intolerable vanity which is almost uniformly a part of his character. His own good qualities are ever in his mouth. O'Halloran is not badly designed, *only* most miserably executed. There is an attempt at novelty in the character of Crape, an undertaker, who had formerly been a manager, and tragedian. It is a most approved modern device to unite a parcel of inconsistent *trades* in one person, in order to produce a whimsical, witty, and inconsistent *character.* That we may not forget the humorous peculiarities of this entertaining personage, he takes particular care, at the end of every sentence, to recapitulate them with a most refreshing exactness. Thus we have "Peter Plod of the Minories, formerly in the *potatoe* line."—"Henry Augustus Mugwood and ivory-turner on Snow-hill," &c. &c. To this professional list we are enabled to add Mr. Crape, formerly "box-keeper, deputy-manager, and principal tragedian of the Blandford Company, now upholsterer, appraiser, and undertaker in a country town." In the course of our labours we shall perhaps enter more at large on the principle of *dramatic novelty.* The other characters in "Grieving's a Folly" possess no claims to our notice.

Mr. Leigh's style is throughout the piece most slovenly incorrect, and beneath criticism.

The *Dramatis Personæ* were in general well supported. The appearance of Mrs. H. Siddons, in Ellen, was *delicacy personified.* But while the meekness of modesty beamed in her eyes, she succeeded to invest herself with all the dignity of innocence, and her looks, when insulted by Sir Oliver Cypress, might justify the popular belief that the lion retires intimidated from the glance of Virtue. Dowton, as the *ci-devant* tailor, Bannister as Crape, and Mathews as Joe Thresher, servant to O'Halloran, made the most of their respective cha-

racters, and saved the piece from the fate which it merited.

NEW ROOMS, HANOVER-SQUARE.

Friday, April 28, 1809.

THE Subscription Vocal Concerts of Messrs. Harrison, Bartleman, and Greatorex, closed for the season on the above evening. The selection was upon the whole good, and some parts of it went off with the greatest *eclat.*

The first act commenced, as usual, with an overture of the old school, and the second act with one in the modern style. Of the former, by Martini, we cannot speak in high terms; it is deficient in that majestic solidity, that dignified flow of sound harmony, which we are accustomed to in those of Handel, and other classical masters. Instead of the fugue, (which usually formed one of the most prominent beauties of the old overture), Martini has merely introduced a short march: in fact, the whole was noisy and common-place, and consequently uninteresting.

The instrumental piece with which the second act commenced, was composed by Signor Bianchi. It was denominated a *Grand Sinfonie*, but surely it has no pretensions to that title. The regular sinfonie should pcssess an Introduction, an Allegro, an Adagio, a Minuet and Trio, and a Rondo as a Finale; but in this piece there were only two movements, the subject of the second of which was so strikingly similar to the fugue in Mozart's admirable overture to the *Zauberflotte,* as to deprive Signor Bianchi of all claim to originality.

The parts are, however, put together in the most masterly manner, and display all that intimate knowledge of the best effects to be produced by the different instruments which we naturally expected from a professor of Signor B's long experience.

The novelties of the evening were, a song by Mr. Harrison, composed by Mr. Attwood; another by Mr. Bartleman, composed by Mr. R. Cooke; and Dr. Clarke's song of "Where shall the Lover rest," harmonised, and adapted with accompaniments for the full band, by Mr. Greatorex. The peculiar merit of Mr. Harrison's song was the scientific arrangement of the accompaniments. The Song, or rather Ballad, by Mr. Bartleman, was admirably calculated to display his unrivalled voice to the best advantage: the melody is simple, pathetic, and full of expression. The introduction of the G flat, where the modulation takes place to the fifth of the key, is novel and eminently beautiful. Of Mr. B.'s singing we want words to enable us to speak in adequate terms: he was universally encored; and upon the repetition, he sang it with more effect, if possible, than at first. We do not think the original air of Dr. Clarke deserved the attention Mr. Greatorex has bestowed upon it; but if any thing can give consequence to such trifles, it is the taste and consummate knowledge of effect which Mr. G. possesses, and of which he has afforded the musical world so many proofs: not that we think he has been equally successful in this, as upon other occasions, particularly in Dr. Callcott's glee of the "*Red Cross Knights,*" and Marcello's "*And with Songs I will celebrate.*"

But the most delicious part of this evening's entertainment was the exquisite performance by Mrs. Billington of the bravura song, "*The Soldier, tir'd of War's Alarms.*"

If we have heard it by other great singers with pleasure and admiration, enthusiasm is not too powerful an expression to pourtray our feelings at the style and manner in which Mrs. B. gave it. It is not sufficient to say that all other attempts we have witnessed were placed at an infinite distance, but she was superior even to her former self. Instead of the usual passage, (marked as such in the plate,) she gave the first variation in the manner we have stated it; and in consequence of the rapturous encore of the audience, she sang it, agreeable to the second variation marked down, in a style, at once combining science and execution, that perfectly electrified us.

Upon the whole, we think these Concerts afford to the lovers of vocal music a treat as exquisite as any Concerts that take place in this great metropolis.

We have not observed *many* selections from the productions of members of the *Concentores* Society, [Webbe, Dr. Callcott, Horsley, R. Cooke, Spofforth, &c.] as promised in the proposals. If we have any wish respecting these Concerts, it is that we should occasionally be favoured with more of *novelty*.

We were very sorry to hear Mr. Horsley's pleasing Glee, "*See the Chariot at hand*," spoiled by the manner in which the *treble* part was sung by Miss Hawkins. On several occasions, at these Concerts, our ears have been considerably annoyed by this young lady's attempts at *vocalizing* (to make use of Mr. Rauzzini's quaint expression). We do not wish to be ungallant, but we persuade ourselves that we are the young lady's best friends, when we advise her to relinquish a profession that requires a fine, sonorous, flexible voice, science, expression, and execution.

Where the best performers are engaged, where the best compositions are executed, and where the most scientific audiences are assembled, a want of all, or either of these requisites, becomes more obvious and offensive.

In speaking of the Vocal Concerts, we cannot help taking notice of the manner in which the *Sinfonies* are performed. The adagios are generally omitted, and very often the minuets and trios.

Although the Concerts are called *Vocal*, yet as instrumental pieces *are* introduced, they should certainly have justice done to them, particularly as the Band consists of professors who are capable of performing these difficult Sinfonies in a style superior to what they can be heard any where else. Among the numerous subscribers, there are, no doubt, many who are equally partial to *instrumental* as well as *vocal* music (some, perhaps, who give it the preference.) These subscribers would probably derive more gratification from the *perfect* performance of such admirable productions, than from all the Glees and other *vocal* performances of the evening. Is it not wrong then, that after being promised in the *Bill* one of these masterly compositions, (the merits of which they are capable of appreciating, and the beauties of which they feel, and relish accordingly,) they should be mortified by finding that great part of it (and that, perhaps, the *best* part) is omitted; and that the portion which *is* performed is hurried and slurred over in such a manner as if the object were to get rid of it as soon as possible, instead of endeavouring to give it all the beautiful effect of which it may be susceptible, and which this excellent orchestra is so competent to afford.

NEW ROOMS, HANOVER-SQUARE.

MESSRS. CRAMERS' CONCERT.

May 8, 1809.

WE always admire the selections made by Messrs. Cramers upon these occasions.

Mrs. Billington sung an admirable song by Cimarosa, in her most expressive and finished style. The pathos of the melody, and the beauty of its accompaniments, united a degree of science so much superior to what we generally meet with in the Italian school, that much as we were delighted with the singer, she was sometimes forgot in our admiration of the composer.

Mr. F. Cramer performed a Concerto on the violin, composed, we believe, by his father, but we should have been more gratified if he had selected a Concerto from Geminiani, Corelli, or any other of the classical old masters; as since the death of Barthelemon, we know of no other performer who can do them equal justice: indeed we think him the only one who properly conceives, or at least comes up to our ideas of the genuine style of these composers. Other performers of great merit (whom we could name) are apt to be too florid for the chaste style of those sterling compositions. Mr. C.'s. powers of execution are certainly limited, but within their compass his performances are highly finished.

If any thing can give us an idea of musical perfection, it is the performance of Mr. J. Cramer upon the piano-forte. It unites every thing that the most fastidious imagination can require. We will not weaken this observation by attempting to say more

MESSRS. KNYVETT'S CONCERT.

The Concerto performed this evening (by particular desire) was his own, in E flat. If we may venture to express a regret, after what we have said, it is that there was no cadence at the end. We acknowledge that *our particular desire* would have been for his Concerto in D minor; but we imagine its recent performance at Dr. Callcott's Benefit Concert was the reason for the preference given on this occasion.

The principal novelty of the evening was a Duet for the harp and piano-forte, composed by J. Cramer, and most exquisitely performed by himself and Madame Dusseck. It was not, perhaps, so much distinguished for science as some of his other compositions, but it was inferior to none of them in taste and elegance.

Notwithstanding the circumstance of Mr. D'Egville's Benefit being on the same night at the Opera House, where Madame Catalani's attractions may be supposed to have drawn so great a proportion of the fashionable world, we were highly gratified by observing that the Rooms were not only full, but overflowing. It is a strong proof of the estimation in which those highly respectable professors are held. Indeed the music is always *unique*, the performers are of the highest order, and the excellence of the *tout ensemble* unrivalled. The elegance, taste, and science displayed upon these occasions, are but rarely united in the same degree, and we cannot immediately mention any other musical performances from which we return with such agreeable sensations, and so completely gratified.

GREAT ROOM, KING's THEATRE.

MESSRS. C. AND M. KNYVETT'S ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT.

Friday, May 12, 1809.

THE Band upon this occasion were composed of the first performers in their respective professional departments. The vocal parts were sustained by Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Vaughan, Madame Bianchi, Miss Parke, Messrs. Harrison, Bellamy, the Messrs. Knyvetts, &c.

The only instrumental pieces were a Grand Symphony of Mozart's, with which the Concert commenced, and a Concerto on the grand piano-forte, by Mr. C. Knyvett. The former was excellently performed, but there was nothing which particularly struck us in the composition. We have heard many by the same delightful writer, which have afforded us more pleasure; and we are sorry that we cannot compliment Mr. C. Knyvett either upon his judgment in the selection of the Concerto he performed, or upon the manner in which it was executed. The cadence in particular was puerile—he appeared to be in the continued pursuit of an idea which he never overtook. It consisted of an alternative of unmeaning divisions, and abrupt, unsatisfactory pauses, without modulation or science. The Glees were not sung in the order set down in the books of the performance, and we think the effect of the whole suffered materially by this *dis*arrangement. We conclude this circumstance arose from some of the performers not arriving *in time*. The little Arietta, "*Sul Margine d'un Rio,*" by M. Bianchi, *was by particular desire*, and the choice is creditable to the judgment of the person who made it. It is one of the most tasteful and finished performances we have heard by M. Bianchi.

The Concertante with which the second act ought to have commenced, was, for some reason or other omitted, which, considering that there were to have been but *three* instrumental pieces, was not quite fair.

The accompaniment of Mr. Lindley, on the violoncello, to Dr. Pepusch's Cantata, "*See from the Grove,*" was distinguished for his astonishing powers of execution, and his usual exquisite taste.

The principal novelty of the evening consisted in some new Glees, composed for the occasion by Mr. W. Knyvett. The Echo Glee appeared to be a clever composition, but we think the manner in which it was accompanied rendered its "effect defective."

———And now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective was by cause.

In our own minds we have attributed this circumstance to the neglect of a rehearsal.

The melody of "*The Red Rose*" is sprightly, and contains several elegant passages, particularly the minor, the return from which to the original subject is uncommonly well managed. The Glee, "*Let not Rage*," was most exquisitely sung by Mrs. Billington, &c. This delightful air, taken from the Artaxerxes of Dr. Arne, is harmonized in so masterly a style by Mr. Greatorex, as to reconcile us in some degree to the absurdity we have noticed in a former part of our work.

Mrs. Billington sung the "*Soldier tir'd*," but not in the style she gave it at the Messrs. Harrison, &c. Vocal Concert the 28th of April. There was one passage, however, in which, perhaps, she was superior; we mean where she softened her voice by a sort of compression that almost produced the effect of ventriloquism; or rather, it was the emission of sound from her chest, without any apparent effect of her mouth. It was beautifully articulated. We never heard this effect produced by any other singer before, nor indeed by Mrs. B. for we do not consider her attempt on a former evening as successful.

Upon the whole, the audience, which was genteel and numerous, testified their approbation of the delightful treat they were presented with, by the most lively applause.

MODERN COSTUME.

For JUNE 1809.

Walking Dress.

THE *Lavinia Hat*, of white satin, ornamented in front with a white flower; the hair in loose ringlets, divided on the forehead; jaconnot muslin dress, trimmed with rosettes in white cotton; white muslin parasol, ornamented with white fringe; black silk shoes, and York tan gloves.

Evening Dress.

A turban a la Greque, of pale yellow and silver, the hair in small ringlets round the face; diamond earings, and armlets, either with or without necklace. *Sack dress* of pale yellow, trimmed with silver, white satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

DESCRIPTION OF TIPPOO SAIB'S CARPET AND FOOTSTOOL,

From a Manuscript in the Museum of the Honourable East India Company.

THE Golden Tyger's Head and Carpet formed part of the throne of Tippoo Sultan. The head is of wood, covered with plates of the purest gold, about one-tenth of an inch in thickness; the teeth and eyes are of rock crystal.

Tippoo's throne was of an octagonal form, and entirely covered with similar plates of gold, marked with the tyger * stripe. Over the throne was raised a canopy of gold, supported by eight light, but strong pillars. There was a fringe of pearls round the top of the canopy, of about four inches in depth, and the whole was crowned with a *Huma* (a bird, which in the East is considered an emblem of royalty), made entirely of precious stones, and which was sent to England in 1799, by the Cornwallis. This head, with four legs, representing those of a tyger, was placed under the throne, which was supposed to be supported by the royal tyger, the distinctive mark and armorial bearing of Tippoo's family.

* This was the distinguishing mark of Tippoo and his family. [It is called *Bubberee*.] None other presumed to adopt it but by special order.

The seat of the throne was about four or five feet from the ground, and the whole height to the top of the canopy from eight to nine feet.

It appears from a MS. history of Seringapatam, by Col. Read of the Madras army, that this throne was begun about the period of Tippoo's expedition against the Nairs, in 1788. A little before his march against the Rajah of Travancore, in 1789, the Sultan issued orders throughout his territories, that, intending to mount this throne, all persons who were about to be married might repair to Seringapatam, and would have their marriage expences defrayed by the government. Accordingly some thousands proceeded to the capital, but were so terrified by a report that the Sultan had resolved to make Mahometans of the Gentoos, that they all fled from the danger. Defeated at the Travancore lines, Tippoo dropped his intention of ascending the throne, and some years afterwards, is said to have made a vow, never to use it until he had recovered the provinces ceded to the English by the treaty of Seringapatam in 1792.

The Carpet by which the head is accompanied, was used by Tippoo upon his *Musnud*, on days of state and public ceremony.

(Signed) BENJN. SYDENHAM,
Aid-du-camp to the Gov. Gen.

Indorsed No. 4, inclosed in Lord Mornington's letter to the Chairman, of 20th Jan. 1800. Received over-land, 24th May, 1800.

There is an inscription upon the front of the tyger's head, which, from the position in which the drawing was taken, cannot be seen; we have therefore given an enlarged engraving of it, in order that the characters may be distinctly, and intelligibly seen.—The translation of this inscription is,

"*The victorious lion* (or tyger) *of God.*"

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT

FOR MAY.

THE wheat crop has a more promising appearance than it exhibited last month. The lands sown with this grain, which were materially injured by the destructive attack of the wire-worm, look better than could have been expected. Speaking generally, although the cold winds and rains in April evidently had a great effect in checking all vegetation, yet the warmer weather of the last three weeks, and the recent showers, have been so favourable, that, with very few exceptions, the farmer looks forward with confident hope. The accustomed and necessary labor of hoeing is nearly finished; and on the heavy soils, where the harrows were previously applied, the greatest benefit has resulted. The barleys were put in very late, and under circumstances extremely discouraging; but yet they look as well as can be supposed; and we trust our next Report will shew that no diminution in the produce will be likely to ensue. Oats, on the highlands, also come up well, and greater breadths than usual have been sown, in consequence of the widely-devastating floods in the fen counties. Carrots now demand the careful hand of the weeder, and shortly after will be fit to hoe. Early potatoes require the same attention; but even so late as the 20th inst. many acres remained to be set with this valuable root. On good rich soils hemp has some time been sown, and the cultivator expects an ample remuneration for his labor; and more particularly as so small a comparative quantity of land is devoted to the growth of this essential article. The turnips were entirely consumed in the second week of this month, the Swedish seed proving the most desirable to be retained to so late a period. During the

scarcity of feed which at first prevailed at the accustomed time of turning out to grass, rye fed off, and lucern mown, were of the greatest service; and the water-meads which have been well stocked since the middle of March, afford incontestible proofs of their superior advantages. The layers (especially clovers) are very luxuriant, and will yield a great swath, as well as winter tares. The fallows are in excellent order, and some of them very shortly, if a favorable opportunity occurs, will be sown with turnips. The manure drill, which deposits not only rape dust, but even long horse muck, (so highly recommended by Professor Davy,) at the same time sowing on it the turnip seed, and covering the whole with fresh earth to any depth, was particularly successful last year in Norfolk, obtaining good crops when all other systems failed. This machine will be shewn at the Holkham Sheep-shearing on the 19th of June. The seed market began briskly, with rather high, and advanced to greater prices, for prime samples, which were much in demand; but towards the close, the market was dull and heavy, and chiefly inferior sorts offered for sale, which could only be disposed of at a very considerable declension in value. The corn markets for the last month have been plentifully supplied, and both wheat and barley have fallen. The former, from the expectation of large consignments from America; and the latter, owing to the belief of much of that grain remaining in the hands of the buyers; and the malting season being nearly over, the brewers have obtained a sufficient quantity for their use. Oats have continued steady, as well as beans, and the average prices throughout England are—

Wheat, 92s. 10d.	Barley, 46s. 11d.
Oats, 32s. 11d.	Beans, 62s. 2d.

There is no present appearance of fine wools becoming cheaper; indeed the prevailing opinion is, they will be worth more money, at the ensuing clipping. Half-fat beasts have been bought by the jobbers at *unprecedented* prices. Prime beef and mutton too have been sold extravagantly dear; the former at 10s. 6d. and the latter at 11s. per stone. The markets, however, are not so high now; and although there are not yet any grass beasts, and those stall-fed (except such as are fatted with artificial nutriment) are principally slaughtered, yet, latterly, even good meat has had a dull sale at much less money.

REPORT OF DISEASES

IN THE PRACTICE OF A PHYSICIAN TO A PUBLIC MEDICAL INSTITUTION, FROM THE 20TH OF APRIL TO THE 20TH OF MAY 1809.

ACUTE DISEASES.

Cynauche Tonsillaris	2
Scarlatina	1
Rheumatismus Acutus	3
Synochus	4
Erysipelas	2
Catarrhus	14
Enteritis	1
Pertussis	6
Hydrocephalus Acutus	1
Variola	2
Morbi Infantiles	4
Tertianus	2

CHRONIC DISEASES.

Phthisis Pulmonalis	3
Scrofula	1
Tabes Mesenterica	1
Marasmus	2
Tussis	10
Tussis et Dyspnœa	14
Bronchitis Asthenica	2
Hæmoptysis	3
Dyspepsia	6
Icterus	2
Gastrodynia	10
Enterodynia	2

Hæmatemesis	1
Dysenteria	1
Diarrhæa	1
Colica	1
Lumbrici	1
Asthenia	11
Cephalagia et Vertigo	9
Hypochondriasis	2
Anasarca	4
Ascites	3
Rheumatismus Chronicus	4
Sciatica	2
Lumbago	3
Dysure	2
Enuresis	1
Epilepsia	1
Paralysis	2
Prurigo Formicans	1
Porrigo	2
Abortus	3
Menorrhagia	1
Amenorrhœa	2
Chlorosis	1

With the commencement of this month we experienced a considerable change of weather, which, from being particularly severe, became very warm, and even sultry. Fevers, though by no means frequent, have increased in number since the last Report, whilst pulmonary complaints are declining. Hooping-cough, indeed, has become more general; but this disease is occasioned by a specific contagion, and does not seem to be much influenced by the usual causes of colds and coughs. One of the patients on the present list, a little boy, in addition to the hooping-cough, is affected with small-pox. This is an unusual occurrence; but it does not militate against the opinion, that two morbid actions, excited by contagion, cannot affect a person at the same time: for instance, small-pox and measles, scarlet fever and measles, &c. The convulsive hooping-cough may continue long after the morbid action which preceded it has ceased to operate; for though the muscles subservient to respiration should still, at intervals, be spasmodically affected, and violent fits of coughing should occasionally occur, and the complaint be regarded as the hooping-cough, yet after a certain period, these symptoms are more properly sequelæ of that disease, and demonstrate the tendency which exists in the habit to keep up fibrous contractions; and in this state of the complaint a patient may be affected with any other disease, to the existing causes of which he may be exposed.

THE MANIAC.

AH! what art thou, whose eye-balls roll,
Like heralds of the wandering soul,
While down thy cheek their scalding torrents flow?
Why does that agonizing shriek
The mind's unpitied anguish speak?
Oh! tell me, thing forlorn, and let me share thy woe.

Why dost thou rend thy matted hair,
And beat thy burning bosom bare?
Why is thy lip so parch'd—thy groan so deep?
Why dost thou fly from chearful light,
And seek, in caverns, mid-day night,
And cherish thoughts untold, and banish gentle sleep?

THE MANIAC.

Why dost thou from thy scanty bed
Tear the rude straw to crown thy head,
And nod with ghastly smile, and wildly sing,
While down thy pale, distorted face,
The crystal drops each other chase,
As tho' thy brain were drown'd in one eternal spring?

Why dost thou climb yon craggy steep,
That frowns upon the clam'rous deep,
And howl responsive to the waves below;
Or on the margin of the rock,
Thy sov'reign orb exulting mock,
And waste the freezing night in pacing to and fro?

Why dost thou strip the fairest bow'rs,
To dress thy scowling brow with flow'rs,
And fling thy tatter'd garment to the wind?
Why madly dart from cave to cave;
Now laugh and dance, then weep and rave,
And round thy naked limbs fantastic fragments bind?

Why dost thou drink the midnight dew,
Slow trickling from the baleful yew,
"Stretch'd on a pallet of sepulchral stone:"
While in her solitary tow'r
The minstrel of the witching hour
Sits half congeal'd with fear to hear thy pensive moan?

Thy form upon the cold earth cast,
Now grown familiar with the blast,
Defies the biting frost, and scorching sun!
All seasons are alike to thee;
Thy sense, unchain'd by destiny,
Resists, with dauntless pride, all miseries but ONE.

Fix not thy stedfast gaze on me,
Shrunk atom of mortality!
Nor freeze my blood with thy distracting moan:
Ah! quickly turn those eyes away,
That fill my soul with dire dismay—
For dead and dark they seem, and petrified to stone!

Yet if thy precious senses stray
Where Reason scorns to lend a ray,
Or if Despair supreme usurps her throne,
O let me all thy sorrows know;
With thine my mingling tears shall flow,
And I will share thy pangs, and make thy griefs my own.

Hath *Love* unlock'd thy feeling breast,
And stole from thence the balm of rest;
Then, far away on purple pinions borne,
Left only keen regret behind,
To tear with poison'd fangs thy mind,
While barbarous memory lives, and bids thee mourn?

Does Fancy to thy straining arms
Give the false nymph in all her charms,
And with her airy voice beguile thee so,
That sorrow seems to pass away,
Till the blythe harbinger of day
Awakes thee from thy dream, and gives thee back to woe?

THE MANIAC.

Say, have the bonds of friendship fail'd,
Or jealous pangs thy mind assail'd;
Or black Ingratitude, with rancorous tooth,
Pierc'd the fine fibres of thy heart,
And fest'ring every sensate part,
Dimm'd with contagious breath the crimson glow of youth?

Or has stern Fate, with ruthless hand,
Dash'd on some wild, untrodden sand,
Thy little bark with all thy fortune fraught,
While thou dost watch the stormy night,
Upon some bleak rock's fearful height,
Till thy hot brain's consum'd with desolating thought?

O! wretch forlorn! perchance thy breast,
By the cold fangs of *Avarice* press'd,
Grew hard and torpid by her touch profane;
Till famine pinch'd thee to the bone,
And mental torture made thee own
That being most accurst that drags her endless chain.

Or say, does flush'd *Ambition*'s wing
Around thy maddening temples fling
Dire incense, smoking from th' ensanguin'd plain,
That, drain'd from bleeding warriors' hearts,
Swift to the shatter'd brain imparts
The victor's savage joy, that thrills through ev'ry vein?

Does not the murky gloom of night
Give to thy view some murd'rous sprite,
Whose poignard gleams along thy cell forlorn?
And when the sun expands his ray,
Dost thou not shun the jocund day,
And mutter curses deep, and hate the ruddy morn?

And yet the morn, on rosy wing,
Could *once* to thee its raptures bring,
And Mirth's enlivening song delight thine ear,
While Hope thine eye-lids could unclose
From the sweet slumbers of repose,
To tell thee Love's gay throng of joys were near.

Or hast thou seen some gentle maid,
By thy deluding voice betray'd,
Fade like a flow'r, slow-withering with remorse?
And didst thou then refuse to save
Thy victim from an early grave,
Till at thy feet she lay a pale and senseless corse?

O, tell me! tell me all thy pain!
Pour to mine ear thy frenzied strain,
And I will share thy pangs, and soothe thy woes:
Poor Maniac! I will dry thy tears,
And bathe thy wounds, and calm thy fears,
And with soft pity's balm enchant thee to repose.

S.

PRINTED BY J. TYLER, RATHBONE-PLACE.